Oct. 31, 1970

THE NEW YORKER

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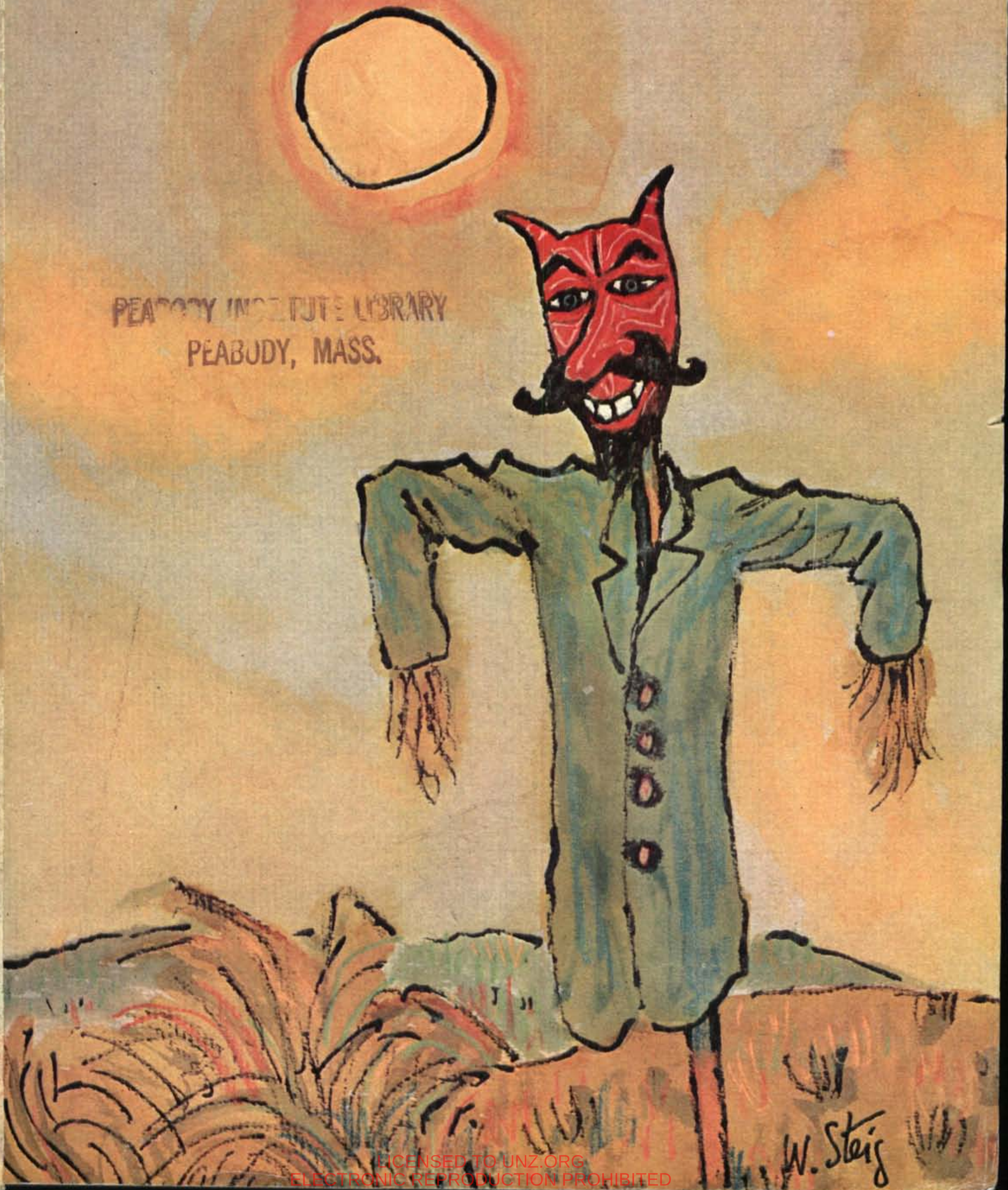

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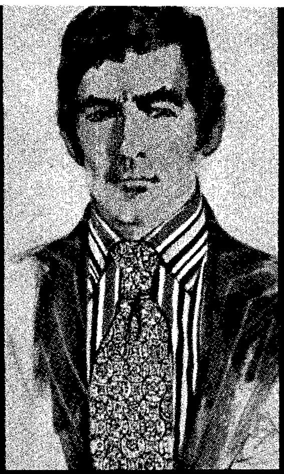

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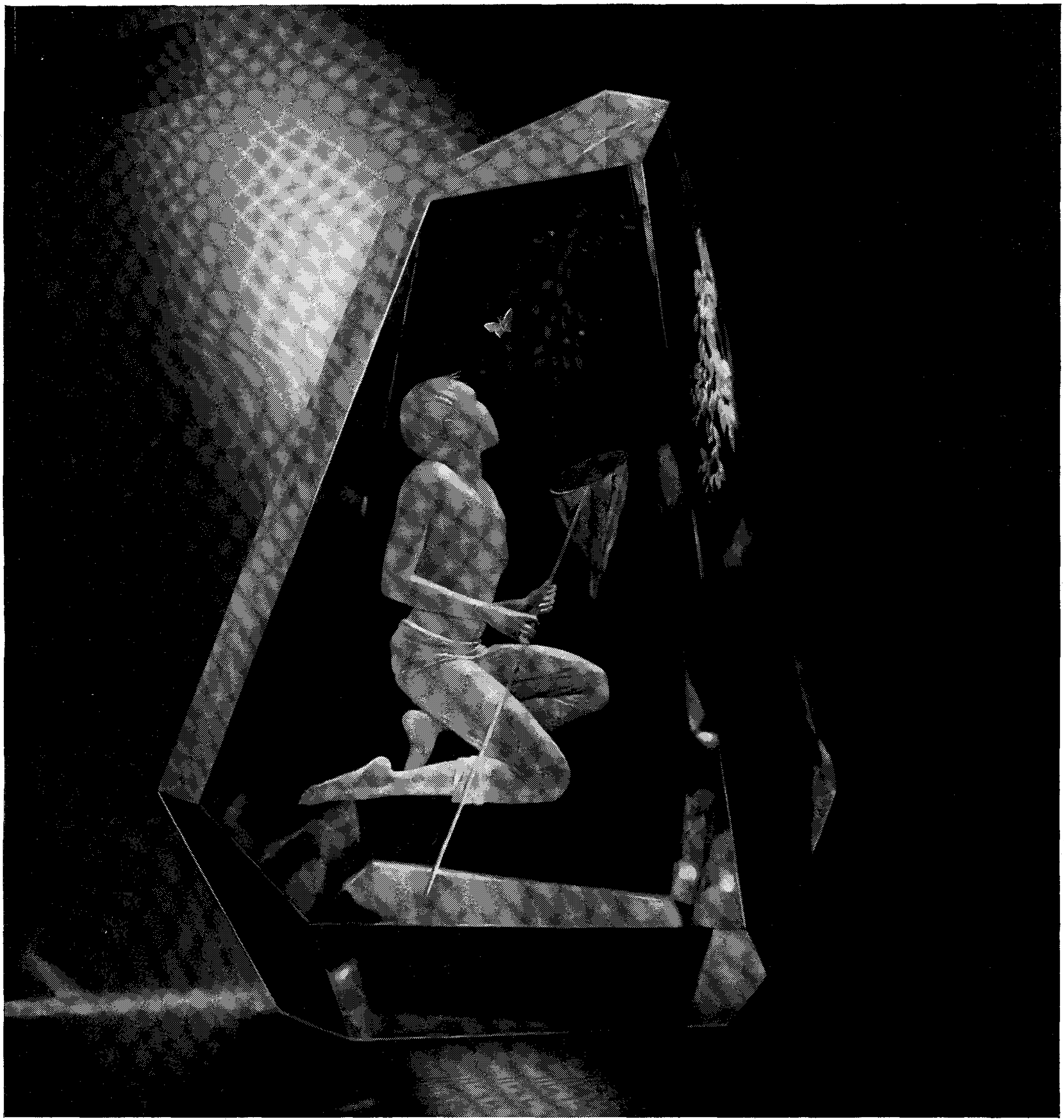

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Alice in Wonderland—Alice's journey down the rabbit hole becomes an actual nightmare, here and now, with no Freudian implication overlooked and with many references to drugs. The result is a production that is often obscure and outrageous, but with a very funny Caterpillar scene and a truly mad Mad Tea Party. Cramped quarters and no reserved seats. (The Extension, 277 Park Ave S., at 21st St. 254-5222. Thursdays through Sundays at 8.)

Bob and Ray–The Two and Only—A delightful evening of skits about radio and TV by two stars of radio and TV, cunningly directed by Joseph Hardy. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Boesman and Lena—Ruby Dee and Zakes Mokae are quite extraordinary as a pair of dispossessed "Cape Coloureds" on the run in this bleak and stirring play by the South African dramatist Athol Fugard. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Child's Play—Demonic hanky-panky in a Catholic boys' school, cleverly written by Robert Marasco and starring Fritz Weaver, Pat Hingle, Ken Howard, and a passel of murderous adolescents, all mercifully speechless. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Conduct Unbecoming—A melodrama falling somewhere between Kipling and Agatha Christie, set in nineteenth-century India and superbly acted by a large cast. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Dirtiest Show in Town—An inflated claim. "Most amateurish" might be closer. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds—What matters most in this domestic play is the character of its scornful, wisecracking, funny, and very touching heroine. She is given a fine performance by Sada Thompson, who gets much assistance from Pamela Payton-Wright, Swoosie Kurtz, and Judith Lowery. The dramatist is Paul Zindel. Melvin Bernhardt directed. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Happiness Cage—A science-fiction melodrama about a brain surgeon who completes an experiment to eliminate all human suffering, using three soldiers in a military hospital as guinea pigs. The play, though well done, is only sporadically interesting. (Public/Newman, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Happy Birthday, Wanda June—The return of Odysseus brought up to date, with the hero as a murderous braggart. The play is usually comical when it tries to be comical and is always tiresome when it tries to be anything else. It often tries to be anything else. Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., is the dramatist. The acting, by and large, is quite good. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Immaculate Misconception—A comedy by W. Randolph Galvin. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Not Now, Darling—A comedy by Ray Cooney and John Chapman, imported from London. Norman Wisdom has the leading role, and George Abbott is the director. Previews through Wednesday, Oct. 28. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 29. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Orlando Furioso—A production presented in Italian by the Teatro Libero di Roma in a specially constructed bubble theatre in Bryant Park. Adapted by Eduardo Sanguinetti from the Renaissance epic. With a cast of sixty under the direction of Luca Ronconi. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 4, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 29. (Sixth Ave. at 42nd St. 594-4340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 6.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Bertolt Brecht's **The Good Woman of Setzuan**, in a new translation by Ralph Manheim, with Colleen Dewhurst in the title role. The first in this season's series of four plays. Previews through Tuesday, Nov. 3; special benefit performance (for tickets, call EN 2-7600) Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 8:30. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 5, at 7, and will run through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Thursday, Oct. 29, at 2.)

Saved—A play by Edward Bond, imported from London. Directed by Alan Schneider. Opens

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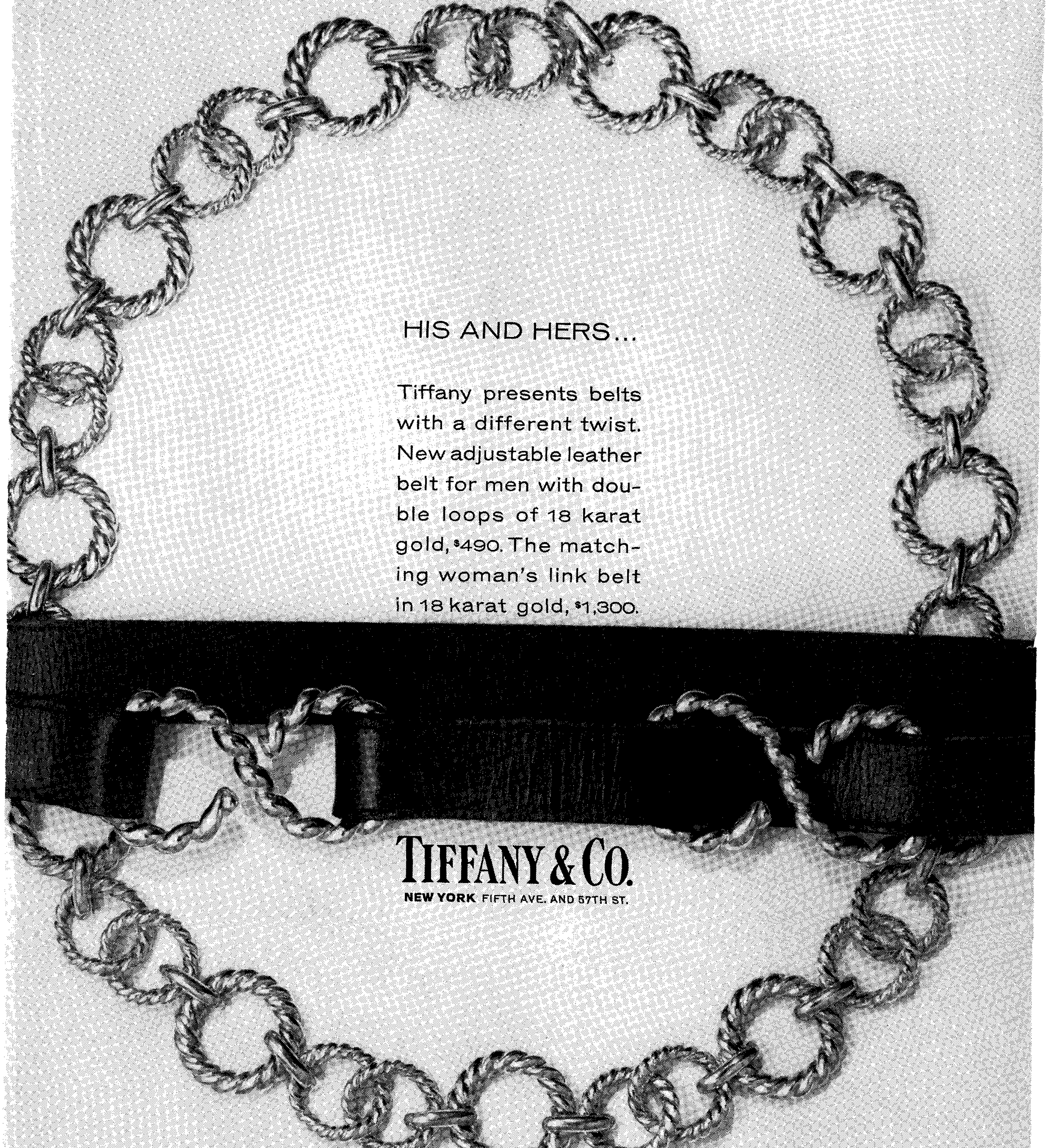

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Wednesday, Oct. 28. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter, Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 8.)

Story Theatre—Ten fairy tales adapted and directed by Paul Sills, with Melinda Dillon, Paul Sand, and the True Brethren. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sunday Dinner—A play by Joyce Carol Oates. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7; Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Saturdays at 8; and Fridays at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Trelawny of the "Wells"—This revival of Pinero's delightful play about an English theatrical troupe back in the eighteen-sixties is disappointing, but it is not a total miss. Sasha von Scherler's fine performance in a supporting part almost saves the day. (Public/Anspacher, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

What the Butler Saw—A devilishly wicked and devilishly funny farce, by the late Joe Orton, about a psychiatrist whose troubles begin when he tries to seduce a young applicant for the job of his secretary. The production, as directed by Joseph Hardy, is appropriately nutty and always clear. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Emlyn Williams as Charles Dickens—A return engagement of Mr. Williams' one-man show. Included are scenes from "Our Mutual Friend," "Christmas Stories," and "Dombey and Son." (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Tuesday, Nov. 3, at 7:30; Thursday, Nov. 5, at 8:30; Saturday, Nov. 7, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday, Nov. 8, at 2:30.)

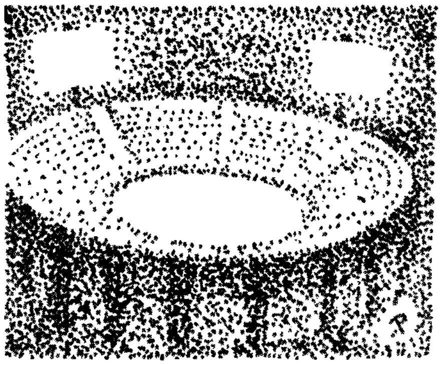
Long Runs—**BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** Rosemary Murphy, Kipp Osborne, and Kathleen Miller in a little comedy that may make you laugh in spite of yourself. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays and Election Day, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Election Day at 2.)... **FORTY CARATS:** A bauble that gives off a very pleasant sparkle. With Zsa Zsa Gabor and Tom Poston. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Nov. 7.)... **LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS:** Another Neil Simon certitude. James Coco as a fat, middle-aged man in search of dalliance is assisted by Rita Moreno, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts, who don't dally much. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Applause—Lauren Bacall, Len Cariou, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart in a rip-roaring version of the movie "All About Eve." Miss Bacall burns energy like the sun, and to something like the same effect. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Company—A prize-winning musical, and it richly deserves to be. With Larry Kert, Susan Browning, Elaine Stritch, and lots of others romping their sweet/sour way through Stephen Sondheim's engaging music and lyrics and George Furth's succinct book. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Bat—The humor and good humor, the delightful score and dancing, and the intermingling of ritual with openness of feeling combine to make this musical from Japan one of the most original, charming shows in town. The troupe, which calls itself the Tokyo Kid Brothers, fortunately includes quite a number of Kid Sisters. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



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Light, Lively and Yiddish—Ben Bonus in a musical with a book by J. Nemirover, lyrics by A. Shulman, and music by Eli Rubinstein. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

The Me Nobody Knows—A musical that is both bracing and sobering, and almost always beautiful. It is based on an anthology (same forgettable title) of the writings of children from the slums of this city. Gary William Friedman is the composer and arranger, and the young cast—black and white—performs to a fare-thee-well under the direction of Robert H. Livingston. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Mexicans Are Coming!—Mexican folklore in a revue with about seventy dancers, singers, comedians, and instrumentalists. Previews Tuesday, Nov. 3, at 8:30, and Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 2. Opens officially Wednesday evening, Nov. 4. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The President's Daughter—Another Yiddish musical, with music by Murray Rumshinsky, a book by H. Kalmanov, lyrics by Jacob Jacobs, and a cast headed by Chayele Rosenthal and Mr. Jacobs. Previews through Sunday, Nov. 1. Opens officially on Tuesday, Nov. 3. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 6:30.)

Purlie—Cleavon Little and Melba Moore are the best reasons for seeing this dated adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious." (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Rothschilds—One man's family. Ugh. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sensations—A musical with a book and lyrics by Paul Zakrzewski and music by Wally Harper. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE FANTASTICKS:** The doorway was darkened by an entering form. —The milk, sir. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** —Come in, ma'am, Mulligan said. Kinch, get the jug. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** An old woman came forward and stood by Stephen's elbow. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **HAIR:** A psychedelic pandemonium that ought to make anybody feel twenty years old and full of promise. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE LAST SWEET DAYS OF ISAAC:** A musical that tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounter with a couple of droll, pretty girls. With Austin Pendleton as the hero, and a rock group called the Zeitgeist. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Gideon Singer plays the title role; Jack Dabdoub substitutes for him at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** A musical starring Tony Roberts and Jill O'Hara. The book is by Neil Simon, and the music and lyrics are by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **1776:** A musical about the laborious debates of the Continental Congress. William Daniels is John Adams. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5; special matinée Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 2. No performance Wednesday evening, Nov. 4.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 8: "Cello Concerto," "Confetti," "Sea Shadow," and "The Clowns."... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 29, at 8: "The Three-Cornered Hat," "Sea Shadow," and "Trinity."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 30, at 8: "Trinity," "The Still Point," "Solarwind," and "Viva Vivaldi!"... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 31, at 2:30: "Petrouchka," "Confetti," and "The Three-Cornered Hat."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8: "Viva Vivaldi!," "Time Cycle," and "Pineapple Poll."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 1, at 2:30: "The Three-Cornered Hat," "Solarwind," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 1, at 7:30: "Petrouchka," "Confetti," and "Astarte."... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 3, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Sea Shadow," and "Viva Vivaldi!"... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 8: "Cello Concerto," "Confetti," "The Still Point," and "Viva Vivaldi!"... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 5, at 8: "Trinity," "Time Cycle," and "Astarte."... ¶ Friday, Nov. 6, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Fanfarita," and "Astarte." ... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 7, at 2:30: "Cello Concerto," "Confetti," "The Still Point," and "Viva Vivaldi!"... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8: "Trinity," "Time Cycle," and "Cakewalk." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 8.)

American Ballet Company—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 8: "Harbinger," "A Poem Forgotten," "Cortège Burlesque," and "The Consort."... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 29, at 8: "The Consort," "Intermezzo," and "At Midnight."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 30, at 8: "Clockwise," "A Poem Forgotten," "The Maids," and "Early Songs."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 31, at 2: "Clockwise," "Caprichos," and "Early Songs."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8: "Meadowlark," "A Poem Forgotten," "Cortège Parisien," and "Harbinger."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 1, at

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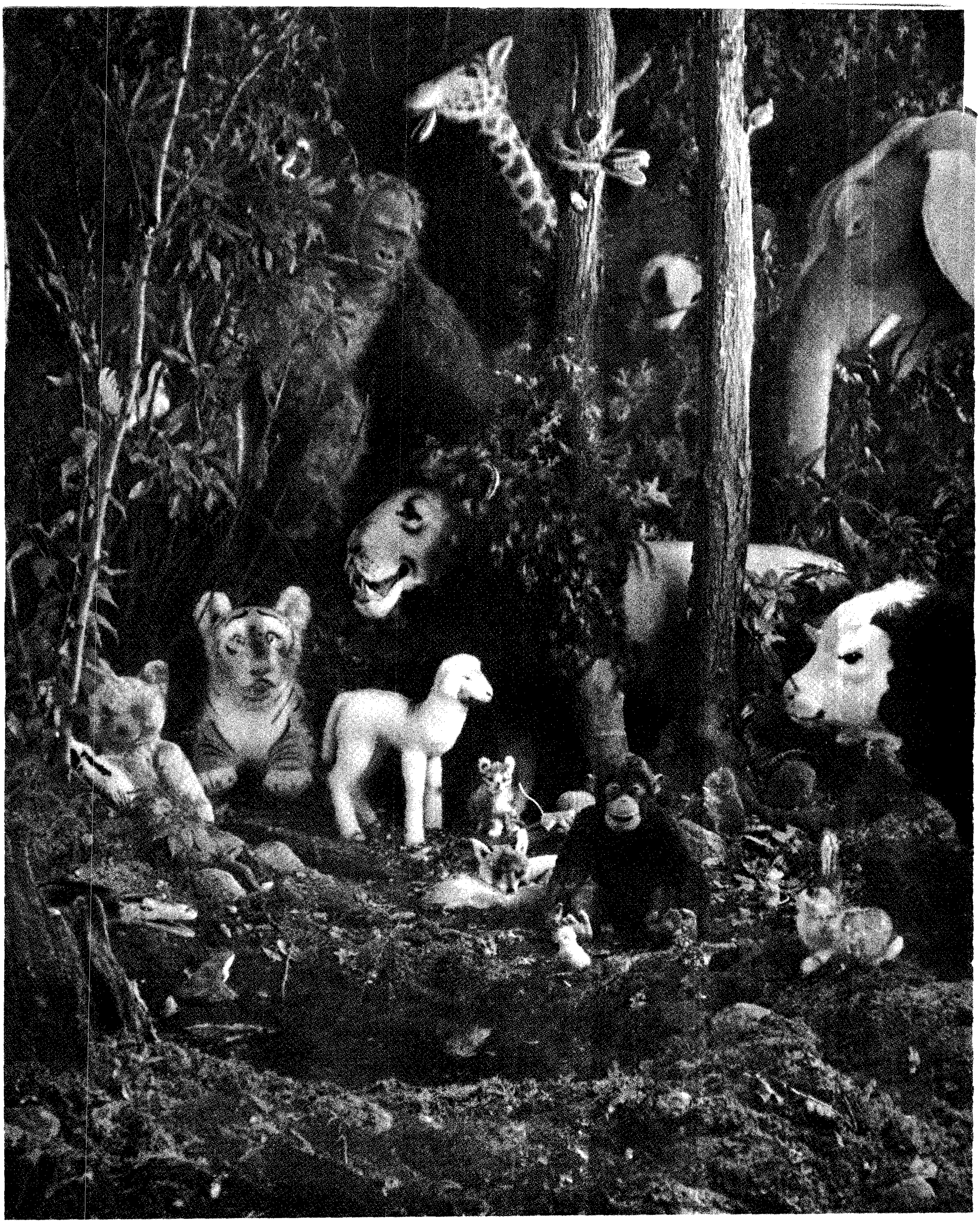

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

2: "Clockwise," "Caprichos," and "Early Songs."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 1, at 7:30: "The Consort," "A Poem Forgotten," "Intermezzo," and "At Midnight." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

Merce Cunningham and Dance Company—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Nov. 15—Tuesday, Nov. 3, at 7:30: "RainForest," "Second Hand," and "Tread."... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 8: "Canfield," "Signals" (American première), and "Tread."... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 5, at 8: "Walkaround Time" and "Second Hand."... ¶ Friday, Nov. 6, at 8: "RainForest," "Signals," and "Canfield."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8: "Canfield," "Signals," and "Second Hand." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

International Dancers—A troupe from Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Saturday, Oct. 31, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

José Molina Bailes Españoles—A company of dancers, singers, and musicians. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Sunday, Nov. 1, at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Barney Googles, 225 E. 86th St. (722-9819)—Clarinettist Woody Allen (the protean) will take time off from his other activities to lead a seven-man band here on Wednesday, Oct. 28, and again on Wednesday, Nov. 4, from nine until four. The sound is traditional, and the musicians all hold down other jobs when not involved in this enterprise. The Allen outfit alternates with a rock group, which is more typical of this large and sinewy place, where people mill a lot. Dancing. Dining.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Wistful fellow Tom Rush sings songs about missed opportunities and so on. On Wednesday, Nov. 4, singer Odetta will bring in a considerable depth of soul. Coffee and tea are the beverages. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting entertainers.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Guitarist Larry Coryell is one of those people who, if you don't hear them now, someday you may wish you had. On Wednesday, Oct. 28, he does a duo with bassist Miroslav Vitous. Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 29-Nov. 1, Joe Zawinul plays electric piano, along with a bass player. Music runs from eleven to three. Dinner, from an adequate kitchen, is served until one. On Mondays, author Frank Conroy—temporarily switching muses—turns up with a bass player to sub for the regulars.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Dedicated to the proposition that the jazz guitar occupies an important category of its own. The proposition is being demonstrated currently by Kenny Burrell, with Larry Ridley helping him on bass. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty until three or four. A Southern menu.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Sturdy and dependable, wise in the ways of jazz, tenor saxophonist Zoot Sims leads a quartet that includes Ross Tompkins on piano, Mousey Alexander on drums, and Victor Sproles on bass. Some light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Times change, but lovers of the traditional can hear some sturdy Dixieland played by a group that includes Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, Claude Hopkins, and Oliver Jackson. Closed Sundays.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay department, straw-hat division. Beer and peanuts are staples, and the décor includes stuffed polar bears and a fire engine. A banjo band—imbued with enthusiasm and a certain amount of talent—plays nightly. On Sundays, from six to nine, a Dixieland band plays spiritedly. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Put on your old plastic boater and smile, and maybe you'll believe it's not 1970 at all but some never-never time before social problems began and everything was hunky-dory, striped like a barber pole, and accompanied by two banjos and a piano. Peanuts. Closed Sundays.

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Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—The flugelhorn is the whipped cream of the trumpet family, and Freddie Hubbard delivers the real thing, not Reddi-Wip. He leads a quintet. On Tuesday, Nov. 3, Roland Kirk's ebullient group, now known as the Vibration Society, will move in. The room is dark and a bit frayed at the seams, and the neighborhood is more than frayed, but the sound draws a crowd. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, starting at about nine-thirty, the Roland Hanna-Eddie Locke trio performs, doing an adequate job despite the fact that this club has accepted the hip (or hype) myth that all music—even jazz—must be ear-splitting to be good. On Tuesday, Nov. 3, the David Amram quartet (bluesiness in Academe) succeeds to the stage. On Mondays, when the regulars are off, new talent is auditioned. Dining.... ¶ Downstairs, a rock policy continues: Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 28-29, Victor Brady and the Rubber Duck Company; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 30-31, Supa; Sunday, Nov. 1, 7th Century and Free Life Communication; Tuesday through Saturday, Nov. 3-7, Jake and the Family Jewels. Mondays are of a different cloth, with music provided by Latin bands. Dancing.

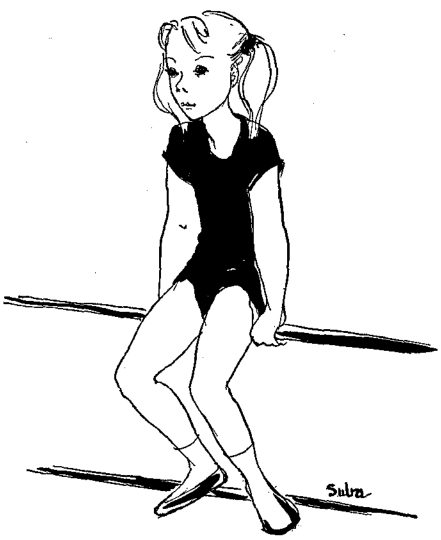
Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—Through Thursday, Oct. 29, John Blair, who plays an electric violin, leads a quartet. (Next stop, no doubt, the electric penny whistle.) Friday through Sunday, Oct. 30-Nov. 1, Herbie Hancock's sextet will perform, and on Tuesday, Nov. 3, the Yusef Lateef quartet will arrive. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Mondays through Wednesdays, and Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt play Thursdays through Sundays. Music begins at eight-thirty. The locale, however, is drab, and taxis are scarce.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—An urbane but relaxed club whose interior is designed to remind you of the movie "Casablanca." Downstairs is a restaurant named Sam's. The upstairs room, which has a lot of arches, is open for dancing to discs from nine until three-thirty every night.



Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—*Où sont les neiges*, etc., the period being that between the years 1795-99, with appropriate décor. One can dance to records on a small dance floor from ten to three or four. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—The latest of the ego-gratifying pleasure domes, where you are supposed to feel glad they let you in. The décor is British-in-India. Dancing to records from nine-thirty. Reservations are required for dining. No food Sundays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Nothing startling, which may be its attraction for the largely collegiate crowd that comes here. Dim lights, small tables, and low-profile recorded music. Reservations are advisable on weekends. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (752-4365)—Some discothèques have an aura that causes crowds to flock, and this is one of them. The view is fine, and the trappings are colorful and original. The records, which are generally well chosen, begin at ten. Dinner is served until ten. Reservations are recommended.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—The Cairo caper, reinforced by sphinxes, Pharaonic statues, and ceiling fans. The records are varied and loud. Three times nightly, the Zaras play and sing American pop with a Spanish veneer. On Monday, Nov. 2, the Collage (more pop) takes over. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Strong live groups alternate with records here, making this a good spot for serious dancing and listening by people who love rock. Dress is casual—come as you wish. Interior design is of the Detroit school. E Pluribus Unum plays some ordinary but satisfying stuff. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Grooviness merges with aplomb, and hip attains a state akin to quiet well-being. Elysium for those who are pulchritudinous, and even for many who are not. Reservations are recommended, although the doorkeeper is apt to be forgetful.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—From Tuesday through Saturday, it's a Bavarian *Brauerei*, thinly disguised as an operetta: merry villagers, dancers, singers, brass-bandsmen, on permanent and powerful duty from seven to one. The provender is garnished with red cabbage and draft beer. Sundays, though (from six to ten), and Mondays (from seven to eleven), pilgrims of another sort—Americans upon whose hearts the word "Bermuda" is engraved—come to hear the Talbot Brothers, those mild-mannered crooners and players, make music, often for dancing.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the Royal Box, during dinner and supper, Raphael is representing the New Spain of song in a manner that is Handsome Is As Handsome Does. Of its genre, it's a pretty good deal. The orchestra of Lee Evans, a ship of state and salubriousness, steers its own course throughout the evening. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Los Chavales de España, partly Spanish folklore, partly just plain folks, and partly folksy (they've been around long enough to be Folksy Grandpas by now), are carolling and trumpeting away night after night.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—The downbeat is mostly rock now, and the new gang, Gas Mask, is not about to make any change. The romp runs from six-thirty until two. Dancing; closed Sundays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, on Wednesday, Oct. 28, at ten-fifteen, Erroll Garner will give his small rhythm section the nod and take off, all twenty muscular fingers flexing at once, along his

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

favorite pianoforte. Thereafter, dinner and supper both will be his times of night. The bands run by Burt Farber and Mark Monte will distribute dance music throughout the rest of a long, full evening. Closed Sundays. . . . **PLAZA 9 MUSIC HALL** (PL 9-3933)—Don't stop them if you think you've heard it before, because the frolicsome cast of "Dames at Sea" are parodying, and perfectly, the Dick Powell-Ruby Keeler movie musicals. Jim Wise, George Haimsohn, and Robin Miller are the creators of this laudable feat of total recall; Carol Morley, Janie Sell, and Kurt Peterson lead the efficacious players; Baldwin Bergersen, who has written some memorable songs himself, is at the *entr'acte* piano. At eight-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays; at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays; at three and seven-thirty Sundays. A reasonable amount of dining, but absolutely no dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ For diners and winers in the grand old Edwardian Room, the traditional violin weaves its way from seven until ten-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ In the Palm Court, there is daily teatime violin, from four-thirty until six-thirty, and again from nine to one, except Sundays. Gunnar Hansen, the best of all our court musicians, does the Wednesday-Saturday night shift.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—How rare a thing it is to be truly a woman of the world, and to carry it off as well as does Jacqueline François, whose songs are always Français and never Franglais. Her dinner and supper recitals end on Saturday, October 31; on Monday, Nov. 2, Frankie Vaughan, an English chanticler of some renown, takes over, and on the same schedule. Dancing. Sundays are dark.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette this season is foregoing its custom of mild dinner-and-supper singers of songs, as well as its Manhattan menu, for which it is substituting something more Viennese. The familiar dance music, though, plays on, plays on, as before. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ In the neighboring Boite, Ray Hartley, whose piano can improve any surroundings, performs in a setting for which any improvement would be supererogatory. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ The St. Regis Lounge, likewise experimenting, has installed the team of Barbara & Ernest to play and sing songs that they may just be making up as they go along. The effect is odd, maybe even mystic, and probably worth a go. Nine-thirty to one-thirty, with drinks and a bit of supper. No Sunday sound.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Bobbie Gentry, who delivered the celebrated funeral oration in honor of Billie Joe, is dealing, in her decisive soprano, with him and other historical topics in the Empire Room—during dinner Mondays, during dinner and supper the rest of the week. Dancing all evening. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): It might as well be called Café Congreve, for the ways of the wicked world we would all like to live in are merrily set forth by the words and music of the small wonder called Bobby Short, nine-thirty until two, every night but Sunday. His accomplices are the perennial Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. . . . **DANGERFIELD'S**, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): Less tongue in cheek and more tongue *and* cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here; whichever, the conversation is both brusque and bright. It's Las Vegas in a way, but without a lot of the handicaps. Steaks and what goes with them. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL AVRAM**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): Any port of the Eastern Mediterranean in a storm, but the storm is all a matter of weird and vigorous instruments. The going is best when Avram Grobard, prop., is soliloquizing, but the ambience never flags anyway. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish, and so can the dancing. Mondays are holidays. . . . **CHEZ VITO**, 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The foursome at the next table, unable to restrain itself as the circumnavigating fiddlers ply their trade, will suddenly go operatic in the midst of your bœuf à la mode—or operettic, anyway—but it's all part of the act. This can happen as late as two o'clock in the morning. No Sunday activity. . . . **DIONYSOS**, 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): A really original Greek-letter fraternity, translated, and literally, from the original Greek. Eat, dance, and be merry from nine until very, very late, every night but Sunday, and admire the scenery. . . . **LA PAELLA**, 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Meet the neighbors in this Iberian neighborhood. This arborway is buoyantly fitted out for a fiesta; a strong-arm squad of flamencan guitar, voice, and claphands is constantly active; and the chef knows his onions—Spanish, naturally. Seven-thirty until two, but no squad on Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): *En famille* with Rita Dimitri, a fine figure of a soubrette, who, surveying her small world from the top of a piano, sings during dinner through the week, and additionally during supper on Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing, too, in this neat pocket park. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Every course of the determinedly Italianate dinner or supper is on a collision course with a determinedly operatic staff and clientele. No harm done, though; just fun. Closed Mondays. . . . **DELMONICO'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Ernie Warren's dance band has again staked out its claim on the floor of the restaurant, where it sets to at seven most nights, at eight Fridays and Saturdays, and not at all Sundays and Mondays. Taps generally at midnight, but a bit later on the weekends. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. Bubber Johnson plays piano from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays.

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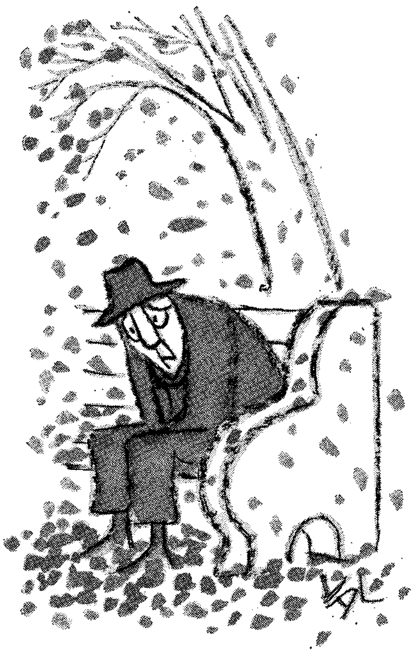
SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): In this well-ordered Roman way of life, dining becomes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The *mise-en-scène* is circa 1970-1975, but the music (voice and guitar) belongs to a fine Old World. Seven until one. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. The travelling violin plied by George Cardini and the retrospective piano plied by Herman Arminski are in service Tuesdays through Saturdays. Another pianist fills in on Mondays; no music Sundays. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rumbustious. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The ancient watering place. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, there is piano by Dick Hankinson, who cedes the piano to other hands on Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night except Sunday and Monday. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The Grand Tour of Spanish architecture. The accompaniment is the guitar, classic in its simplicity and authenticity, of Rogelio Reguera, who sets to between seven and twelve during the week, between seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays; the nourishment is both American plan and Andalusian. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Just about the perfect host and just about enough grandeur. The enterprise is presided over by George Feyer, whose piano recalls both the Austrian and the Hungarian aspects of Empire. He operates from eight-thirty until one-thirty, and he is invisible on Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ PIERRE**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000): *Grand-prix*, and distinctly not *prix-fixe*, are the night and the nourishment. Dancing from eight-thirty to one-thirty, Tuesdays through Saturdays, to Phil Wayne's newly reconstituted band, and from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty (another band) the two other nights—plus (and a large plus) Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty, whose musical sounds (violin and piano) are all tributaries of the Danube, from five-thirty until ten-thirty every evening but Sunday and Monday. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): When in Rome. A busy-bee enterprise, through which Theo Fanidi often trails an entourage of prowling fiddlers. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, a country cousin from down South, gives the piano in the bar an air of being very well educated. He is in session from six until midnight, though not on Sundays. . . . **WINE CELLAR**, 531 Hudson St., at Charles St. (242-6769): Dream life that is more San Francisco or Sausalito than Manhattan, both visually and spiritually. The staff includes (on the saloon deck) a perambulatory balladier and an imaginative chef, as well as (on the boat deck) community piano, this every evening but Sunday. Never a dark night for downstairs.



ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JOSEF ALBERS—Paintings, mostly from the sixties, in this artist's celebrated "Homage to the Square" series; through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

PIERRE ALECHINSKY—Paintings and drawings with Expressionist figurations; through Nov. 14. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

RUDOLF BAUER (1889-1953)—Geometrical abstractions by a German artist who was featured at the Guggenheim in the thirties; through Dec. 19. (Hutton-Hutschnecker, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

MAX BECKMANN (1884-1950)—Paintings, sculptures, prints, and drawings by this German Expressionist who taught in the United States; through Nov. 21. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

BESSIE BORIS—Figures in interiors, with surreal overtones; through Friday, Nov. 6. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

JACK BRUSCA—Paintings (a few of political figures) with a three-dimensional effect, some with the aid of a light machine; through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JACK BUSH—Color-field paintings by a Canadian; through Nov. 11. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—Recent gouaches, ranging in

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

subject from flower pieces to abstractions, and mobiles, including some early ones; through Nov. 28. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Don Celender and Jeffrey Lew—Letters proposing cultural projects to institutions and businesses by the former, along with the replies, and large sculptures in steel, aluminum, and plastic by the latter; through Saturday, Nov. 7. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway, at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

William Conlon and Vincent Longo—Very large Abstract paintings by the first and prints by the second; through Tuesday, Nov. 3. (Palley, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Ben Cunningham—Abstract paintings that stress color; starting Saturday, Oct. 31. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Don David—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Max Ernst—Paintings, drawings, collages, sculptures, and graphics done between 1917 and 1963 by this well-known Surrealist; through Dec. 2. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Thomas George—Decorative Abstract paintings that refer to nature; through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Ruth Gikow—Paintings of contemporary life, most having to do with the young generation; starting Saturday, Oct. 31. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

José Guerrero—Large paintings, plus gouaches, by this Abstractionist who works in strong colors; through Nov. 12. (French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.) . . . ¶ Smaller paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Philip Guston—Paintings with political subject matter, by a leading Abstract Expressionist; through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Simon Hantaï—Ten years of work by a Hungarian painter who has been influenced by Surrealism and Action painting; through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Duayne Hatchett—Abstract sculptures in polished stainless steel or aluminum; through Nov. 19. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

Theo Hios—Oil paintings and prints emphasizing nature's violence; through Nov. 13. (New School, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 8; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 5.)

Guén Inokuma—Abstract paintings on the theme of the city; through Nov. 14. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Kyohei Inukai—Simple designs in bright colors suggesting biological processes, also related sculptures in plastic; starting Saturday, Oct. 31. (Spectrum, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Kaupelis—Paintings and drawings based on the figure; starting Tuesday, Nov. 3. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Tibbie Levy—Expressionist paintings of African subjects; through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

André Lhote (1885-1962)—Thirty-seven paintings from all phases of the career of this Parisian artist-teacher; through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Selected Artists, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Robert Mangold—Two series of paintings, one of picture frames, the other of "X"s; through Nov. 19. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Marcia Marcus—Large simplified portraits, also landscapes; starting Tuesday, Nov. 3. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

Iri and Toshi Maruki—Eight large panels depicting scenes in Hiroshima after the Bomb; through Dec. 15. (New School, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, 2 to 8.)

Jan Matulka—Still-lifes and landscapes by an artist who worked with Stuart Davis; through Nov. 19. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Alfred H. Maurer (1868-1932)—Gouaches and watercolors by a leading American artist of the early twentieth century; through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Eighteen gouaches from the twenties and thirties; through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

Kenneth Hayes Miller (1876-1952)—Paintings of the twenties and thirties by a prominent American teacher known for his canvases of women shoppers and strollers on the streets of New York; through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

Laszlo Moholy-Nagy (1895-1946)—A copy of his "light-space modulator" in working order, plus "photograms," collages, and paintings; through Nov. 14. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Stephen Mueller—The first one-man show by this lyrical Abstractionist; through Nov. 11. (Feigen, 141 Greene St., at Houston St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, noon to 6.)

Alice Neel—Portraits, landscapes, and still-lifes by a veteran New York Expressionist; through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ann Norton—Sculptures, mostly bronze, some stone, in Abstract forms hinting at figures; starting Tuesday, Nov. 3. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Philip Pearlstein—Nudes and some portraits, also colored lithographs; starting Saturday, Oct. 31. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Picasso—Thirty-seven works on paper in various mediums, done between 1967 and 1970, in a show that is running concurrently with one at the Museum of Modern Art; through Nov. 14. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Omar Rayo—Paintings of ribbonlike forms, also embossed graphics; through Nov. 14. (Misrachi, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Odilon Redon (1840-1916)—A benefit exhibition of fifty-seven paintings, mostly oils of flower subjects, from this master's late period; through Nov. 21. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

James Rosenquist—Two large paintings; through Nov. 14. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lucas Samaras—Fantastic sculptures based on the use of chairs and incorporating mirrors, pins, yarn, wood, flowers, and steel, in original derivations from Surrealism; through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Egon Schiele (1890-1918)—An exhibition of lithographs, etchings, woodcuts, and rubbercuts, plus gouaches, watercolors, drawings, and documentary material related to the prints; through Nov. 14. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ben Shahn (1898-1969)—Sixty brush drawings covering the whole range of this artist's work and including political motifs, illustrations for stage plays and books, poster studies, and sketches for murals; through Nov. 21. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Moses Soyer—A comprehensive exhibit of work done in the past ten years by this leading painter of the New York scene; starting Monday, Nov. 2. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Albert Stadler—Expanses of color; through Nov. 12. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Henry Strater—Landscapes, still-lifes, and figure paintings by an American who worked in Europe in the early portion of this century; through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Walter Stuempfig—Recent landscapes, seascapes, and still-lifes; through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sophie Taeuber-Arp—Oils, watercolors, sculptures, and textiles by an important avant-garde artist; through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Loeb & Krugier, 850 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Closed Mondays.)

Antoni Tàpies—Recent paintings and collages by an outstanding Spanish Abstractionist; through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Jacques Villon (1875-1963)—More than a hun-

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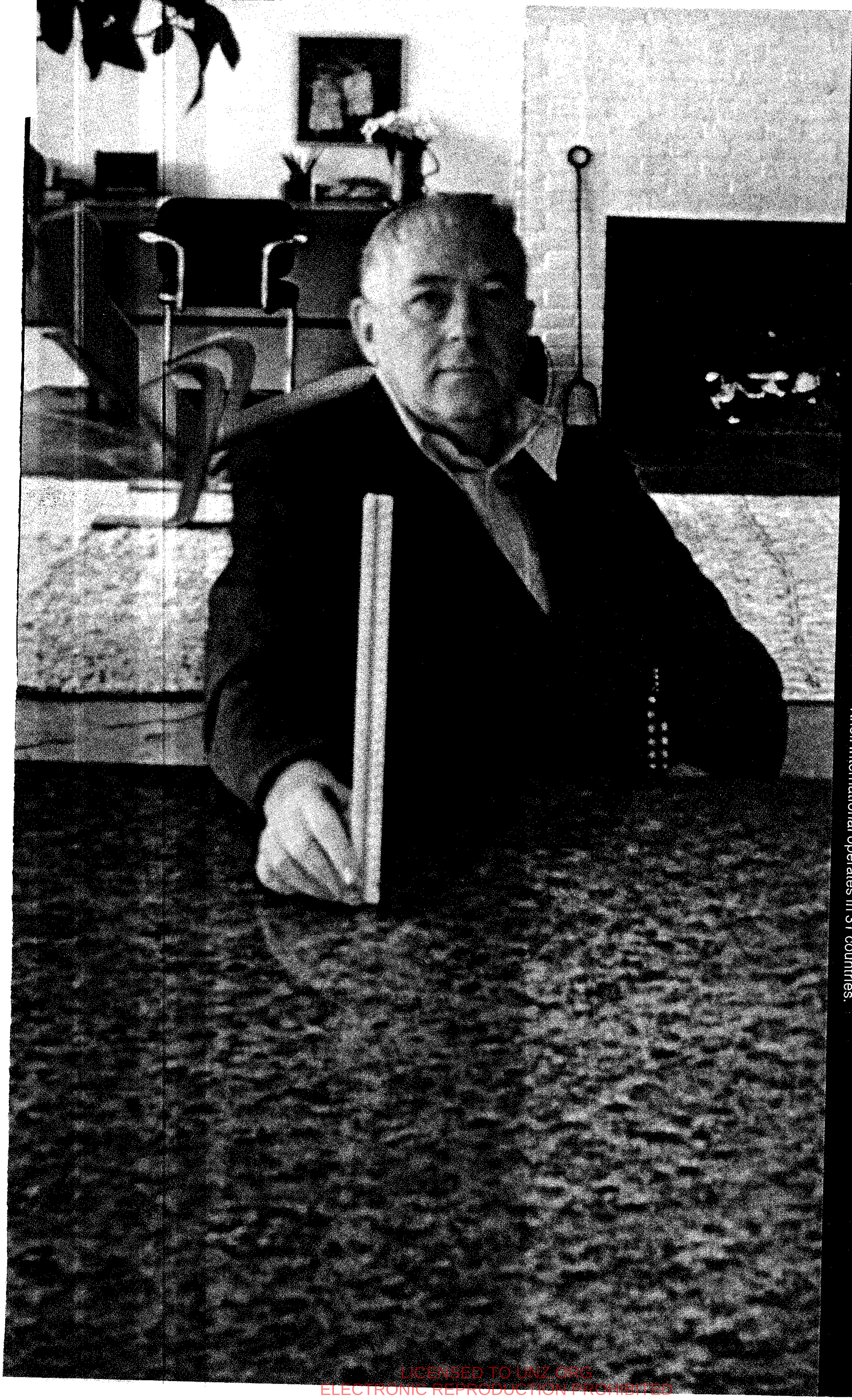

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dred graphics—scenes from Parisian life, café performers, portraits, landscapes, and so on; through Nov. 19. (Goldschmidt, 1117 Madison Ave., at 83rd St.)

Max Weber (1881-1961)—A large selection of this New York Cubist's lithographs; starting Monday, Nov. 2. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.)

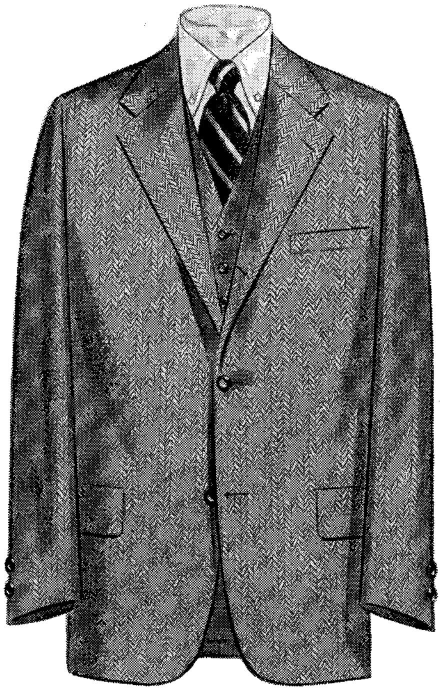
Group Shows—At the AMERICA-ISRAEL CULTURE HOUSE, 4 E. 54th St.: Paintings, serigraphs, and gouaches by four Israeli artists indebted to Surrealism; through Nov. 15. (Open Sundays.)... LA BOETIE, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures on the theme of the moon by, for example, Avery, Chagall, Delvaux, Ernst, Klee, Magritte, Miró, and Rouault; through Friday, Nov. 6. (Closed Mondays.)... CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Thirty-five paintings by five young Mexican artists; through Jan. 3. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)... ELKON, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings and sculptures by twentieth-century Europeans and Americans—Soutine, Matisse, Modigliani, Picabia, Pollock, Rothko, Kline, and Still (to mention several); through Thursday, Nov. 5. (Closed Mondays.)... FEIGEN, 27 E. 79th St.: Paintings by Corot, Monet, Braque, and Dubuffet, along with a single sculpture by Picasso; through Saturday, Oct. 31.... HIRSCHL & ADLER, 21 E. 67th St.: Forty oil paintings, watercolors, and pastels by Americans from Copley to Harnett, Prendergast, and Hassam; through Nov. 14. (Closed Mondays.)... KENNEDY, 20 E. 56th St.: More than a hundred Currier & Ives lithographs on such themes as winter, sports, railroads, horseracing, and marine, rural, and country life, together with paintings by C. & I. artists; through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Closed Mondays.)... SABARSKY, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings and watercolors by German Expressionists—Jawlensky, Klee, Kokoschka, Nolde, Pechstein, Schiele, and Schlemmer, for instance; through Nov. 28. (Closed Mondays.)... SELIGMANN, 5 E. 57th St.: Thirty drawings from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth by Guido Reni, Tiepolo, Delacroix, Puvis de Chavannes, and the like; starting Saturday, Oct. 31. (Closed Mondays.)... WEINTRAUB, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Sculptures and graphics by Arp, Picasso, Moore, Calder, Braque, Giacometti, and others; through Friday, Oct. 30.... WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit show of a famous British collection of Italian master drawings by Leonardo, Michelangelo, Raphael, Correggio, Bernini, Tiepolo, and Piranesi, among others; through Nov. 28.... ZIERLER, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by artists from Arp and Avery to Trova and Wesselmann; through Saturday, Oct. 31.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than three hundred sculptures in stone, ceramic, wood, mosaic, gold, jade, and other materials, produced in the region from central Mexico to Panama and the West Indies during nearly three thousand years before the arrival of Cortes; through Jan. 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 4; Sundays, 1 to 4; Election Day, 1 to 9. A contribution, optional in amount, is required for admission.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The famous series of three hundred and forty-seven etchings done by Picasso in 1968 (some visible on request only), plus two hundred and twenty-five prints and illustrated books from various sources; through Nov. 29. A good complement to this exhibit is the Picasso show at the Saidenberg Gallery, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. (No admission charge on Mondays, 1 to 8; the rest of the week—Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, Thursday evenings until 9, and Sundays, noon to 6—the usual $1.75 will be charged. ... ¶ Every Thursday at noon, the Museum is showing documentary films that comment on various topics of the day.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective consisting of a hundred and forty works by Francis Picabia, a major early-twentieth-century modernist who worked in several modes; through Dec. 6.... ¶ A survey of the works



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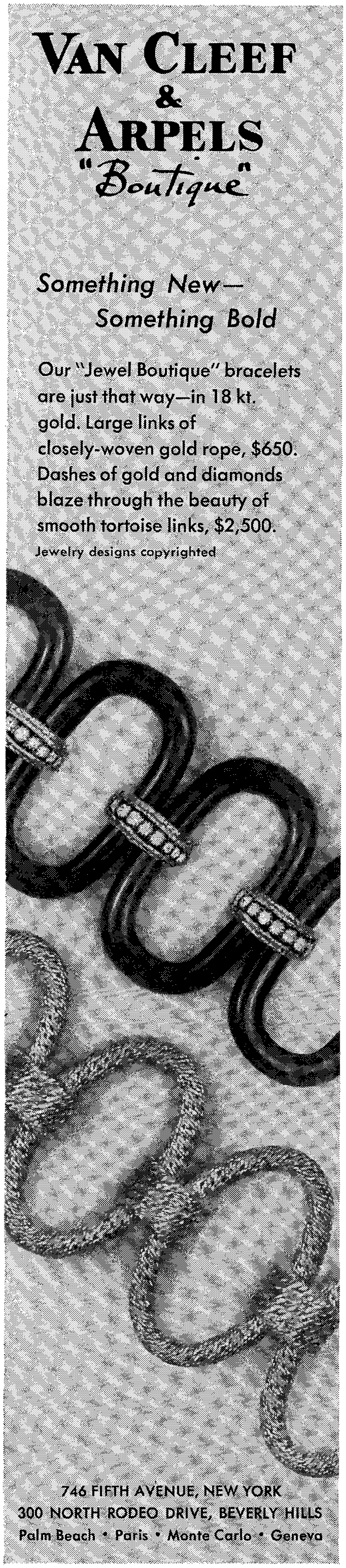
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from 1958 to the present of Carl Andre, a sculptor known for his floor pieces in brick and steel plates, plus examples of his "concrete" poems; through Nov. 22. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.... ¶ Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 28-30, at 8:30—doors open at 8—the galleries will be filled with electronic music performed on the Moog synthesizer by Gino Piserchio and Bill Allen. Tickets at the door on the nights of the concerts.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Thomas Eakins, America's leading Realist of the nineteenth century; through Nov. 22. A good complement to this show is the show of his photographs at the New York Cultural Center.... ¶ A hundred and twenty-one paintings, watercolors, and drawings covering fifty-five years of work by Georgia O'Keeffe; through Nov. 29.... ¶ Eighty drawings presented by Jackson Pollock to his analyst in the course of treatment from 1939 to 1940; through Nov. 15. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Seventy-five prints done in Edo, Japan, between 1650 and 1850 by, among others, Hokusai and Hiroshige; through Jan. 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Election Day, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Mexico and Central America houses an outstanding collection of sculpture, pottery, jade, gold, and archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C. to the advent of the Spanish Conquest in 1521 A.D. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Election Day, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Seventy works of Asian art representing a cross-section of the collection of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller III—about one-third are metal and stone, another large group consists of porcelains, and there are some paintings; through Dec. 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Seventy objects illustrating the broad scope of Ming porcelains produced from the late fourteenth century to the mid-seventeenth; starting Thursday, Oct. 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Paintings, sculptures, house furnishings, and jewelry in the decorative style of between the wars known as "Art Deco;" through Nov. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit featuring "software," which has to do with information-processing systems: products of computers, teletype equipment, copying machines, closed television circuits, and so on; through Nov. 8. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Costumes executed by Karinska from Chagall's sketches (which may be seen in the form of reproductions) for the New York City Ballet's "Firebird;" through Jan. 9. (Mondays through Fridays, except Election Day, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Over a hundred volumes of French printing, from 1470 (the inception of printing into France) to 1510; through Saturday, Oct. 31.... ¶ An arresting group of French photographs dated from 1820 to 1865; through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Face coverings, from African, American-Indian, Oriental, and South American masks to tattoos, makeup, and space helmets; through Jan. 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—About a hundred objects, including sculptures and fetishes from Africa, ritual figures from New Guinea, pre-Columbian ornaments, and Eskimo and American-Indian artifacts; through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Forty drawings by Adolf Hitler of his architectural visions—colossal monuments and stadiums—of the future Germania, his home in Berchtesgaden, and his bunker, plus photographs of Albert Speer's scale models and of events in the Nuremberg stadium; through Nov. 8.... ¶ More than two hundred photographs by or about Thomas Eakins, whose paintings, sculptures, and drawings are currently at the Whitney; through Nov. 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Contemporary paintings, prints, textiles, metal sculptures, and reliefs by thirteen artists working in West Africa; through Sunday, Nov. 1. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

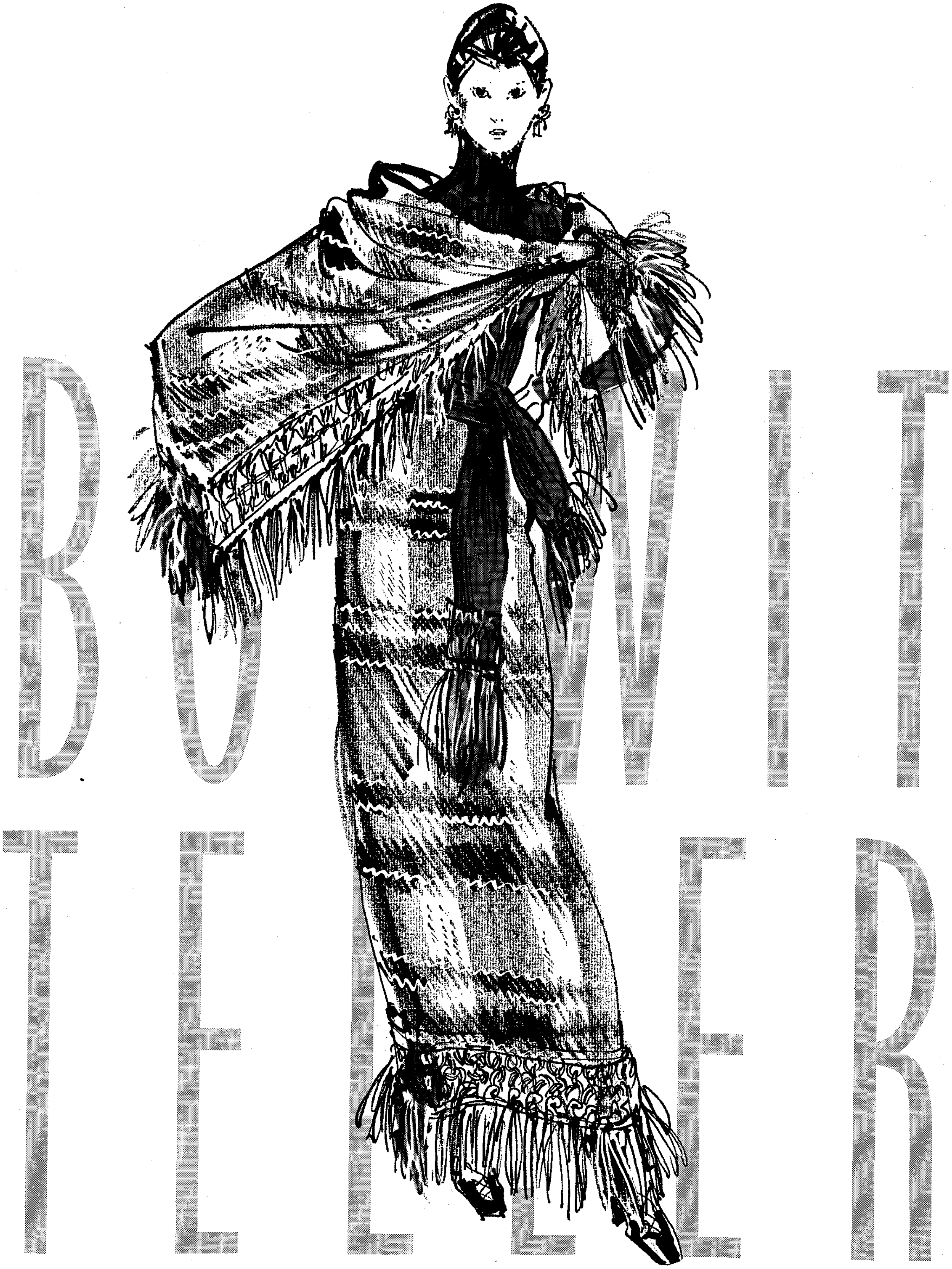
MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Oct. 28: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Renata Scotto, Luciano Pavarotti, Mario Sereni, and Ruggero Raimondi.... ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 29: "Andrea Chénier," with Renata Tebaldi, Lili Chookasian, Placido Domingo, Anselmo Colzani, and Fernando Corena.... ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 30: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Gabriella Tucci, Reri Grist, Lili Chookasian, Franco Tagliavini, and Mario Sereni.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 31: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Roberta Peters, Luciano Pavarotti, Frank Guarrera, and Ruggero Raimondi.... ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 31: "La Traviata" (a performance in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Robert Merrill's Metropolitan Opera début), with Joan Sutherland, Carlo Bergonzi, and Mr. Merrill. (A non-subscription performance.)... ¶ Monday evening, Nov. 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Gabriella Tucci, Marcia Baldwin, Barry Morell, William Walker, and Robert Schmorr.... ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 3: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Roberta Peters, Giacomo Aragall, Mario Sereni, and John Macurdy.... ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 4: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Martina Arroyo, Reri Grist, Lili Chookasian, Carlo Bergonzi, and Sherrill Milnes.... ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 5: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Luciano Pavarotti, and Robert Merrill.... ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 6: "Don Pasquale," with Reri Grist, Fernando Corena, Alfredo Kraus, and Tom Krause.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 7: "Andrea Chénier," with Renata Tebaldi, Lili Chookasian, Carlo Bergonzi, Anselmo Colzani, and Paul Plishka.... ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 7: "Tosca," with Régine Crespin, Placido Domingo, Tito Gobbi, and Fernando Corena. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 8:15: "Faust," with Johanna Meier, Susan Marsee, Michele Molese, and Robert Hale.... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 29, at 8:15: "Rigoletto," with Louise Lebrun, Kay Creed, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Louis Quilico.... ¶ Friday, Oct. 30, at 8:15: "La Cenerentola," with Frances Bible, Judith Anthony, Spiro Malas, and Richard Fredericks.... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 31, at 2:15: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Mary Cross Lueders, Carlos Montane, and Seymour Schwartzman.... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8:15: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Lois Crane, Elaine Bonazzi, André Jobin, and Louis Quilico.... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 1, at 1:15: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, Beverly Evans, Michele Molese, and Richard Fredricks.... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 1, at 7:15: The company's première of Janáček's "The Makropoulos Affair," in English, with Maralin Niska, Barbara Blanchard, Harry Theyard, and Chester Ludgin.... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 3, at 7:15: "The Makropoulos Affair," with Maralin Niska, Barbara Blanchard, Harry Theyard, and John Lankston.... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 8:15: "Rigoletto," with Louise Lebrun, Mary Cross Lueders, Michele Molese, and Louis Quilico.... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 5, at 8:15: "Don Rodrigo," with Jeannine Crader, John Stamford, Spiro Malas, and Edward Pierson.... ¶ Friday, Nov. 6, at 8:15: "Roberto Devereux," with Beverly Sills, Beverly Wolff, Herman Malamood,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 7, at 2:15: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Patricia Brooks, Elaine Bonazzi, Richard Stilwell, and Louis Quilico. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8:15: "Manon," with Carol Neblett, Michele Molese, John Darrenkamp, and Robert Hale. A benefit performance; for tickets, call 477-4720. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 15.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Aaron Copland conducting a program of his own music on Thursday, Oct. 29, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 30, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 2, at 7:30 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Aldo Ceccato conducting a varied program on Thursday, Nov. 5, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 6, at 2; and Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8:30 (all with Tamás Vásáry, piano).

Los Angeles Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday, Oct. 29, at 8:30: With Heather Harper and Joanna Neal, sopranos; Gwendolyn Killebrew, mezzo-soprano; Stuart Burrows and Robert Nagy, tenors; Paul Plishka and Bernard Ladysz, basses; and the Rutgers University Choir. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 30, at 8:30: With Jacqueline du Pré, cello. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8:30: With Daniel Barenboim, piano; Pinchas Zukerman, violin; and Miss du Pré.

French National Orchestra—Jean Martinon conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Oct. 30, at 8:30, no soloists; and Sunday, Nov. 1, at 8:30, with Viktor Tretyakov, violin.)

Detroit Symphony Orchestra—Sixten Ehrling conducting, with Judith Raskin, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 5, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 31-Nov. 1, at 8:30, with Martina Arroyo, soprano, and others. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 8:30, with Nathan Milstein, violin.)

American Symphony—Leopold Stokowski conducting, with Henryk Szeryng, violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Nov. 1, at 2:30, and Tuesday, Nov. 3, at 8:30.)

Mannes Orchestra—Carl Bamberger conducting. (Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. Thursday, Nov. 5, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

"Elijah"—Lukas Foss directing a benefit performance of Mendelssohn's oratorio, in English, by members of the New York Philharmonic; the Westminster Choir; Pauline Tinsley, soprano; Joy Davidson, mezzo-soprano; George Shirley, tenor; and Tom Krause, baritone. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 8:30.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing Honegger's symphonic psalm "King David," with Ray Middleton, narrator; Margot Moser, soprano; Carole Walters, mezzo-soprano; Seth McCoy, tenor; Peter Hayes Walker, boy soprano; and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Nov. 1, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

Royal Uppsala Chorus of Sweden—Eric Ericson directing. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 3, at 8:30.)

National Chorale Chamber Choir—Martin Josman directing. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8:40.)

RECITALS

Fredell Lack—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 8:30.)

Lili Kraus—Piano, in the first of three concerts in a series entitled "The Viennese Masters," with commentary. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 8:40.)

Daniel Barenboim—The fourth in a series of eight concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Oct. 29, at 8:30.)

New York Chamber Soloists—An all-Monteverdi program, with Jean Hakes, soprano; Charles Bressler and Robert White, tenors; and Albert Fuller, harpsichord. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Oct. 30, at 8:30.)

Beaux Arts Trio—With Walter Trampler, viola. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Oct. 30, at 8:40.)

David Bar-Illan—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Emil Gilels—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 8:30, the second of two concerts, this one a Schubert-Liszt program.)

Renata Scotto—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Nov. 1, at 2:15.)

Hermann Prey—Baritone, in an all-Schubert lieder recital. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 1, at 7:30.)

Lynn Harrell and James Levine—Cello and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 1, at 8:30.)

Music from Marlboro—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Nov. 2, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Nov. 5, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 6, at 8:30.)

Nathan Milstein—Violin, in an all-Bach recital. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Lee Michaels, Cactus, and Juicy Lucy—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 30-31, at 8 and 11:30.

James Cotton Blues Band—Fortune Theatre, 62 E. 4th St. 777-0030. Monday through Thursday, Nov. 2-5, at 9; Friday, Nov. 6, at 8:30 and 11; Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8, 10:30, and 12:30; and Sunday, Nov. 8, at 4 and 8.

Jethro Tull—A benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 8.)

Albert King—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 6-7, at 8 and 11:30.

Steve De Pass—A benefit concert. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Nov. 6, at 8:30.)

The Clancy Brothers—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8:40.

SPORTS

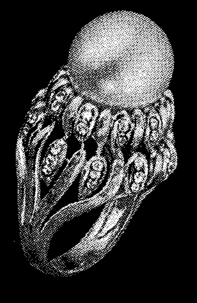
(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Oct. 29, at 7:30: Knicks vs. San Diego. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8: Knicks vs. Detroit.

College Football—**saturday, oct. 31:** Amherst vs. Tufts, at Amherst, at 2. . . . ¶ Boston College vs. Army, at Chestnut Hill, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Princeton, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Cornell, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Pennsylvania, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Notre Dame, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Bucknell, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Pittsburgh, at Syracuse, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven, at 1:30. . . . **saturday, nov. 7:** Army vs. Syracuse, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Cornell, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Columbia, at Hanover, at 1. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Georgetown, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Yale, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Harvard, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Amherst, at Hartford, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Wesleyan, at Williamstown, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Jets vs. Giants. (Shea Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 1, at 1.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Wednes-



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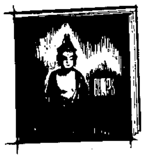

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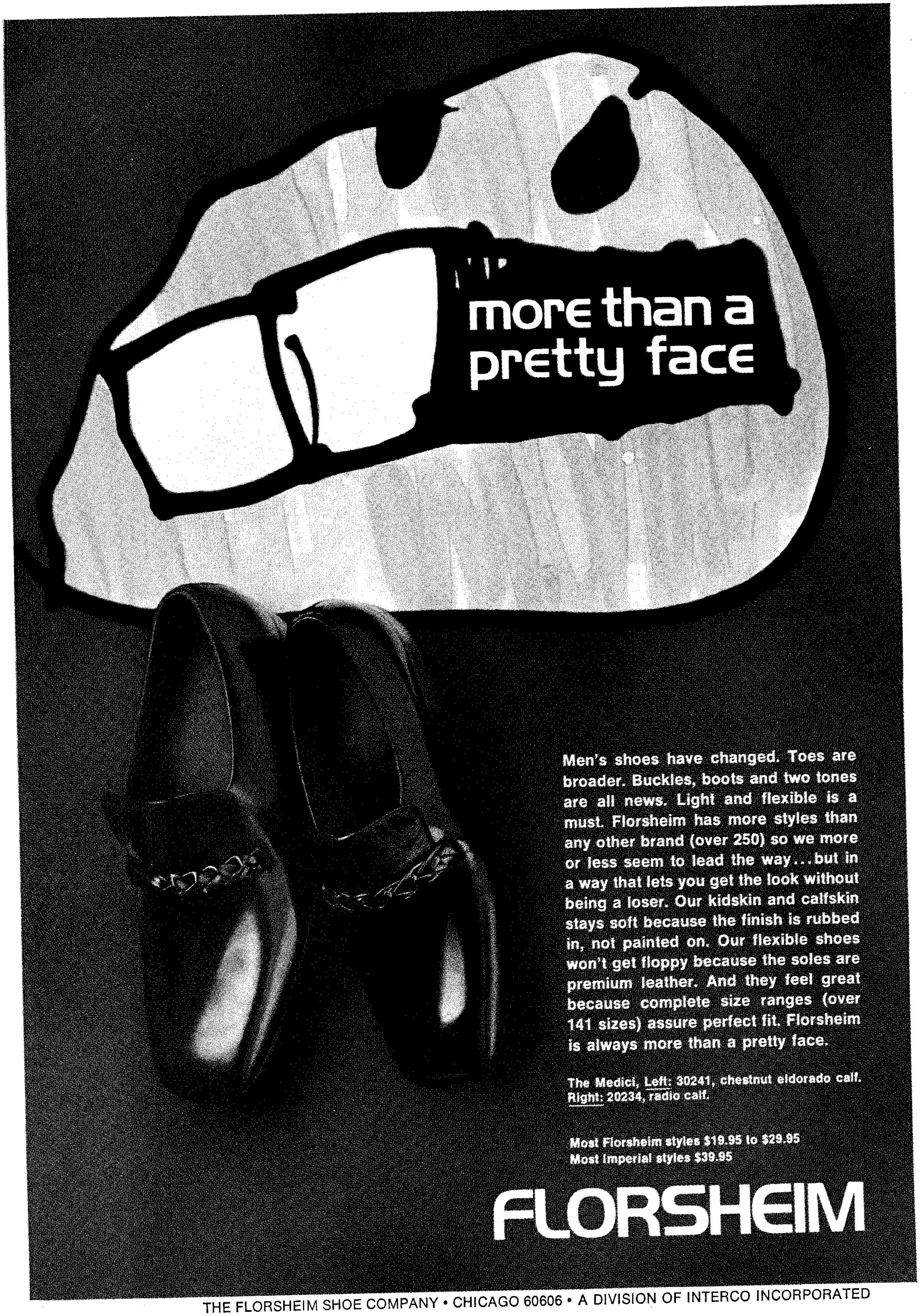
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Horse Shows—Washington International Horse Show. (Washington, D.C. Through Sunday, Nov. 1.). . . ¶ National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday, Nov. 3, through Tuesday, Nov. 10. Competitions daily at 2 and 7:30.)

Hunt Racing—Montpelier Hunt Race Meeting. (Montpelier Station, Va. Saturday, Oct. 31.) . . . ¶ Virginia Fall Race Meeting. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, Nov. 7.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 12:30; through Monday, Dec. 7. The Jockey Club Gold Cup, Saturday, Oct. 31; the Knickerbocker Handicap, Tuesday, Nov. 3; and the Roamer Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 7. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Nov. 14. The Trenton Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 31, and the Gardenia, Saturday, Nov. 7. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Thursday, Dec. 31. The Pimlico-Laurel Futurity, Saturday, Oct. 31.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, Dec. 15. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:12.)

FOR CHILDREN

Opera—"The Magic Flute," with Boris Goldovsky narrating and playing the piano and with assisting artists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 7, at 3.)

Stage Shows—By the BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES: "The Whistling Wizard and the Sultan of Tuffet." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays, Sundays, and Election Day at 1 and 3:30.). . . DRAGON MARIONETTES: "Puss in Boots." (13th Street Theatre, 50 W. 13th St. WA 9-4336. Sunday, Nov. 1, at 2.). . . SALVATORE GUIDA: "The Magical Red Fan." (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291. Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.). . . MERI MINI PLAYERS: "Pinocchio," Saturday, Oct. 31, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "Peter Pan," Saturday, Nov. 7, at 2:30. (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 877-1952.). . . PERFORMING ARTS REPERTORY THEATRE: "Martin Luther King, Jr.," Wednesday, Oct. 28. . . . ¶ "Pinocchio," Thursday, Oct. 29. . . . ¶ "The Wizard of Oz," Friday, Oct. 30. . . . ¶ "Babes in Toyland," Friday, Nov. 6. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Mornings at 10:30.) . . . TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE: "The Wizard of Oz." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, Nov. 3, at 1. Children under five not admitted.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Universe of Atoms." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Election Day at 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Saturday and on Election Day from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

Election Day—Tuesday, Nov. 3; the hours for voting are from 6 A.M. to 9 P.M.

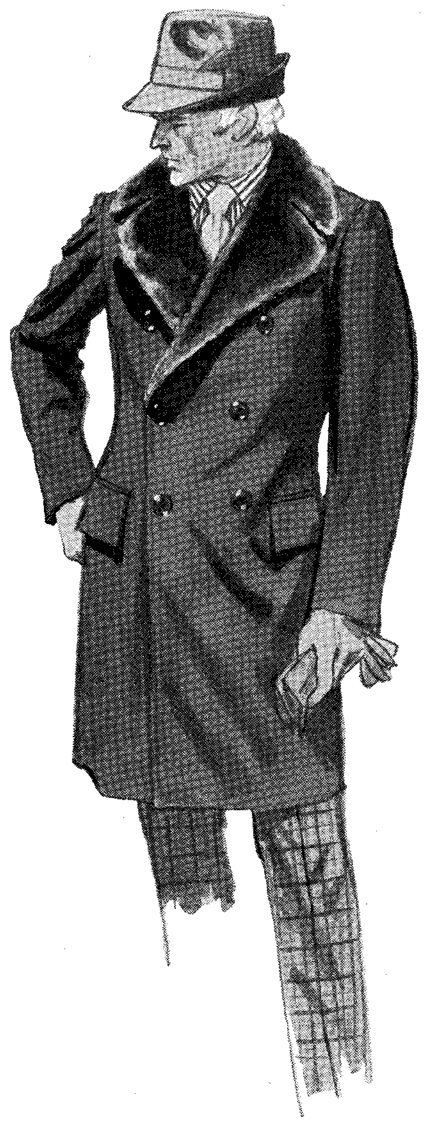
United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Tony Towle reading from his own works and Kenneth Koch and John Ashbery reading from the works of Frank O'Hara. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Sunday, Nov. 1, at 3. Tickets at the box office on the day of the readings.)

National Arts and Antiques Festival—A benefit exhibition, comprising displays by three hundred antique dealers. Among the rarities are Russian, Greek, and Venetian icons; Spode china dishes, formerly owned by Charles Dickens; and political memorabilia. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 28-31, from 1 to 11, and Sunday, Nov. 1, from 1 to 7.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, except Election Day, through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 10:15 and 2: Russian works of art, from various owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 8: Impressionist paintings, from many collectors. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 29, at 10:15 and 2: Autographs from the collection of the late Reverend Cornelius Greenway. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 29, at 8: Modern sculptures, including works by Giacometti, Matisse, and Calder; from several sources. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 30, at 2: Tiffany and Art Nouveau glass, belonging to John F. Coyle and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 31, at 2: American furniture and decorations, from the collection of Mrs. Francis Garvan. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 4-5, at 10:15 and 2: Modern and old-master prints, belonging to several collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 30.

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Oct. 28 at 2: "End of the Road" (1919), with Richard Bennett. . . . ¶ Oct. 28 at 5:30: "Our Betters" (1933), with Constance Bennett. . . . ¶ Oct. 29 at 2 and 5:30: "One Woman's Story" (1949), directed by David Lean, with Ann Todd and Claude Rains. . . . ¶ Oct. 29 at 8: "Oliver Twist" (1948), directed by David Lean, with Robert Newton and Alec Guinness. . . . ¶ Oct. 30 at 2 and 5:30: "Breaking the Sound Barrier" (1952), directed by David Lean, with Ralph Richardson and Ann Todd. . . . ¶ Oct. 31 at 11:30: "Miracle in Milan" (1950), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica. . . . ¶ Oct. 31 at 3 and 5:30: "Summertime" (1955), directed by David Lean, with Katharine Hepburn and Rossano Brazzi. . . . ¶ Nov. 1 at 2: "Hobson's Choice" (1954), directed by David Lean, with Charles Laughton and John Mills. . . . ¶ Nov. 1 at 5:30: "Great Expectations" (1946), directed by David Lean, with Valerie Hobson and John Mills. . . . ¶ Nov. 2 at 1:30: "Brief Encounter" (1946), directed by David Lean, with Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard. . . . ¶ Nov. 2 at 3:30: A program of three short films. . . . ¶ Nov. 2 at 6 and Nov. 3 at 2: "Native Land" (1942), a documentary film, directed by Paul Strand and Leo Hurwitz. . . . ¶ Nov. 3 at 5:30: "Doctor Zhivago" (1965), directed by David Lean, with Omar Sharif. . . . ¶ Nov. 4 at 2 and 5:30: "The Sky Pilot" (1921), with Colleen Moore. . . . ¶ Nov. 5 at 2 and 5:30: "Playing Dead" (1915) and "The Wishing Ring" (1914). . . . ¶ Nov. 5 at 8: "The Goose Woman" (1925), directed by Clarence Brown. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Oct. 28: "One Hour with You" (1932), with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald. . . . ¶ Oct. 29: "Bolero" (1934), with George Raft and Carole Lombard. . . . ¶ Oct. 30: "Rock, Pretty Baby" (1956), with Sal Mineo and John Saxon. . . . ¶ Oct. 31: "Mississippi" (1935), with W. C. Fields and Bing Crosby. . . . ¶ Nov. 1: "Playboy of Paris" (1930), with Maurice Chevalier. . . . ¶ Nov. 4: "Anything Goes" (1936), with Bing Crosby and Ethel Merman. . . . ¶ Nov. 5: "Has Anybody Seen My Gal" (1952), with Piper Laurie and Rock Hudson. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Virgin and the Gypsy."

EVERGREEN, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"Quiet Days in Clichy."

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Without a Stitch" and "Man and Wife."

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Nov. 3: "Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon" and "Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here."
From Nov. 4: "The Landlord" and "The Christine Jorgensen Story."

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 3: "Women in Love."
From Nov. 4: "Something for Everyone."

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Monterey Pop."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Joe."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Goin' Down the Road."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Catch-22."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Oct. 31: "Performance."
From Nov. 1: "The Pizza Triangle."

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Cromwell."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Oct. 31: "The Baby Maker."
From Nov. 1: "WUSA."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Great White Hope."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Five Easy Pieces."

R.K.O. 59TH ST. EAST TWIN CINEMAS, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Lickerish Quartet."

CINÉ MALIBU, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Virgin and the Gypsy."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Little Fauss and Big Halsy."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Trash."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Diary of a Mad Housewife."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"This Man Must Die."

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Twelve Chairs."

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"The Angel Levine" and "The Revolutionary."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Daughter."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"House of Dark Shadows."

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Nov. 2: "Machine Gun McCain" and "Land Raiders."
From Nov. 3: "Sunflower."

LOEW'S CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Nov. 2: "Monte Walsh."
From Nov. 3: "The Owl and the Pussycat."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The McKenzie Break."

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Oct. 28: "A Man and a Woman" and "La Femme Infidèle."
Oct. 29-Nov. 4: "The Sleeping Car Murder" and "Diabolique."
From Nov. 5: To be announced.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"L'Enfant Sauvage" and "Stolen Kisses."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 3: "Juliet of the Spirits" and "Red Desert."
From Nov. 4: "Two or Three Things I Know About Her" and "Raven's End."

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Pound."

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
"The 39 Steps" and "The Lady Vanishes."

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Nov. 3: "Trog" and "Taste the Blood of Dracula."
From Nov. 4: "Sunflower."

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Tora! Tora! Tora!"

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Oct. 29: "Hello, Dolly!"
From Oct. 30: "Patton."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Oct. 28: "Sunflower."
From Oct. 29: "The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"A Night at the Opera," "At the Circus," "A Day at the Races," and "The Big Store."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"I Never Sang for My Father."

CINEMA 57 RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Mind of Mr. Soames."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Burn!"

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Goin' Down the Road."

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Tristana."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"First Love."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Catch-22."

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Nov. 2: "The Moonshine War" and "Kelly's Heroes."
From Nov. 3: "The Computer Wore Tennis Shoes."

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Nov. 3: "Putney Swope" and "More."
From Nov. 4: To be announced.

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Nov. 2: "The Bird with the Crystal Plumage" and "Viva Max!"
From Nov. 3: "Darling Lili."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Oct. 28: "Ice" and "Viridiana."
Oct. 29: "Ice" and "Black Girl."
Oct. 30: "Ice" and "Pickpocket."
Oct. 31: "Ice" and "Les Carabiniers."
Nov. 1: "Ice" and "Six in Paris."
Nov. 2: "Ice" and "The Koumiko Mystery."
Nov. 3: "Ice" and "Far from Vietnam."
Nov. 4: "Ice" and "Not Reconciled."
From Nov. 5: "Adalen 31" and "Tropic of Cancer."

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 3: "The Damned" and "The Ballad of Cable Hogue."
From Nov. 4: "The Out-of-Towners" and "Anyone Can Play."

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Oct. 29: "Children of Paradise" and "A Day in the Country."
From Oct. 30: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" and "Butterfield 8."

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
"The Virgin and the Gypsy."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

ADALEN 31 (1969)—An extraordinarily sensitive re-creation of a strike and riot that altered the course of Swedish political life, seen through the eyes of an adolescent boy whose father dies in the events. Bo Widerberg, whose last film was "Elvira Madigan," made this admirable and beautiful, though not, perhaps, altogether satisfactory film. In Swedish. (New Yorker; starting Nov. 5.)

THE ANGEL LEVINE—White Jew meets black Jew (Zero Mostel and Harry Belafonte). The black Jew is supposed to be an angel, literally. (72nd St. Playhouse.)

ANYONE CAN PLAY (1968)—A dubbed Italian film about four married couples, directed by Luigi Zampa. The cast includes Ursula Andress, Virna Lisi, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. (Symphony; starting Nov. 4.)

AT THE CIRCUS (1939)—The Marx Brothers. They do get to fire Margaret Dumont out of a cannon, but it's all fairly ponderous. (Ziegfeld.)

THE BABY MAKER—Pseudo-seriousness about a life-loving young hippie (Barbara Hershey) who agrees to make a baby for a childless couple. Cellophane-wrapped little insights into everybody's feelings and total evasion of the moral problems implicit in the gimmicky plot. Written and directed by James Bridges. (Plaza; through Oct. 31.)

THE BALLAD OF CABLE HOGUE—Sam Peckinpah is in a relaxed and playful mood in this rambling comedy-Western with Jason Robards (in fine form) as a desert rat who discovers a mudhole and turns water merchant, Stella Stevens as an ambitious whore, and David Warner as a lecherous self-ordained preacher. (Symphony; through Nov. 3.)

THE BIG STORE (1941)—The Marx Brothers taking over a department store. But they never quite took over the movie, which is on the dismal side. (Ziegfeld.)

THE BIRD WITH THE CRYSTAL PLUMAGE—Not to be caddish about giving away any surprising ending, the clue to the outcome of this horror picture lies in unisex midicoats. The action includes a scene about eating broiled cat. Made in Italy, with Suzy Kendall and Tony Musante. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 2.)

BLACK GIRL (1969)—Ousmane Sembène's film about a young African girl who goes to work for a European couple in Antibes. In French. (New Yorker; Oct. 29.)

BURN!—Marlon Brando in a film by Gillo Pontecorvo, the director of "The Battle of Algiers." (Little Carnegie.)

BUTTERFIELD 8 (1960)—The John O'Hara novel that seemed perfect for the movies, plus the role that seemed perfect for Elizabeth Taylor—and this is the garish mess it became. Daniel Mann's direction is maybe even worse than the Charles Schnee-John Michael Hayes script. With Laurence Harvey; Dina Merrill, doing a noble wife to end all noble wives; and a vacuum on the screen that is said to be Eddie Fisher. (Thalia; starting Oct. 30.)

LES CARABINIERS (1963)—A Jean-Luc Godard film about two numbed soldiers who are pleased to go to war because of the chances it offers, in their Candide reckoning. In French. (New Yorker; Oct. 31.)

CATCH-22—Joseph Heller's novel has been turned into a pretty good movie, directed by Mike Nichols. Alan Arkin is Captain Yossarian. (Sutton and Paramount.)

CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF (1958)—The Tennessee Williams play about the girl (Elizabeth Taylor) whose husband (Paul Newman) doesn't want to have sex with her. Much hocus-pocus about the reasons; when the "true" reason is revealed it sounds the hokiest. But Taylor looks very desirable indeed, and the cast is full of actors whooping it up with Southern accents (Burl Ives, Judith Anderson, Madeleine Sherwood.) Directed by Richard Brooks. (Thalia; starting Oct. 30.)

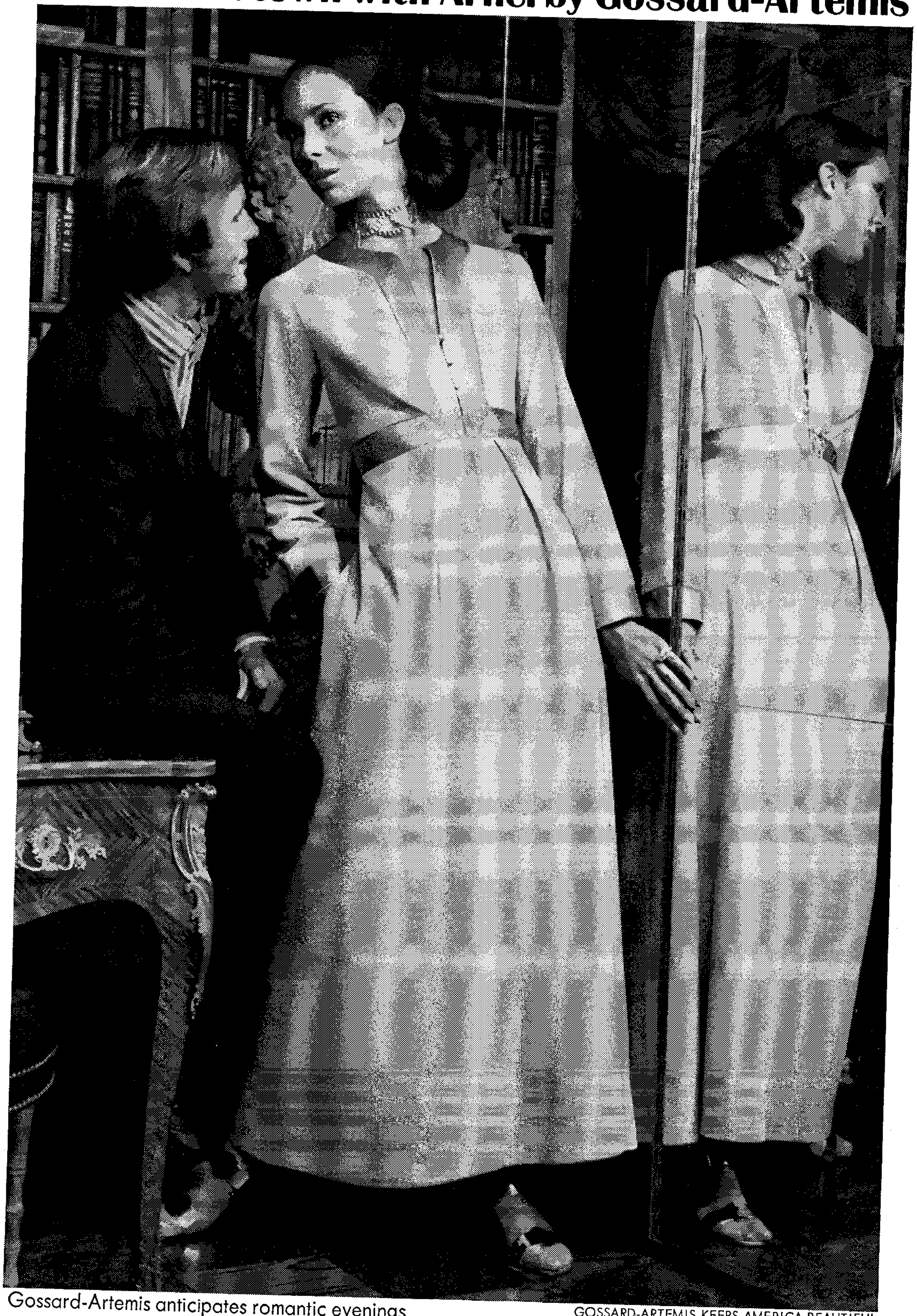
CHILDREN OF PARADISE (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (Thalia; through Oct. 29.)

THE COMPUTER WORE TENNIS SHOES—A Disney film, with Kurt Russell as the boy computer. Directed by Robert Butler. (Cinema Studio; starting Nov. 3.)

CROMWELL—Richard Harris in the title role and Alec Guinness as King Charles I. Directed by Ken Hughes. (Fine Arts.)

THE DAMNED (1969)—Nazism as a metaphor for decadence. A ponderously perverse spectacle by Luchino Visconti, in which the Nazis ap-

Maxi about town with Arnel by Gossard-Artemis



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pear to be homosexual werewolves. (Symphony; through Nov. 3.)

Darling Lili—Julie Andrews singing radiantly in a spy story set in the First World War. She cheers up French invalids with fine poise, and Rock Hudson is in love with her, and that's all. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Nov. 3.)

The Daughter—Or "I, a Woman, Part 3." In Danish. (Trans-Lux 85th St.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers running a sanitarium. This is the one with Groucho as Dr. Hugo Z. Hackenbush, and it has some classic routines. With Margaret Dumont, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Allan Jones. (Ziegfeld.)

A Day in the Country (1937)—Jean Renoir's short (thirty-seven-minute) film from a de Maupassant story is one of the two or three greatest short-story films ever made—a lyric tragedy that ranks with his finest work. Jeanne Marken and Sylvia Bataille are the mother and daughter who are seduced on a family outing on the banks of the Marne; Renoir himself plays the role of an innkeeper. Music by Kosma. In French. (Thalia; through Oct. 29.)

Diabolique (1955)—Henri-Georges Clouzot's grisly horror thriller set in a provincial school. The headmaster (Paul Meurisse), his wife (Vera Clouzot), and his mistress (Simone Signoret) work together and at cross-purposes to reduce their number by a third. Scary, but so calculatedly sensational that it's rather revolting. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 29-Nov. 4.)

Diary of a Mad Housewife—A rising young lawyer (Richard Benjamin), who is an alarming pedant about food, wine, and ambitious entertaining, is married to a hard-driven girl, played by a gifted newcomer called Carrie Snodgress. Mrs. Put-Upon dearly needs her Mr. Go-Getter, however, and everything works out. Directed and written by Frank and Eleanor Perry, respectively. (Beekman.)

L'Enfant Sauvage—A late-eighteenth-century doctor named Jean Itard (played by François Truffaut) takes over the education of a barbarian boy who has spent his childhood abandoned in a forest. The understanding between the two of them is wary and delicate. The child makes his entrance loping, on all fours, and Itard is a highly sophisticated, clever, decorous man; all the same, they are some sort of kin, and both of them are in the direct line of Truffaut's alert, thin-skinned, outwardly intransigent heroes. Truffaut directed the film, in a beautiful black-and-white that has the look of an old photograph. In French. (Waverly.)

Far from Vietnam (1967)—The Vietnam war as viewed by six Paris directors: Jean-Luc Godard, Alain Resnais, William Klein, Joris Ivens, Agnès Varda, and Claude Lelouch. (New Yorker; Nov. 3.)

La Femme Infidèle (1969)—Claude Chabrol demonstrates how to make a civilized (though conventional) thriller; he serves up the sensuality and adultery with the elegance of a master. With Michel Bouquet as the husband, Stéphane Audran as the wife, Maurice Ronet as her lover. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 28.)

First Love—Turgenev's fine novella about an adolescent boy's crush on his father's mistress, fragmented and made nearly incomprehensible by director Maximilian Schell's penchant for enigmatic passions and romantic gush. Dominique Sarda plays the mistress as some sort of high-strung decadent nympho. (Paris.)

Five Easy Pieces—Jack Nicholson plays the throw-out of a gifted, sedate family of musicians. He has the same musical gift, but prefers to squander it as he squanders his life. He has a delicate ear for auspicious beginnings, and when time gives out on him he knows how to run. Bob Rafelson directed. (Coronet.)

Goin' Down the Road—A Canadian film, with Doug McGrath and Paul Bradley. Sensitively photographed, extraordinarily well acted, though the story is thin. Directed by the talented young Donald Shebib. (34th St. East and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

The Great White Hope—How a black prizefighter (James Earl Jones) is brought down because of white men's fear of the strength of blacks. Martin Ritt's big, noisy production defeats Jones here, and along the way it also exposes the clobber-them-with-guilt tactics of the dramatist, Howard Sackler. (Baronet.)

BARONET
CORONET

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5		

Hello, Dolly!—The extraordinary Barbra Streisand, in the biggest rabble-rousing musical of them all. Directed by Gene Kelly. (Guild; through Oct. 29.)

House of Dark Shadows—Grayson Hall is the woman doctor who discovers a cure for Jonathan Frid's sickness (vampirism); but she, it turns out, is afflicted by a sickness called "fang envy." Based on the television bloodsucking series. With Joan Bennett. (U. A. East.)

Ice—Robert Kramer's comprehensive view of the life style of New York's revolutionary terrorists. Gray and grainy and painfully stagnant, but a revealing account of the anomalies in the urban guerrilla movement. (New Yorker; through Nov. 4.)

I Never Sang for My Father—The Robert Anderson play, brought to the screen by Gilbert Cates, with Melvyn Douglas and Gene Hackman. (Festival.)

Joe—A hardhat type, mouthing every prejudice about the young and the blacks and the freeloaders on welfare, meets a well-heeled liberal adman, and they strike up an alliance. Good starting point, crassly developed. Peter Boyle plays the bigot; John Avildsen directed. (Murray Hill.)

The Christine Jorgensen Story—With John Hansen in the title role. Directed by Irving Rapper. (Charles; starting Nov. 4.)

Juliet of the Spirits (1965)—Federico Fellini's unconvincing look at a mousy wife's fantasy life. (Her unconscious seems to be stuffed with left-over décor from M-G-M musicals.) A peculiarly ungallant film, and a poor one. With Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (8th St. Playhouse; through Nov. 3.)

Kelly's Heroes—Comic adventure melodrama about a group of soldiers during the Second World War who steal gold bullion from the Germans. Crude. With Clint Eastwood, Telly Savalas, Don Rickles, and Donald Sutherland. Directed by Brian Hutton. (Cinema Studio; through Nov. 2.)

The Koumiko Mystery (1966)—This hour-long documentary about a modern Japanese girl was shot by Chris Marker in Tokyo during the Olympics. The mystery is the mystery of human individuality; Koumiko, with her archaic Oriental beauty, walks through the transient World's Fair atmosphere seeing herself as an outsider in modern Japan. In Japanese. (New Yorker; Nov. 2.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Alfred Hitchcock's murder mystery about a charming old lady who boards a train and disappears on it has some of the best examples of his comedy and his pleasurable perversity. In movie history it is a quintessential suspense thriller. The hero is Michael Redgrave (making his film début); the heroine is Margaret Lockwood; the lady is the memorable Dame May Whitty. With Paul Lukas and Cecil Parker. (Elgin.)

The Landlord—Fair-to-middling story about Manhattan real estate and racism. A rich white (Beau Bridges), ridden by a wildly overdrawn boozing mother (Lee Grant), buys a tenement to learn what it's like to be poor. With Pearl Bailey. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Charles; starting Nov. 4.)

Land Raiders—With Telly Savalas and George Maharis. Directed by Nathan Juran. (Orpheum; through Nov. 2.)

The Lickerish Quartet—*Luxe* porno. Directed by Radley Metzger. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas.)

Little Fauss and Big Halsy—A wheeler, with Robert Redford and Michael J. Pollard. Directed by Sidney J. Furie. (Cinema I.)

Machine Gun McCain—An Italian-made film, with John Cassavetes and Britt Ekland. Directed by Giuliano Montaldo. (Orpheum; through Nov. 2.)

A Man and a Woman (1966)—Claude Lelouch's popular romance about people with swinging occupations: Jean-Louis Trintignant is a racing-car driver, Anouk Aimée a script girl, Pierre Barouh a stunt man. The cinematographer-director specializes in lyrical blur and mist. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 28.)

Man and Wife (1969)—How to. (Cinema Village.)

The McKenzie Break—German POWs trying to break out of an Allied detention camp. With Brian Keith. Directed by Lamont Johnson. (86th St. East.)

The Mind of Mr. Soames—Terence Stamp comes out of a coma after thirty years and acts like a baby. With Robert Vaughn and Donal Donnelly. Directed by Alan Cooke. (Cinema 57 Rendezvous.)

Monterey Pop (1969)—Donn Pennebaker's *cinéma-vérité* record of the 1967 Pop festival, with Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix, Otis Redding, Simon & Garfunkel, The Who, and Ravi Shankar. (Kips Bay.)

Monte Walsh—Starvation and death in the fading Old West, with Lee Marvin left a senile derelict talking to his horse. Vacuous fatalism, and a script that follows the quaint tradition of "authentic" Westerns by giving the characters almost nothing to say. Jack Palance and Jeanne Moreau are among the sufferers. Directed by William A. Fraker. (Loew's Ciné; through Nov. 2.)

The Moonshine War—With Patrick McGoohan and Richard Widmark. Directed by Richard Quine. (Cinema Studio; through Nov. 2.)

More (1969)—Love and drugs and death in glamorous places. Directed by Barbet Schroeder. In French. (Regency; through Nov. 3.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers, doing to "Il Trovatore" what should be done to "Il Trovatore." (Ziegfeld.)

Not Reconciled (1965)—Jean-Marie Straub's fifty-one-minute film about Nazism. In German. (New Yorker; Nov. 4.)

The Out-of-Towners—The tribulations of a pair of innocent immigrants from Ohio to New York City, written and directed with an audience of similar innocents in mind, by Neil Simon and Arthur Hiller. Starring Jack Lemmon and Sandy Dennis. (Symphony; starting Nov. 4.)

The Owl and the Pussycat—Barbra Streisand and George Segal in the William Manhoff play, directed by Herbert Ross. (Loew's Ciné; starting Nov. 3.)

Patton (1970)—This huge epic was made in a style that might be called imperial; it's very impressive, despite the indications that it was designed to satisfy both war lovers and pacifists. George C. Scott is Patton; Franklin J. Schaffner directed. (Guild; starting Oct. 30.)

Performance—Mick Jagger and James Fox in a swinging London not recognizable to natives. The climax of this bizarre and exquisitely humorless thriller is inspired by a meal of hallucinogenic mushrooms that drives the principals into some unusual and oddly muted sorts of outrageousness, including yelled literary plagiarism and overdressing. (Trans-Lux East; through Oct. 31.)

Pickpocket (1958)—Robert Bresson's film about a young man compelled to steal. In French. (New Yorker; Oct. 30.)

The Pizza Triangle—With Monica Vitti and Marcello Mastroianni. Directed by Carlo di Palma. In Italian. (Trans-Lux East; starting Nov. 1.)

Pound—Robert Downey's satire—plotless, as

Pre-teenagers jockey their prams for position in a Lauderdale Yacht Club racing regatta.

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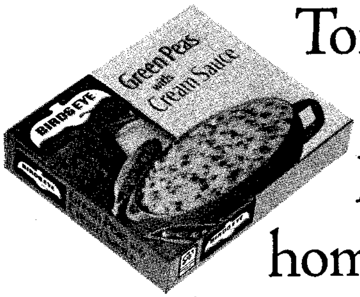
How to cook for a man



Tomato aspic on limp lettuce leaves may go down okay with the ladies. But when a man comes home, he wants to eat. That's why Birds Eye® dreamed up some one-dish meals that a man will go for.

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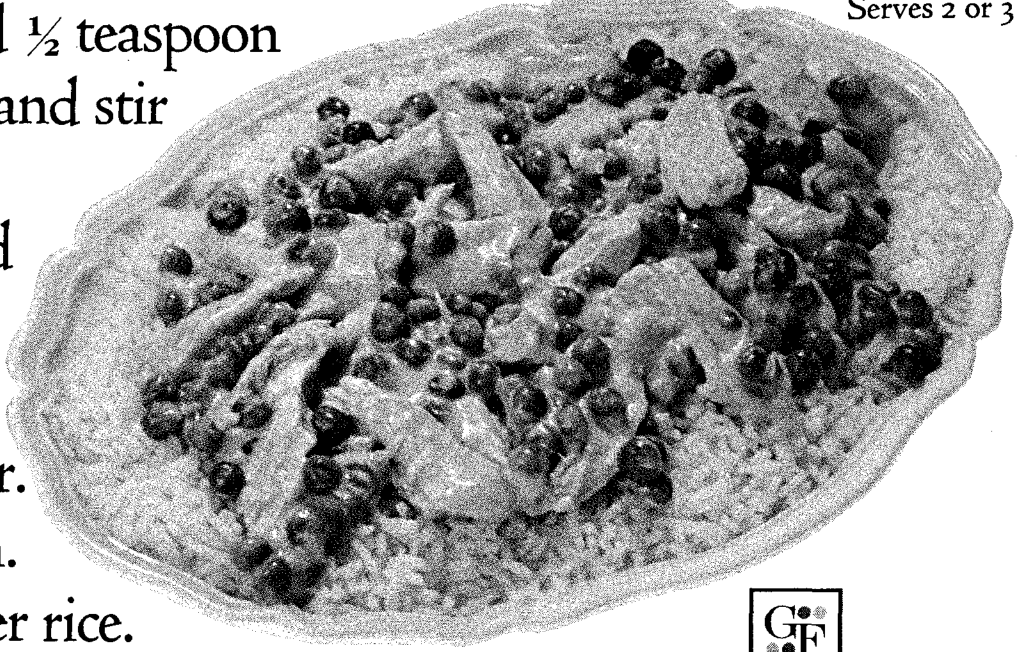
Cross-the-Road Chicken.

Cook 1 package of Birds Eye Green Peas with Cream Sauce. (It's one of 18 Birds Eye Prepared Vegetables, good alone, even better like this.) Add ½ teaspoon curry powder and stir until smooth.

Serves 2 or 3



Now fold in 1 cup diced, cooked chicken. Cover. Simmer 5 min. And serve over rice.

That's it. A man's meal. And easy, too.

GF
GENERAL FOODS

satire now has to be—about people who are represented as dogs, presumably standing for the bestial pass that we have come to. Sometimes (not always) you feel that Downey's idea of satire is to knock over a cripple in the street and crack up about it. But one grows fond of a gentle character played by Harry Rigby who asks what he's doing here since he's a penguin, meanwhile trotting off to white-tie parties. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes—Robert Stephens as Holmes and Colin Blakely as Watson, directed by Billy Wilder, from a script he did in collaboration with I.A.L. Diamond. (Music Hall; starting Oct. 29.)

Putney Swope (1969)—Robert Downey's obstreperous film about a black who gets heaved into the chairman's seat of an advertising agency. (Regency; through Nov. 3.)

Quiet Days in Clichy—Based on the Henry Miller novel. A worthy try at reproducing Miller's tone, but bungled and technically gauche. Shot in Denmark, in English, with much post-synching. (Evergreen.)

Raven's End—Bo Widerberg's wonderfully simple, unromanticized film (dating from 1964, long before "Elvira Madigan"), re-creating the thirties in Sweden. Widerberg's picture is about a poor family, headed by a ramshackle-led ex-salesman full of hopeless airs about cigars and contracts. The human detail of the film, full of visual asides and spurts of conviviality, is sometimes a bit like Renoir's. In Swedish. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Nov. 4.)

Red Desert (1965)—Boredome in Ravenna, and it seeps into the viewer's bones. Antonioni's hazy illustration of emotional chaos may or may not have something to do with industrialism; he makes the pollution so exquisite that one can't decide. With Monica Vitti and Richard Harris. In Italian. (8th St. Playhouse; through Nov. 3.)

The Revolutionary—A good film by Paul Williams, aged twenty-five, about the progression of a middle-class student from a bookish left-winger into a radical agitator. The film is set vaguely in present-day America, but there is also a tang of Europe and the Old Left, and the casting mixes yippies with people who look authentically like the C.P. members of the thirties. (72nd St. Playhouse.)

Six in Paris (1965)—An omnibus film with episodes directed by Jean-Luc Godard, Jean Rouch, Jean-Daniel Pollett, Claude Chabrol, Eric Rohmer, and Jean Douchet. In French. (New Yorker; Nov. 1.)

The Sleeping Car Murder (1966)—A mystery of notable ingenuity, resolved against high odds by Yves Montand. With Simone Signoret, and directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 29-Nov. 4.)

Something for Everyone—Nothing much for anyone, actually, in this film about the omnisexuality of a footman hero (Michael York), who sidles up to an Austrian countess (Angela Lansbury), and also to her son and to everyone else in sight. Miss Lansbury does try as best she can for high comedy. (Gramercy; starting Nov. 4.)

Stolen Kisses (1968)—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and reasonably pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as a man who hires detectives to find out why nobody likes him. In French. (Waverly.)

Sunflower—Sophia Loren, with infant son, searching in Russia for amnesiac Marcello Mastroianni. Directed by Vittorio De Sica. (Music Hall; Oct. 28. . . . ¶ Orpheum; starting Nov. 3. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Nov. 4.)

Taste the Blood of Dracula—Christopher Lee in more Transylvanian horrors. Peter Sasdy directed. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Nov. 3.)

Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon—Liza Minnelli as the irrepressible ringleader of a jolly club of the maimed. She has been horribly burned by an acid-throwing lover; her mates are a homosexual paraplegic and a man with an undiagnosable neurological disorder that makes him shake like a terrified puppy forced to swim for the first time. Directed by Otto Preminger, from a novel by Margorie Kellogg that possesses a mawkish sensibility which Preminger reproduces all too truthfully. (Charles; through Nov. 3.)

Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here (1969)—Ideology on horseback. Abraham Polonsky's indictment of American racism, set in a Western framework, features Robert Blake as Willie, the hunted Indian, and Robert Redford as Coop, the sheriff. (Charles; through Nov. 3.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—Hitchcock's suave, amusing spy melodrama, directed with so sure a touch that the suspense is charged with wit. Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll are the pair handcuffed together until hate turns to love, Peggy Ashcroft and John Laurie are the couple joined together by marriage chains, and the villain is Godfrey Tearle, looking astonishingly like F.D.R. From the John Buchan novel. (Elgin.)

This Man Must Die—A Nicholas Blake detective story, directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Tora! Tora! Tora!—A solemnly superficial account of the attack on Pearl Harbor. (Criterion. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Election Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Trash—Absurdist porno-comedy about an impotent junkie (Joe Dallesandro) who drags himself around while various women try to arouse him. His sort-of-wife is played by a goofy female impersonator, Holly Woodlawn, who acts up a storm, but most of the time the picture is as enervated and limp as its hero. Directed by Paul Morrissey. (Cinema II.)

Tristana—A masterpiece by Luis Buñuel about a grandee Spaniard (a wonderful study of an oddly unlenient sort of sensualist) who is the guardian of a ward, played by Catherine Deneuve. Her chill beauty is used by Buñuel to add to the mood of the story, which is like the damp air of a crypt. The film is rich in physical detail and in Buñuel's special sort of Surrealism, bold and witty; it also uses that power to blaspheme which only he seems to possess in world cinema, anti-clericalist though he is. In Spanish. (Lincoln Art.)

Trog—Joan Crawford is an anthropologist who discovers a troglodyte, in the Freddie Francis thriller. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Nov. 3.)

Tropic of Cancer (1970)—A shallow but entertaining version of the Henry Miller novel about expatriates in Paris. It may be closer to "The Immoral Mr. Teas" than to its source, but at least it isn't fusty. With Rip Torn. Directed by Joseph Strick. (New Yorker; starting Nov. 5.)

The Twelve Chairs—A satirical adventure story with Ron Moody. Directed by Mel Brooks. (Tower East.)

Two or Three Things I Know About Her—Godard's film about a lower-middle-class wife (Marina Vlady) who idly takes to prostitution to buy herself a sweater and some American cigarettes. The "her" of the title seems to be Paris, not the heroine. Laid over the picture, often nearly drowned by sounds of traffic and buildings under construction, there is the sound of Godard's voice whispering thoughts about philosophy, politics, filmmaking. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Nov. 4.)

The Virgin and the Gypsy—Sunday matins, the Sunday joint. Ah, England. One of the aunts at the meal has nothing but a single boiled potato. Christopher Miles' film of a short D. H. Lawrence novel transmits the true feeling of a Midland rectory family, a tribe practicing proscription and sarcasm. The virgin daughter is Joanna Shimkus, the gypsy Franco Nero. The picture is a bit busy but very intelligent, with Lawrence's strength and a passing silent humor of its own. (Art, Ciné Malibu, and Midtown.)

Viridiana (1961)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. In Spanish. (New Yorker; Oct. 28.)

Viva Max! (1970)—Peter Ustinov as a Mexican general who leads a campaign to reoccupy the Alamo, and Jonathan Winters as a strategist. Broad and waggish, with some bright spots. Jerry Paris directed. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 2.)

Without a Stitch (1970)—A porno Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. Directed by Annelise Meineche. In Danish. (Cinema Village.)

Women in Love—Ken Russell's purple pastiche—a Gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence. It's frequently impressive, but if you want to know what the characters are about, you'd do well to read the book first. With Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed. (Gramercy; through Nov. 3.)

WUSA—With Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward. Directed by Stuart Rosenberg. (Plaza; starting Nov. 1.)

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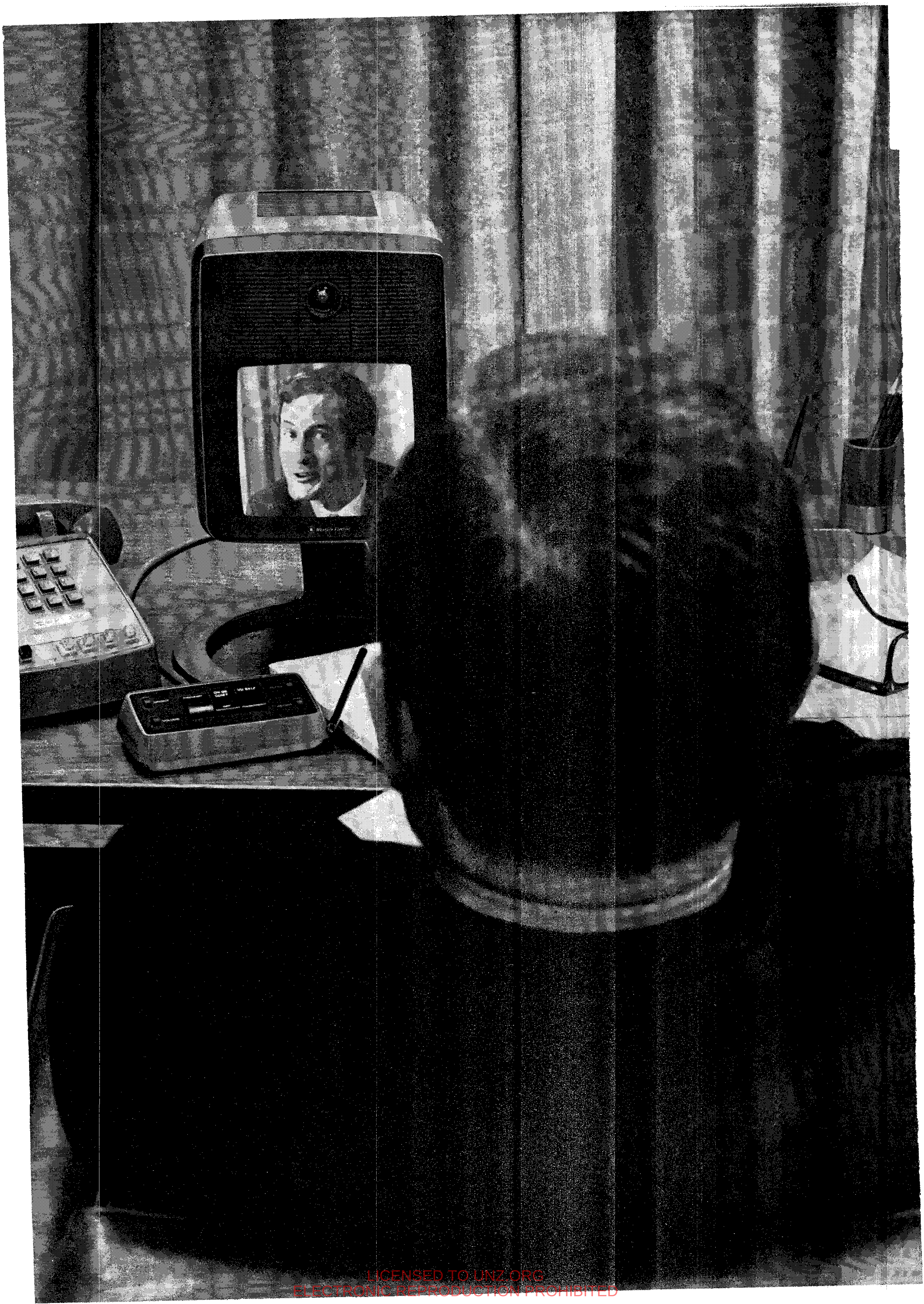

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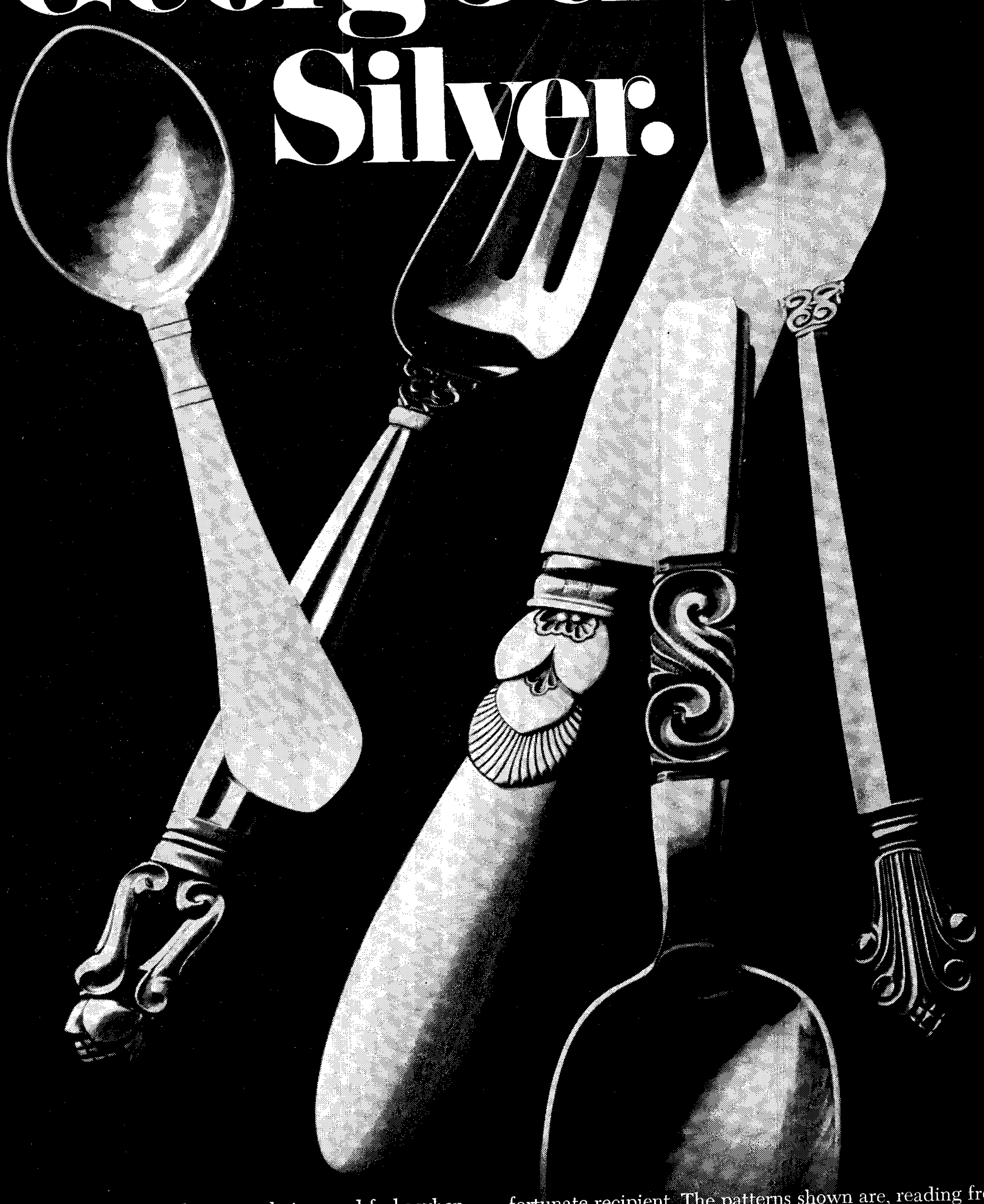

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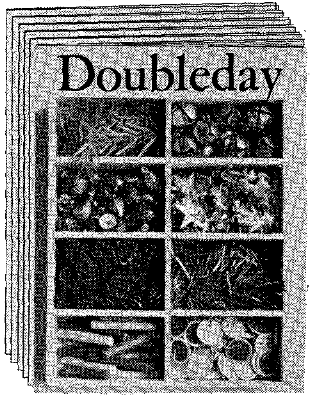

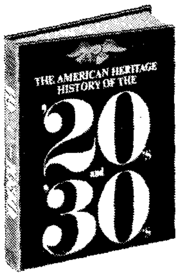

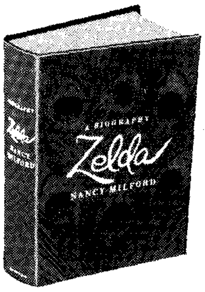

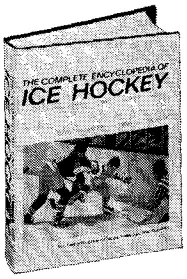

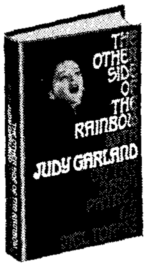

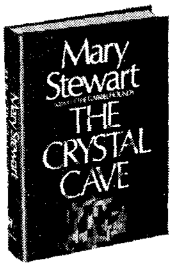

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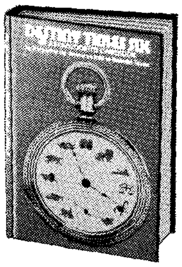

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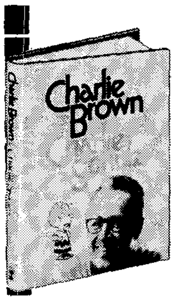
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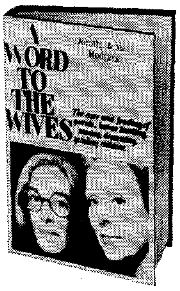
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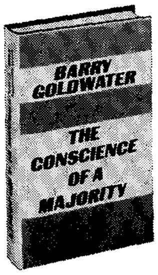
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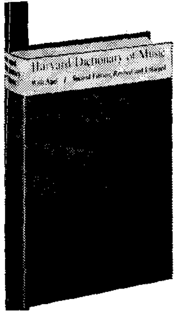
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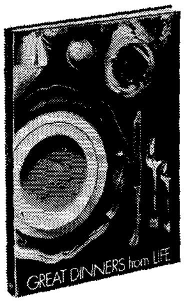
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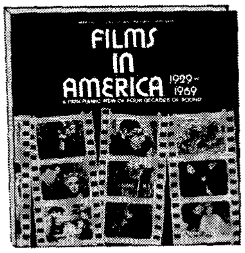
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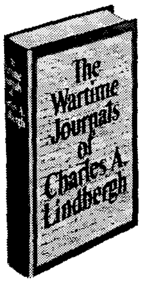
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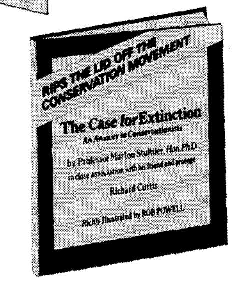
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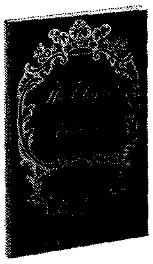

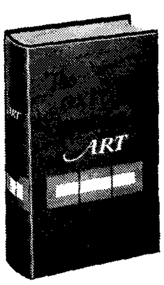

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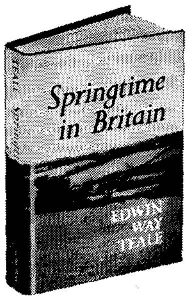
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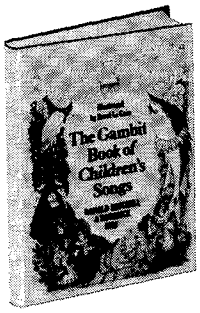
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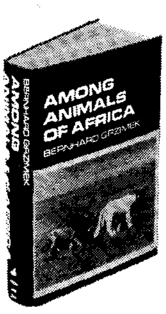
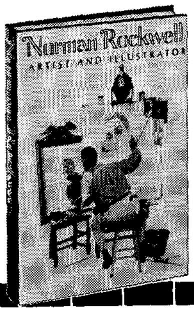

AMONG ANIMALS OF AFRICA
BERNHARD GRZIMEK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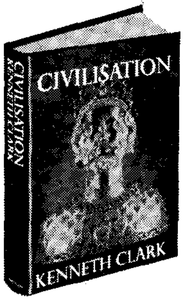
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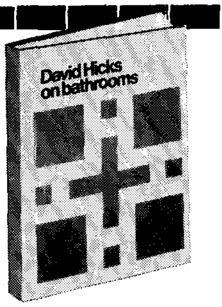
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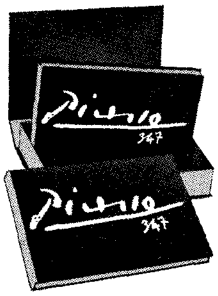
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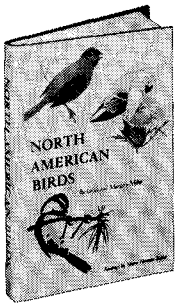
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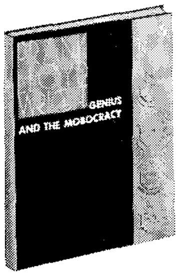
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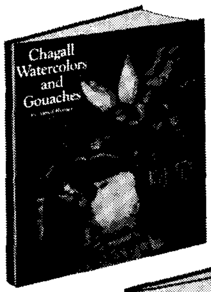
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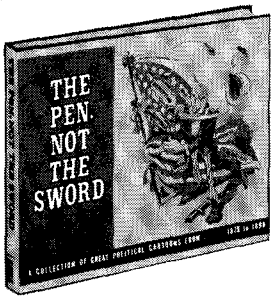
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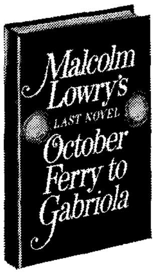
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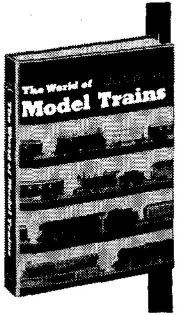
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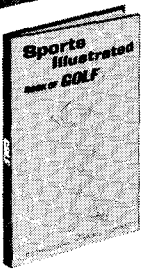
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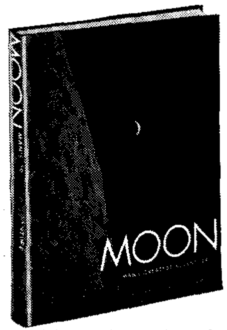

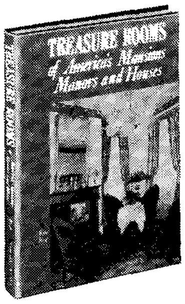
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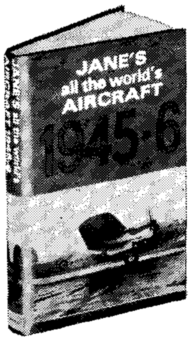
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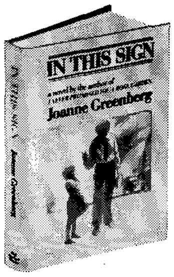
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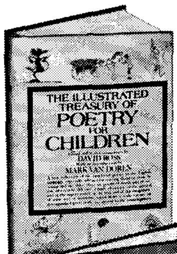
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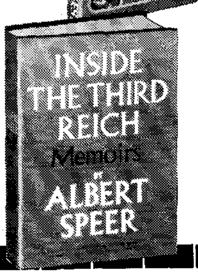
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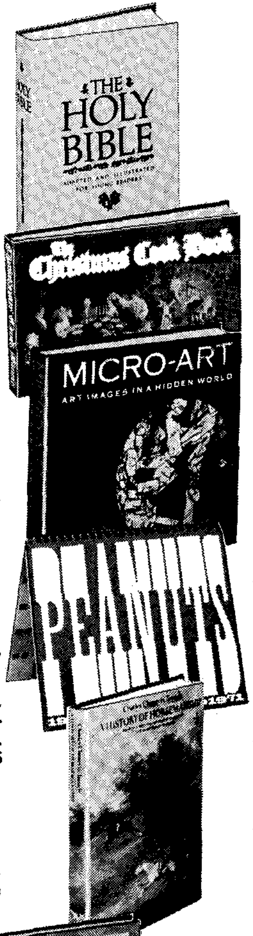
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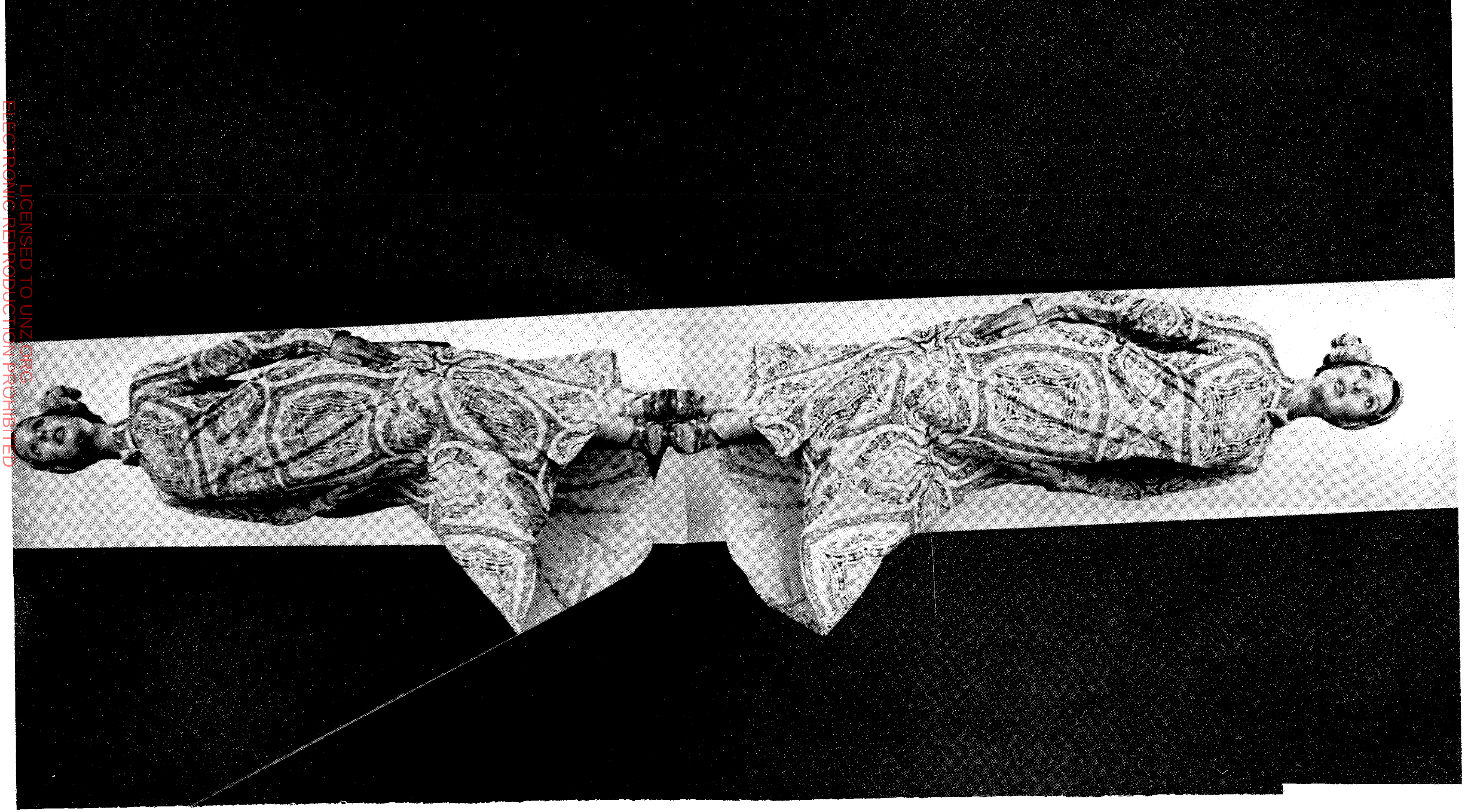

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

OUR country, which has led the field in the chemical campaign against the various odors of the human body, is now being urged by various manufacturers to embark on a campaign against the odors in human dwellings. One company promises that the spray it is offering will not merely overlay the smells of the kitchen and the living room with another smell but will actually eliminate them altogether. Another company tries to arouse our hatred against the smells in our houses by likening them to their ill-fated cousins the odors of our bodies. To do this, they have invented a repulsive word—a word that we will not mention here, lest we give it greater currency. In our view, the last word on the smells in houses was written by Marcel Proust, who described the upstairs of his great-aunt's house in a small town in France as follows:

> They were rooms of that country order which (just as in certain climes whole tracts of air or ocean are illuminated or scented by myriads of protozoa which we cannot see) fascinate our sense of smell with the countless odors springing from their own special virtues, wisdom, habits, a whole secret system of life, invisible, superabundant, and profoundly moral, which their atmosphere holds in solution; smells natural enough indeed, and colored by circumstances as are those of the neighboring countryside, but already humanized, domesticated, confined, an exquisite, skillful, limpid jelly, blending all the fruits of the season which have left the orchard for the storeroom, smells changing with the year, but plenishing, domestic smells, which compensate for the sharpness of the hoar frost with the sweet savor of warm bread, smells lazy and punctual as a village clock, roving smells, pious smells; rejoicing in a peace which brings only an increase of anxiety, and in a prosiness which serves as a deep source of poetry to the stranger who passes through their midst without having lived amongst them.

Le Drugstore

WE went last week to celebrate the exciting American première of Le Drugstore (not a pharmacy), at Third Avenue and Sixty-fourth Street. Before we went, we had a talk with a woman in the public-relations game, who gave us valuable background information about Le Drugstore. There are a number of establishments with this name in Paris, she told us, of which two are known internationally—one on the Champs-Élysées and the other on Saint-Germain-des-Prés. About the people involved in Le Drugstore's exciting American première, she said, "The one who's really behind it is Caroline Solovei. There's not *too* much background about her, actually. She went to Vassar and graduated from Finch. She has a lovely apartment on Park Avenue. Her family has a place in Palm Beach. She spent a lot of time in Paris, and spent so much time in the two famous Drugstores that she concentrated completely on setting up a Drugstore here. Some of the concessionaires are interesting, too. There's Errol Wetson, who's about thirty and who started the very successful Wetson twenty-cent-hamburger franchise chain—he's running the restaurant. And there's Lyn Stuart, who, with her husband, owns Mister Pants, and is designing pants for our own pants boutique. These people are the interesting ones. The rest are more conventional."

On the basis of this background information, we invited as our companion for the première a New York girl we know who thinks that all New York parties are "a death trip."

"I'll come," she said. "Maybe there'll be free-gift items."

When we got there, we found a lot of people, and a man at the entrance to keep them out. We presented our invitation to him. "Everyone has an invitation," he said. "Don't come on about having an invitation. You'll still have to wait on line." Then we were knocked down by an insistent group of beautiful women. The man at the entrance told them that everyone had an invitation, but the group of beautiful women insisted that they had a *special* invitation. A man was summoned from within. "For God's sake, let them in," the man said. "They're in Jeanne Moreau's party."

Once inside, we became part of an enormous and vaguely hostile crowd. "What a really dreary party!" our companion said, a small smile lighting up her face. She greeted Huntington Hartford. "Hello, Hunt," she said. Turning to us, she said, "There are parties in New York where the only person you know is Huntington Hartford. It's *that* kind of party."

Our companion led us out of the bar, where very few people managed to get a drink, past legions of people in velvet and silk and brocade, to the boutique area. "You'll excuse me if I indulge myself in a little elementary exposition," she said, having reached the perfume boutique. "A long time ago, people in Paris thought the idea of Le Drugstore was amusing, because it celebrated American things, like hamburgers and Coca-Cola. Those people included some French but also a lot of Americans, who couldn't get Cokes and hamburgers in Paris. Now, this store really sells a lot of things that are much more expensive than hamburgers but are just as *available* as hamburgers, and we're supposed to be interested in it because of the other stores and the other people. I hope I make myself clear. It's all rather nostalgic, in a certain sour way. All

this nineteen-sixties discothèque décor and all these nineteen-sixties discothèque people. And there *aren't* any free-gift items."

Routine

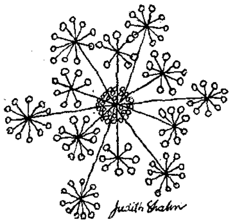
A FRIEND reports that she was walking her dog the other night in front of her apartment house, on Fifty-seventh Street between Second and Third, when she spotted, across the street, a tall, blond young woman in an olive-green trench coat who had a red-and-white dotted scarf tied beneath her eyes, bandit-style, and who was holding in her right hand a dark object suspiciously resembling a pistol. Our friend instantly returned to her apartment, dialled 911, and reported to the officer on duty that she had just been walking her dog in front of her apartment house, on Fifty-seventh Street between Second and Third, when she spotted, across the street, a tall, blond young woman in an olive-green trench coat who had a red-and-white dotted scarf tied beneath her eyes, bandit-style, and who was holding in her right hand a dark object suspiciously resembling a pistol. The officer on duty hesitated, but only for a moment. "Could you describe her?" he asked.

Bob and Ray

WHEN we went to see Bob and Ray in "The Two and Only," at the John Golden Theatre, we heard, for what seemed like the first time in years, the pleasing sound of genuinely relaxed audience laughter—real *laughter*. People were laughing at short radiolike skits featuring characters named, among other things, Hector Lassie, Wally Ballou, Edgar G. Fanshaw, Gabe Preston, Mary McGoon, Larry Lovebreath, Stuffy Hodgson, Barry Campbell, and David and Linda Lovely, all of whom were created by, written by, and acted by Bob and Ray. On the stage, behind Bob and Ray and surrounding them, were the props of the single set—a pair of snowshoes, an icebox, old radio mikes with the call letters WEAF and WJZ, a large jar of marbles, a couple of hockey sticks, a Singer sewing machine, and other items that made *us* laugh just to see them. Bob's full name is Robert Brackett Elliott, and he is small, wiry, quiet, and sort of calm. Ray's full name is Raymond Walter Goulding, and he is big, portly, loud, and sort of exasperated. They have an office in the Graybar Building called (and stamped in black letters on their door) Goulding-Elliott-Greybar Productions, Inc., where for the past fifteen years they have been turning out programs and commercials for radio and for television. We saw them there the other day, rattling around by themselves in six big rooms, including a separate office for each, a reception room, an office for their accountant, and a recording room with a worktable and a mike, turntables, a recording machine, and a cartridge-player to provide them with sound effects. Cartridges for the last were labelled "Horses/Gallop/Stop," "Crunches," "Russians/Man/Woman/Excited Talk," "Popcorn," and such. There were a lot of other things around, too—powdered coffee, beef-bouillon cubes, photographs of their children (Bob has five, between the ages of twenty-three and ten, and Ray has six, between the ages of twenty-four and ten), modern sculptures by their children, and four hundred reels of tape of their old radio programs.

"I once figured out how many miles of tape we've got in here," said Ray. "You take four hundred reels, multiply by twenty-four hundred feet to a reel, and then divide the total by five thousand two hundred and eighty, which is the number of feet to a mile."

"Maybe we ought to just throw all the old tapes away," said Bob.



We told Bob and Ray how much we liked their show, and asked them to list some of the other items in their set on the stage.

"Sure," Ray said. "We've got an old Dictaphone, old-fashioned telephones, a bunch of *National Geographics*, a birdcage, a food strainer, a Victrola, a couple of dozen records of the breakable kind, a radio (vintage 1935 or so), some picture frames, a fishbowl, an ivory tusk, a couple of old typewriters, pencils, paper clips, and plenty of pads of paper."

Bob added, "And we've got a hurricane lamp, a fishing net, a fishing pouch, fishing rods, a lawnmower, a couple of tennis rackets, a baseball mitt, green visors, two baseball masks, a set of golf clubs, eight different pieces of luggage, one beach umbrella, a set of drums, a clothes wringer, a unicycle, a trapeze, a wheel with a tire on it, a Coca-Cola machine, five dumbbells, a gavel, a meat grinder, a cash register, a lot of books, an inkwell, and a lot of ticker tape."

"That about does it," Ray said.

"Are just the two of you working here—just with each other?" we asked.

"We had a secretary, but she married, and left to raise a family," Bob said.

"That about did it," Ray said.

"What are you doing in here now?" we asked. "Your radio commercials?"

"They just about pay the milkman," Ray said. "They're for Vise-Grips—a kind of pliers-wrench. When it grabs onto you, you've been grabbed onto. And we do First National City Bank travellers' checks. Soup commercials. And a lot of regional stuff."

Bob said, "Our Skippy Peanut Butter commercials are on television now. We play the Jones Brothers, Storekeepers. Ray wants to sell only peanut butter. I'm supposed to be the sane one. Ray thinks up ideas like having a fan blow the odor of peanut butter onto the street."

"How do you like being in a show in front of a live audience?" we asked.

"We were scared at first," Bob said.

"Nervous," said Ray.

"We'd never appeared in front of people before," Bob said. "We'd just stand there in front of a microphone."

"After two weeks, we began to like it, though," Ray said.

"We were essentially ad-lib people," Bob said. "We were afraid at first we might get a little jaded. You know, doing the same thing night after night. But it's constructed so that we can take things out and put things in as we go along."

"Keeps it alive, so to speak," Ray said.

"How did you embark on doing the show?" we asked.

"In 1964, Joseph I. Levine—the lawyer, not the movie producer—came to us and suggested that we do a show on Broadway," Bob said.

"We didn't think we could do it," Ray said. "We were getting up at four every morning to do a *radio* show."

"Then he came to us again last year, when we didn't have a morning radio show," Bob said. "He didn't give up. He had to convince us, though. He said, 'The climate of Broadway is right for it.' "

"Essentially, he's a fan of ours," Ray said.

"He had unerring faith," Bob said.

"It's turned out to be great fun," Ray said. "It's good to have an audience reaction after all these years."

"All we used to get was a television

cameraman smiling at us," Bob said. "Now we have real *people* out there."

"The cost of the show?" we asked.

"A mere hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars," Ray said.

"And we have a percentage," said Bob. "Actually, I never really wanted to be an actor."

"And I never even raised my hand in school, even if I knew the answer," said Ray.

Bob is forty-seven years old. Ray is forty-eight. We asked them for some personal history.

"Sure," Ray said. "I was born in Lowell, Massachusetts. My father was an overseer of dyeing at the American Woolen Company. I graduated from Lowell High School in 1939 and got a job as an announcer at the local radio station, WLLH. I got a weekly paycheck of fourteen dollars and eighty-six cents."

"I was born in Boston," Bob said. "My father sold insurance. I grew up in Winchester, Massachusetts, and graduated from Winchester High. I went to the Feagin School of Dramatic Art, here in New York, for a year, for voice training. Then I got a job as a radio announcer at station WHDH, in Boston. I got a weekly paycheck of eighteen-fifty."

"I was drafted by the Army in 1942," Ray said. "When I got out, in 1946, I didn't get my old job back. I had a wife and a baby to support. So I got a job at WHDH."

"I was drafted in 1943, and I got out in 1946 and went back to work at WHDH," Bob said. "I was doing a record show. Ray was doing the news, weather, and that stuff. It was normal that we sit around and chew the fat. So we started doing it on the air. Nobody said to stop it. So it just kind of grew."

"They wanted a program to precede the baseball games, and so we started doing what they called 'The Matinée with Bob and Ray.' If it had been 'Matinob,' it would have been 'Ray and Bob,' " Ray said.

"The program became popular, and they used to feed it to other stations," Bob said.

"Mary McGoon was the first character to come along for us," Ray said. "She's a houseworker type."

"She's still with us," Bob said.

"That about does it," Ray said.

We told Bob and Ray we remembered them as the Piel Beer Brothers.

"We did that one for eight years," Ray said. "It survived one agency change for two years."

"How about a quick idea of the kind of radio shows you've done?" we asked.

"Sure," Ray said. "We did 'The Matinée with Bob and Ray' for five years, until the summer of 1951. Then we got a contract with N.B.C. to do a fifteen-minute network show every evening, from five-forty-five to six, plus one hour on Saturday nights, from nine to ten, most of it ad lib. We moved to New York and also did a daily two-and-a-half-hour show on WNBC, from six to eight-thirty, and an N.B.C. television show for fifteen minutes in the evening. At one point, we were doing the WINS early-morning show every morning, a WOR show in the evening during the week, and the 'Monitor' show on N.B.C. for eight hours on Saturday and eight hours on Sunday. We did 'Monitor' *live*. It was before they started using tape. If a line broke down somewhere, they'd cut to us, and we had to be there, ready to go on. We quit doing early radio shows out of sheer exhaustion."

"Getting out of bed at four in the morning seemed the most desirable thing to leave," Bob said.

"Then we started taping," Ray said. "We did a morning show for WHN, but they allowed us to tape it in advance. I was taping when the news came that President Kennedy had been killed. Well, I stopped taping. There was some idiot around there who tried to tell me I *had* to do it. I said to him, 'You're not going to have *my* voice on the air tomorrow morning!' "

"Do you get into political things at all?" we asked.

"We did a takeoff on Nixon's famous Checkers speech," Ray said.

"We were doing reports at the political conventions in 1968, but it got so unfunny we had to stop," Bob said.

"Politics became a very unfunny subject after 1963," Ray said. "The assassination of Kennedy really sapped me."

"What are you working on today?" we asked.

"Answering our letters," Ray said. "Bob types."

"Our fans who have been with us over the years are very possessive," Bob said. "They're very paternal. They feel they discovered us. We've had people write to us since 1952. Now they write, 'We knew you could do it!' They're like a family."

"They're all turning up after the shows," Ray said.

"Backstage," said Bob. "Say, that's pretty good. Backstage."

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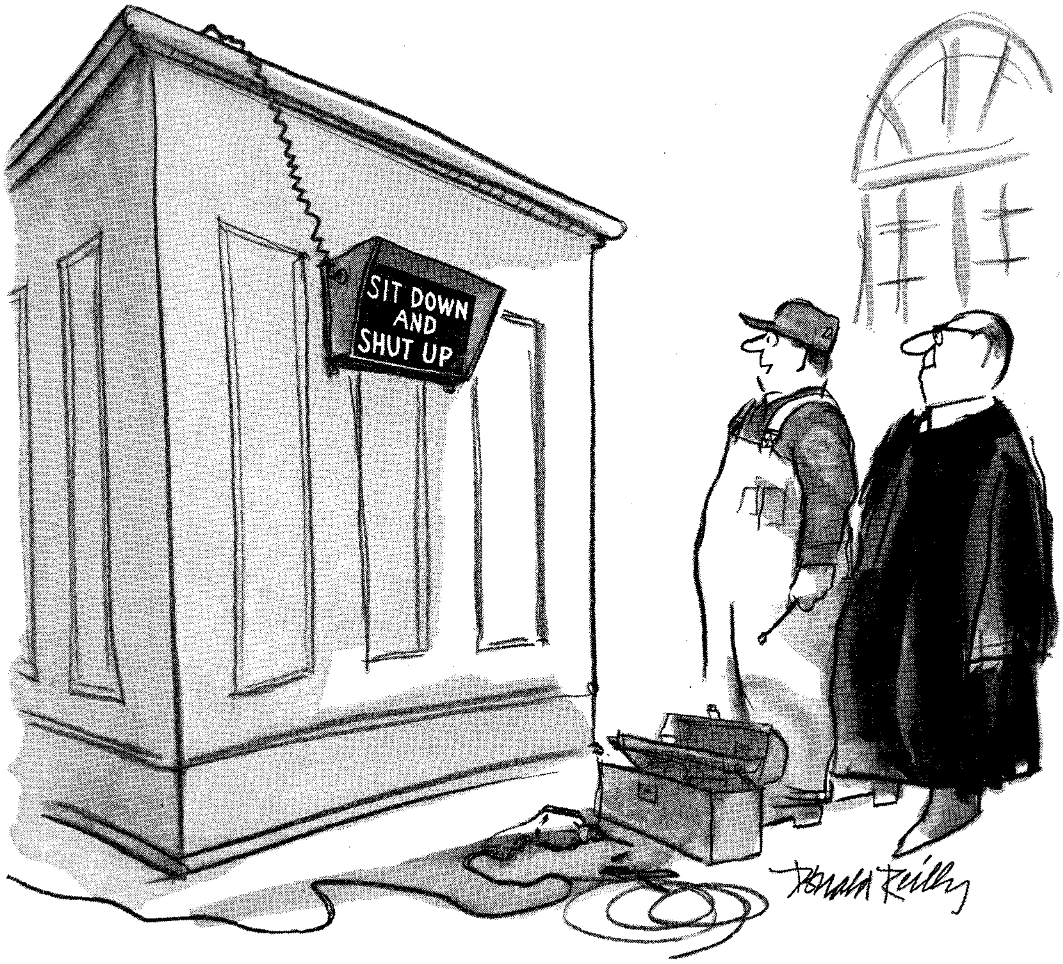
A WELL-TRAVELLED academic of our acquaintance was killing time in the Moscow International Airport one day last week when he glanced at the fine print on his plane ticket and was perplexed to read, in both English and Russian, "Children paying half fare have the same free baggage allowance as adults. Children paying 50% of full fare have no free baggage allowance."

All Nite Soul

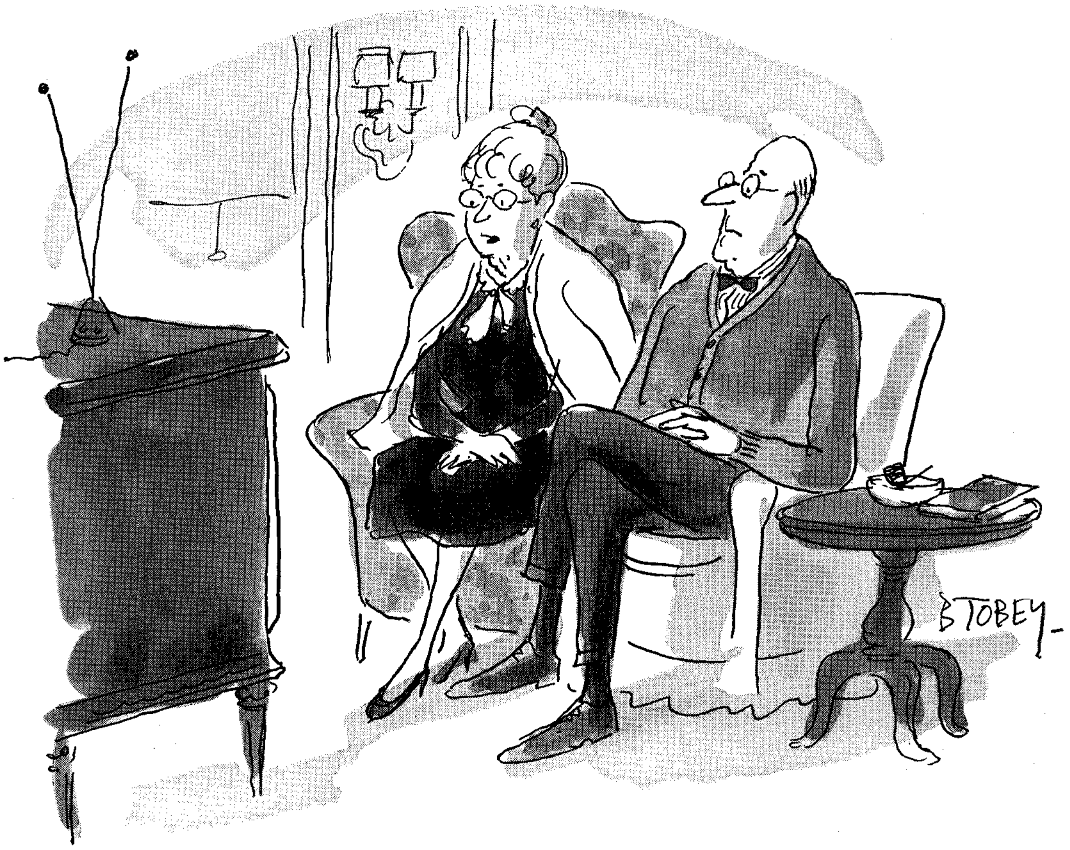
ON a recent Sunday, we attended a ceremony called All Nite Soul, in St. Peter's Lutheran Church, at Fifty-fourth Street and Lexington Avenue. It was held in celebration of the fifth anniversary of the Jazz Vespers that are held there every Sunday, under the leadership of the Reverend John Garcia Gensel. Pastor Gensel, who was appointed Lutheran pastor to the New York jazz community in 1960, has been ministering to jazz musicians both by spending a lot of time in jazz clubs and by inviting musicians to play in his church. A hundred and eighty jazzmen have participated in his Jazz Vespers this year alone, and over the years the services have stimulated the composition of various religious works in the jazz medium. The All Nite Soul celebration, which involved about twenty-five organized musical groups and several ad-hoc ones, was scheduled to begin at 5 P.M. and to continue non-stop until the next morning, when the celebrants would sit down to a soul-food breakfast.

We arrived at the church a little before starting time, and found some five hundred people already gathered there. We managed to squeeze into the nave, where we saw that many of the people were quite young, and were wearing clothes—bell-bottoms, old military jackets, and the like—that might just as well have signalled the beginning of a rock festival as that of a religiously oriented jazz marathon. Several members of the congregation were black (as the night wore on, the percentage of blacks to whites rose to about fifty-fifty), and a good number of couples had brought young children. As the church continued to fill—there were many people standing at the rear of the nave—a young man named Robert Edwin played an electric guitar and sang folk songs. At five o'clock, the Reverend Thomas E. Anderson, the church's associate pastor, led a group of small children in a march around the nave. Next, the senior pastor of St. Peter's, the Reverend Ralph E. Peterson, welcomed the congregation. Then the musical program began in earnest, with the Clark Terry quintet taking places to the left of the altar and playing a slow, satiny interpretation of Duke Ellington's "Come Sunday" and a rousing version of the late Billy Strayhorn's "Take the 'A' Train."

Next, Ruth Ellington, the Duke's sister, led the congregation in prayer, and a choral group began to sing contemporary religious music. We decided to visit the recreation room downstairs, where we found a hundred people or so, most of them teen-agers, standing about or sitting on the floor listening to a white girl play a piano while a young black boy sang the Lennon-McCartney "Yesterday" into


SIT DOWN AND SHUT UP
Donald Reilly

"Well, we're all set, Your Honor."



"All the candidates seem much younger this election."

a hand-held microphone. On our way back upstairs, we ran into Clark Terry, who was looking extremely dapper in a blue suit and a peach-striped shirt. Terry, one of our favorite trumpet players (he had been playing a very mellow flugelhorn in the Ellington and Strayhorn numbers), told us that his regular bass player had not shown up, and that the man who had filled in, Buck Jones, had been sitting in the congregation. "I'd never even heard of him before, but he was fine," Terry said, with a grin. "I guess when you play in a church you can't go wrong."

During the next few hours, a number of groups performed, including the Billy Taylor trio and a trio headed by the vibraphonist Vera Auer, and a jazz-oriented Missa Laetare, or Mass of Joy, composed by Eddie Bonnemere, was sung in English by some people who call themselves the Ecumenical Choir. At midnight, Pastor Gensel stepped up to the pulpit to lead the service. He is a sturdily built man with wavy dark hair, and around his neck was a bright stole that reached nearly to the floor and on which was embroidered, in six colors, "Everyone Has Something to Celebrate—Life." To his right were the Joe Newman quintet (Newman on trumpet, Larry Willis on piano, Al Gafa on guitar, Earl May on bass, and Richie Allen on drums) and a singer named Ruth Brisbane. Newman had composed much of the music for this service, and as Pastor Gensel read passages from the Acts of the Apostles the quintet interpreted the passages musically. The music was slow and meditative initially, then faster, and one could feel the service building in intensity. Then Pastor Gensel read a passage that began, "But God raised Him to life again, setting Him free from the pangs of death." Newman blew a heraldic trumpet solo and, with a flourish, plunged the group into a driving medium-tempo gospel song that by the beginning of the second bar had the congregation rhythmically clapping its hands and calling, "Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!" Miss Brisbane, a large, cheerful-looking woman in a dress of bronze metallic fabric, had begun to sing in a rich contralto. Halfway through the song, Newman turned to his drummer and signalled for an increase in tempo, and in a moment the entire congregation was on its feet, clapping, swaying, moving into the aisles, and calling out words of response and encouragement. Newman's fine trumpet was spinning glittery obbligatos around Miss Brisbane's voice. Several young people were dancing near the pulpit, and a dark-haired woman named Vija Vetra began a ceremonial dance in front of the altar.

Some thirty minutes later, the service ended, and Alice Coltrane, the widow of the tenor saxophonist John Coltrane, began to play a much more subdued kind of music on the piano, a Steinway grand. Pastor Gensel had told the congregation that the piano had belonged to Billy Strayhorn, who gave it to the church shortly before his death, in 1967.

We took a break then, returning to St. Peter's at five-thirty Monday morning to learn that around a thousand people had been present at one time or another during the night. An all-star band was playing in the nave, and downstairs a few stragglers were listening to a young boy play some Thelonious Monk tunes on the piano. At six, we walked over to the Parish Hall, next to the church, where about four hundred people were sitting down to a breakfast of pork chops, scrambled eggs and green peppers, grits, home-fried potatoes, black-eyed peas, corn bread, stewed apples, sliced oranges, peach cobbler, and coffee. We were able to corner Pastor Gensel for a few minutes. He looked exhausted, but he was obviously happy. "You don't really *need* music in the church," he told us. "The Quakers don't use it. But it's another dimension by which we can open our lives to the Lord. It can support, be revelatory, you know. It's a way in which we can express our feeling toward God and a way in which I think He can reach us. And I feel that jazz has such profound emotional overtones and expresses such a depth of life that it is a marvellous way to worship the Lord. Of course, I've had all kinds of flak, you know, but— Hey, Ruby, baby, it was beautiful! Thanks for all you did!"

He was surrounded by members of the congregation again, so we sampled a little of the soul food, which was excellent. As we left the Parish Hall, we passed Pastor Gensel's wife, a pretty blond woman in a black dress, who was taking contributions at the door.

One of a pair of men ahead of us looked out the door and exclaimed, "Holy smoke! It's daylight out there!"

The other turned to Mrs. Gensel and said, "Don't wait another five years."

GRIFTER, STAY 'WAY FROM MY DOOR

I WAS bent over the frozen-food bin at the supermarket that morning, trying to decide whether the baby limas were less likely to poison me than the baby parsnips, when an all too familiar voice sounded in my ear and Rudy Horlick smote me playfully between the shoulder blades. In a township as rich in bores as ours, it would require instruments as yet unknown to science to determine who was the most odious, but Horlick ranked close to the top. He was tedium personified, ennui raised to the *n*th power, the Grand Sachem of all nudnicks, and I knew as I saw his widening grin that I was a gone gosling.

"Hey, what's this?" Horlick brayed. "Are you still here? I thought you left for Europe weeks ago. Listen," he said, plainly uninterested in any explanation I might furnish, "what gives with that spread of yours while you're away? You renting it?"

I shook my head, and he stared at me incredulously. But this was unthinkable, he said, caught between indignation and pity. Didn't I realize what revenue the place could earn me, apart from the obvious advantage of protecting it from robbery? Look at the Hardacres, for example; the party occupying their house during their absence in Spain had repainted all the bedrooms, installed a barbecue pit, and planted a hillside of rare Dutch bulbs. The Softacres, similarly, had drawn a refined elderly lady so smitten with their home that she had added an extension costing eleven thousand dollars that contained a playroom, a library, and a sauna. Of course, he continued, lashing himself up to a fury, he appreciated that plutocrats like me disdained such paltry sums, but he did feel that in these days, when housing was short, I might have the decency to provide shelter for those less fortunate . . . I scooped up my vegetables just as his face was turning the hue of a ripe eggplant and made for the checkout counter. When I looked back, he was still fulminating away, his eyes closed and his jaws clacking soundlessly.

Reviewing the encounter as I drove home, however, it struck me that, unspeakable though the man was, there was a grain of sense in his twaddle. A good trustworthy tenant, at even a nominal rent, would pay for the utilities and upkeep and automatically discourage thieves. The realtor I phoned in the county seat was most encouraging; she had, in fact, an ideal couple at the moment, a wealthy young businessman and his wife who were renting a house nearby but needed more stabling for their polo ponies. Could the Gonifsons, as they were called, view the place the next day? I signified my rapture at the prospect.

At two the following afternoon, a pearl-gray Daimler as elegant as any of the British Royal Family's whispered up the lane, bearing the couple in question and Mrs. Bushmaster, the realtor. Gonifson was a bronzed and virile chap with the whitest teeth I had seen outside of a TV commercial, his wife an effervescent, curvilinear package on the order of Toby Wing. For some puzzling reason, possibly because they had just attended the regatta at Cowes, both wore yachting outfits, but, taken with the Daimler, the total effect was impressive.

"Isn't this the most heavenly spot, lambie?" Mrs. Gonifson exclaimed, staring about her openmouthed. "So peaceful and unspoiled like. It reminds me of Tahiti when Gauguin first landed there!"

I interpreted this to mean that the couple had an artistic bent, and observed that over the years the premises had inspired oils, gouaches, temperas, silk screens, mezzotints, and silverpoints too numerous to mention. Though suitably impressed, Gonifson was more concerned with garage space for his motor. I held my breath as he whizzed into the wagon shed with barely an inch of clearance on either side, but he smilingly assured me that it was quite ample. As for the polo ponies, he said, there was no immediate crisis; he was shipping them to Hurlingham, where he was scheduled to play a match against Prince Philip shortly, and if, on his return, there proved to be not enough box stalls in my barn, he would put in a few at his own expense. I considered this a very generous offer, and thanked him warmly. He begged me not to give it a second thought. As he and his wife embarked on a tour of the house, Mrs. Bushmaster launched into a panegyric on the pair. In all her experience, she had never seen a housekeeper to equal Mrs. Gonifson. The residence they were currently occupying was spotless; it virtually gleamed. Regarding Mr. G.'s solvency, his words spoke for themselves, but I might care to know that whenever the couple were abroad they spent all their time between Windsor and Balmoral Castles.

"Boy, oh boy!" remarked Gonifson as they emerged from the house. "Where'd you ever pick up antiques like those? Gad, this place is a jewel box!"

"Yes, but it's cozy at the same time," his wife pointed out. "By that I mean you don't get the feeling you're in a museum. Oh, precious, I can hardly wait to move in."

Won over by their bubbling enthusiasm, I would have surrendered the keys on the spot except that Gonifson insisted on being businesslike; his references, he promised, would be forthcoming in the next mail.

When, unaccountably, none appeared after a week, I took the liberty of calling him. To my surprise, he sounded gruff, almost petulant.

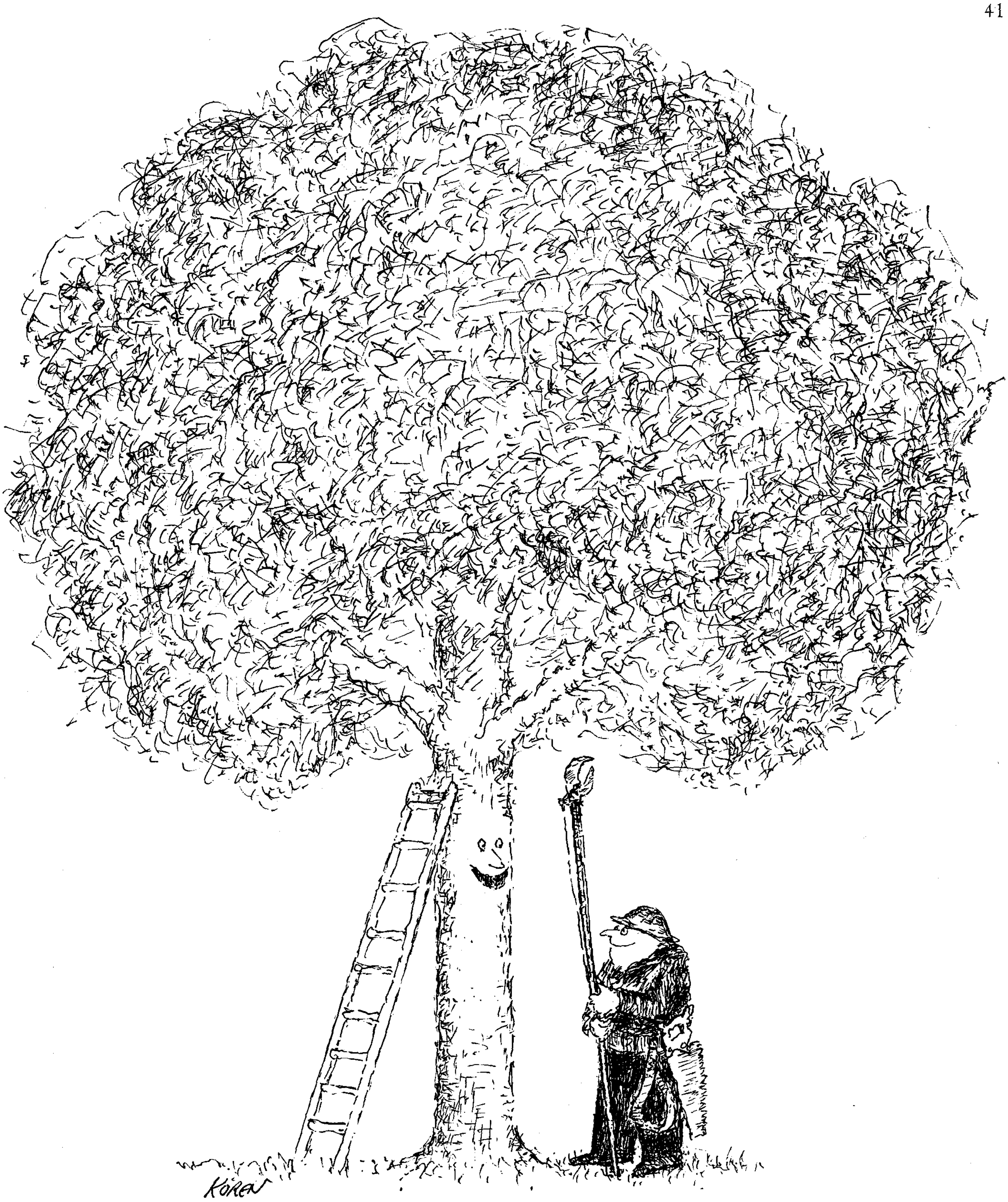
"Yes, yes," he snapped. "My bank in Camden, the Hornswogglers' National, can vouch for me, and if you need a social reference call the Nifty-Gam Hosiery people in Barcelona, Delaware. . . . No, I don't remember the number. Just ask for Mousie there."

Inasmuch as Barcelona, Delaware, proved to be nonexistent, I was unable to raise the Nifty-Gam people and least of all Mousie, so I got onto the man's bank. The clerk who answered was a bit nonplussed. There was no depositor of that name, but a substantial auto loan in five figures had been granted to a Mr. Wolf Gonifson to purchase a foreign car. I suddenly experienced the buzzing in the ears that afflicts those who have just been rescued from a millrace, and hurriedly rang up Mrs. Bushmaster.

"Oh, I've been meaning to call you," she said before I could question her. "That couple I brought over, you remember—the Gonifsons? Well, it seems the person they were renting from got back from Honolulu yesterday, and his house was empty. Every stick of furniture . . ."

For courtesy's sake I listened to the rest of her aria, but I already knew the score. When she had finished, I laid down new ground rules: henceforth, all prospective tenants were to be fluoroscoped, screened, and certified free of larceny. Three days later, Mrs. Bushmaster called to say that she was sending around a retired gentleman of unimpeachable character.

Mr. Fleischkopf, who had wisely refrained from Anglicizing his name to Meathead, was an affable old kraut with eyes that twinkled behind steel-rimmed spectacles. He explained he had been the foreman of a printing plant for many years, and now amused himself by operating a private press



"Just a little off the top and shape the back."

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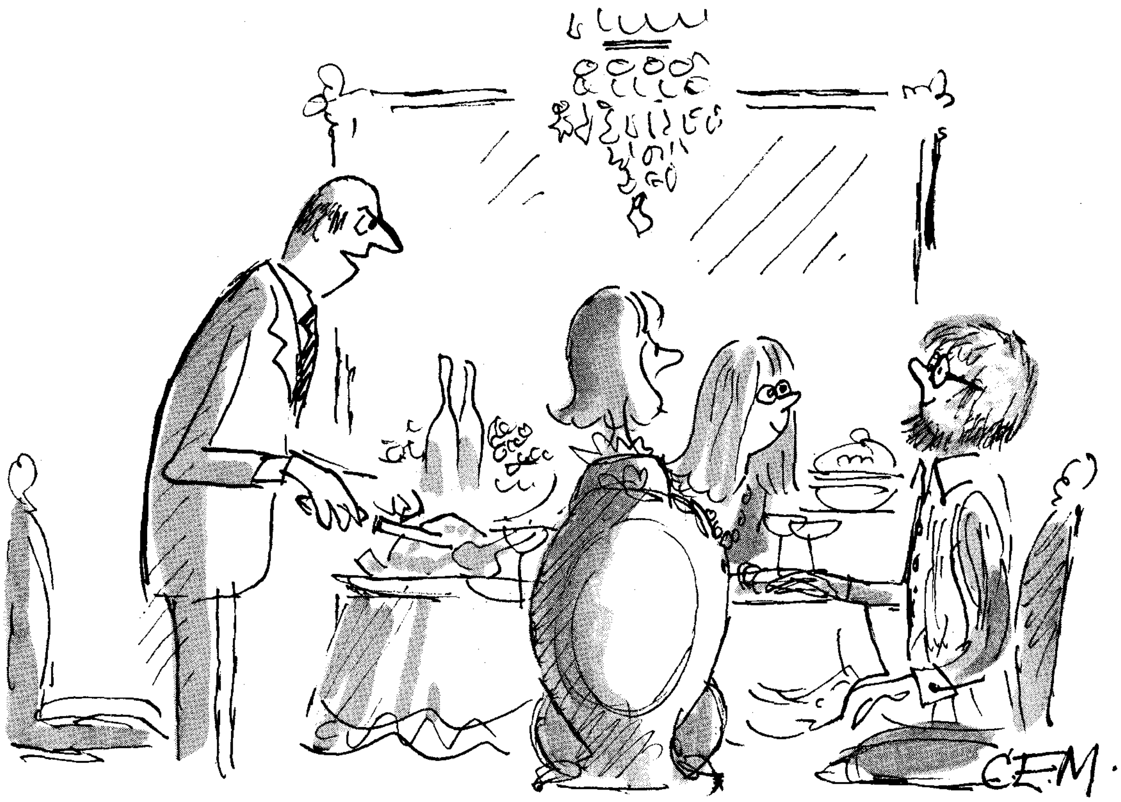
that accepted assignments from a few connoisseurs. Would I have any objection to his installing a small flatbed press, together with appurtenant tools, in the barn? None whatever, I blithely returned; the threshing floor, of centuries-old oak, could support half a dozen elephants trunk to tail, let alone some piffling machinery.

"What sort of work do you specialize in, Mr. Fleischkopf?" I asked him. "Limited editions—pamphlets—that type of thing?"

He chuckled. "*Ach, nein,*" he said. "More in the engraving line. Little portraits on green paper of our Presidents—Washington, Hamilton, all the different ones." He looked about the barn approvingly. "*Ja,* I think this is goot place here. Plenty privacy—no windows for snoopers to peek in."

I sympathized with his distaste for busybodies, for I, too, resent folk rubbernecking at me while I work. We exchanged handshakes, and I phoned Mrs. Bushmaster to draw up the appropriate lease. The next morning, as I was idling through a batch of flyers at our local post office, my eye was caught by a familiar face. The caption



"And for you, young man, the left wing, I presume?"

beneath read, "Hans Fleischkopf, alias Charlie the Barber, alias Juggins, alias Silk Hat Harry, alias the Pretzel Kid. Wanted for counterfeiting, mopery, and household theft. Warning: Fleischkopf is a smooth, plausible individual who conveys the impression that butter will not melt in his mouth, but he is extremely unstable. If crossed or thwarted in any way, he may plunge a knife into your *derma*."

I made for the nearest phone and dialled the realtor. "See here, Mrs. Bushmaster," I said agitatedly. "That client of yours has a record like Mad Dog Coll! Don't you handle anything but hoods?"

"Oh, I'm so glad you called," she burbled. "I *thought* there was something sneaky about him. But it's just as well—I have two of the loveliest gentlemen in my office right now. Portrait painters."

"Have you frisked them?" I asked. She assured me that their reputations were flawless. "Well, send them along," I said reluctantly, "but get this, girlie—if they're on the muscle, you and your agency walk the plank."

The Messrs. Smith and Brown, as they styled themselves, arrived in a sedan equipped with bulletproof glass and reversible license plates. Both exhibited bulges under the armpit of the sort usually associated with shoulder holsters, and their hands, dangling below their knees, resembled an orangutan's, though much less endearing. They ignored my invitation to inspect the house but made a swift circuit of the grounds to check the escape routes. My casual mention of a bank or credit reference elicited thin smiles.

"We don't fool around with banks, Dad," Smith growled. "All transactions in cash, you know what I mean? And anybody that don't, they're liable to wind up with their feet in a barrel of cement."

I swallowed, or, rather, attempted to; some sort of twig was embedded in my trachea. "Oh, sure, sure," I croaked. "Well, look around—I have to go lie down now. Did Mrs. Bushmaster tell you?"

"Tell us what?"

"Why, about my smallpox. They don't think it's contagious, but Christmas, you never know—"

The rest of my sentence was blotted out by the screech of rubber as their sedan raced down the lane. I went indoors, obliterated Mrs. Bushmaster's name from my Wheeldex, and called a couple in New York whom I regarded as my bosom friends. I was off to London at daybreak, I announced, leaving my house for them to use as they saw fit. So overwhelming was their gratitude at the confidence I was reposing in them, so infectious their emotion, that we burst into tears on the phone, and I was literally forced to hang up.

Four months thence, travel-stained if no wiser, I stood once again in the dooryard of my home and gazed about me. Except for a somewhat deserted air, the house was exactly as I had left it, without any visible blemish. Marvelling at my acumen in entrusting it to intimates, I entered the kitchen, where the first of several surprises greeted me. Someone had hammered spikes into the wall, and from them suspended quantities of rusted Mexican tinware. In one corner, a sizable hillock of empty whiskey bottles lay shored up; in another, rivulets of soup had coursed down the stove front to congeal on the floor. From the refrigerator, the door of which hung open, there emanated a dizzying, noxious vapor. I plunged through it into the living room, and there beheld further carnage—broken glasses, cigarette burns, upholstery ruined by candle grease. Trying to estimate the extent of the damage, I finally gave up and sat with my head in my hands. All of a sudden, the phone began ringing insistently. I picked it up and heard the unmistakable voice of Rudy Horlick.

"Welcome home, stranger!" he bawled. "I saw you go through town and yelled, but you high-hatted me, you skunk. . . . Listen, I'm thinking of renting my place for the summer, and some folks that I understand lived in your house recently have given you as a reference. Their name's Chris and Libby Yahoux—what do you think of 'em?"

"Rudy," I said earnestly. "You've known me a long time, right? Let me tell you about those people. Rudy, just let me tell you about those people, will you please, Rudy?"

"For Chrisake, go ahead and tell me!" he bellowed. "I'm waiting!"

"O.K.," I said. "Well, they're the living end, is all I've got to say. Whoever made them, after he did so, broke the mold."

"Right," he said. "Then I'll certainly take 'em. Gee, I'm much obliged."

"On the contrary," I said. "Thank *you*. After all, didn't you get me into the whole thing?"

—S. J. PERELMAN

THE BOY WHO LAUGHED

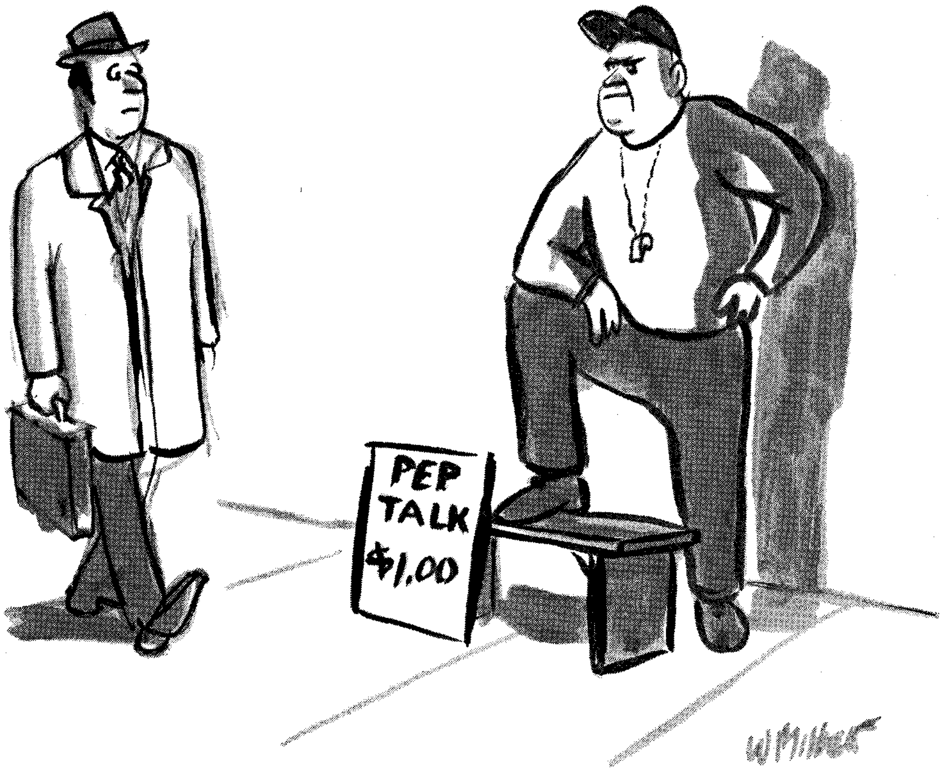
THE specialists consulted by Slava's anxious parents all agreed that Slava was retarded. None would commit themselves further. All had known, or at least heard of, otherwise normal children who did not speak till they were five, six—indeed, seven years old. By the time he was eight, everyone could see that Slava, while patently a human being, would never be a full member of society; the slack underlip, the straight spaced fingers, the curious angle at which he habitually carried his head were more articulate than poor Slava's unmanageable tongue. Many people advised Yuri Vladimirovich and Valentina Matveyevna to send their child to a Home. Yuri Vladimirovich might have agreed to do this, but he never dared to propose it to his wife or his mother. And many who knew Slava in his home thought it would be a tragedy to send him away. One doctor went so far as to say that to deprive Slava of the only things he understood—his mother's affection and the passionate devotion of his grandmother—would cause a trauma from which Slava would never recover. "And it would kill Babushka," Valentina Matveyevna said. Yuri Vladimirovich knew it was true—his mother lived for Slava; without him her life would have no meaning.

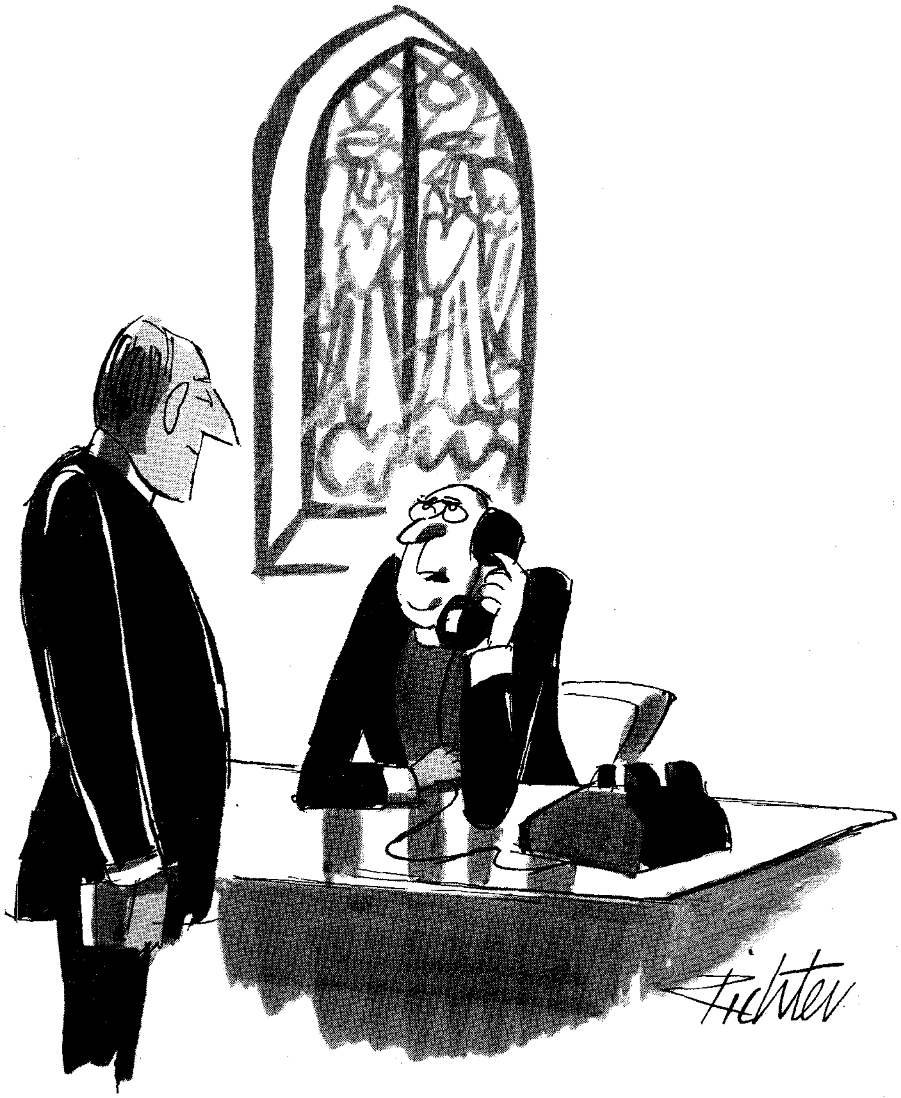
The move from Odessa, where Slava was born, to Moscow, occasioned by Yuri Vladimirovich's astounding success in nuclear physics, had a most unfortunate effect on Slava. In Odessa, the family had inhabited the ground floor of a dilapidated two-story house in a weed-grown yard, where Slava spent hours on end picking grass stalks, which he afterward placed one by one on the stone path, in subtle, never repeating patterns. Upstairs lived two old ladies who had known Slava all his life and were used to him. In Moscow, Slava, his parents, and his grandmother had to live in two rooms on the ninth floor of a house built in the era of communal apartments. The yard was a thoroughfare for motor traffic, and Slava had to make his patterns from spent matches on the top of a trunk in the tiny room he shared with Babushka. He soon came down with a severe case of flu. Thanks to Babushka's fanatical conscientiousness in carrying out the doctor's orders, still more perhaps to the purity and intensity of her love, Slava recovered, but he was a different boy in his relations with the outside world forever after.

Before his illness, he had taken no notice when the other tenants spoke to him; now he responded to the kindliest greetings with maniacal chuckles. He was quiet with his gentle mother and grandmother, but on Sundays and in the evenings when his father came home harsh laughter was heard in the other room every time a door was opened. Housewives at work in the communal kitchen set down a rolling pin on a floured board, upended an iron, to shut out the horrid sound with a hand at each ear. And one day Yuri Vladimirovich packed up his bag and went away never to return. And no wonder, the other tenants said. It was all the fault of his mother, of his wife, for not sending Slava to a Home; how could one of the most promising young physicists in the Soviet Union be expected to live at close quarters with a hopeless imbecile, even if it *was* his own child? Where was he to write, to receive his friends and colleagues after work hours? There were even people who said Slava should have been "allowed to die" of the flu. They asked what would become of Slava when his grandmother died—more delicately: if anything should happen to his mother? They said such children live forever. Valentina Matveyevna and her mother-in-law shrugged their shoulders helplessly. What was meant by "allowed to die"? Were they to withhold succor from a sentient being who gazed trustfully at them from fringed eyes and accepted their ministrations with the wavering smile only seen on the lips of infants and dying persons? Did Slava need love and security less than other children? Or, being defective, didn't his needs matter? For the first four years of Slava's life, had not Valentina Matveyevna been as proud and happy as any mother? Was his mother to give him up because he was unfortunate?

Two attempts were made to put Slava in a day school for retarded children—once when he was six years old and once after his father left them. Each ended in catastrophe. The doctor said Slava could only be dealt with in a Home, but held out no hopes of a "cure"—the trauma might be too strong for treatment to be of any use. And gradually, under Babushka's gentle, unrelaxing pressure, Slava became amenable to certain social disciplines; he learned to stand aside to let a neighbor pass him in the hall, to wait till everyone else was in the lift before stepping in himself, to wipe his boots on the mat. He snarled quietly at play, but the horrid outbreaks of harsh laughter grew less frequent, and only occurred under stress of novelty or fear.

Slava loved to draw; he drew by the hour during the day, and in the night Babushka was sometimes awakened by a low continuous growling from the window and knew it was Slava standing behind the window curtains, drawing by the light from the neon lamps in the street. Friends encouraged Valentina Matveyevna to believe Slava had artistic talent. (Weren't van Gogh and Utrillo both mad?) But the ob-





"It's Dial-a-Prayer. I just like to know what they're up to these days."

• •

session subsided, the albums and crayons lay untouched in the top drawer of the bureau. And yet the indefatigable Babushka managed to graft certain skills on what the doctors said were the empty cells of Slava's brain. She taught him to read. He would read aloud in a low murmur by the hour from any book put into his hands, without apparently any preferences; Russian folk tales, "Robinson Crusoe," "Tales for Tiny Tots" seemed to give him equal pleasure, and once his mother had had trouble tearing him away from a street guide to Leningrad that had been given to him in mistake for a copy of the "Arabian Nights." It seemed that the only thing Slava couldn't do was to make sense out of his senses.

Babushka's supreme achievement was teaching Slava to play the piano. Her method was crude to the point of subtlety: she placed his great paws over the backs of her own delicately arched hands and played a few bars of music over and over again, then slipped her hands from beneath Slava's hollowed palm, leaving the tips of his fingers poised on the keys; Slava's excellent ear and sense of rhythm did the rest, and soon he had a repertoire of six songs, ranging from the "Volga Boat Song" to "Heilige Nacht," all of which he played "with the left hand, too," as Babushka never failed to point out, by which she meant she had somehow taught him to shift from the tonic to the dominant and back again. Hopes of musical talent were now indulged. As a little girl, Valentina Matveyevna had been taken to hear Pachmann play Chopin at the St. Petersburg Conservatory. All she could remember of it was that Pachmann's antics on the piano stool had made the audience uncomfortable. Poor Pachmann was mad. But that had not prevented him from being a great pianist, had it? A teacher said to have had much experience with maladjusted children was found. Slava played his six pieces for her and waited for the outburst of admiration to which he was accustomed. When the teacher said nothing but took up his forearm to demonstrate the proper position of the hand before striking the note, Slava tossed her hand away with a powerful gesture and once again went through his repertoire, wagging his heavy head and laughing loudly and harshly all the time. When she tried to steady his exuberant but essentially rhythmic tempo by marking time with a pencil on the edge of the piano, Slava turned on her with bared teeth, snatched the pencil from her fingers, and broke it in half. After this, even Babushka couldn't teach him any new pieces, though he still played the original six from time to time.

BY the time Slava was fifteen, he could be left alone in the yard with no danger that he would stray into the street. He even earned money shovelling snow for the yard woman and hammering nails into boards outside a carpenter's workshop in the basement. The foreman soon discovered that Slava was perfectly safe with saw or hatchet, and his strength and endurance made him a valuable worker during the building season, though he couldn't be employed indoors because his eerie laughter got on the other men's nerves. And you couldn't count on him; as soon as he was paid, he was apt to stay from work till by some mysterious urge to increase his hoard he went in search of another job. He never spent his earnings, of that his mother and grandmother were sure, but for a long time nobody had any idea where he kept them, till one day Babushka, intent on mending a rent in the pocket of Slava's wadded jacket, came upon a cache of paper rubles and small change in a corner of the lining. It was decided not to risk upsetting Slava by taking it out; seeing that the amount never lessened but rather increased, the women got into a lazy habit of slipping small change, sometimes even a silver ruble, into the slit, with a vague idea of buying something special for Slava one day.

All in all, you could scarcely have found a more tranquil home in the whole of Moscow than the two rooms in the communal apartment on the ninth floor where the women lived and cherished their helpless charge. Everything went smoothly till the day when Babushka was summoned to Riga, to the bedside of her daughter, Galina.

The women discussed trains and

timetables in writing, like people who believe there is a concealed microphone in every room; there was no time to prepare Slava, and you never knew what he took in—he had a disconcerting habit of watching lips. They packed hastily when Slava was asleep, and at midnight Babushka kissed his pure forehead and tiptoed out of the room. Valentina Matveyevna, who had arranged a week's leave from the office, thought Slava looked strangely at her when she sat down to breakfast with him. It's not Sunday, his look seemed to say. (Pulling yesterday from the calendar was Slava's duty and privilege, and he always knew when it was Sunday—Sundays were red.) The only other sign that he knew something was amiss was a rapid glance over his mother's shoulder every time she came into the room. But he said nothing about Babushka, and Valentina Matveyevna said nothing. Waiting for Slava's lead had become second nature.

After breakfast, Slava allowed himself to be dressed for going out without a word and followed his mother with his usual docility in and out of the milk shop, the bread store, and into the vegetable store, but when she turned from the fruit counter Slava was nowhere to be seen. Nobody in the store had noticed him, but some little boys outside said they had seen him cross the road and *get on a tram.*

“It was the best of times, it was the worst of times . . .”

“EVERYWHERE,” Valentina Matveyevna said. “I've tried everywhere—the hospitals, the police station, the streetcar depots, the bus parks, the railway stations. Nobody has seen him.”

“You didn't try Odessa,” Babushka said. Her daughter had recovered and she had come back to Moscow as soon as she got Valentina Matveyevna's telegram. The neighbors had advised Valentina Matveyevna not to send for Babushka; it would only upset her, and what could Slava's grandmother do that his mother hadn't done? But Valentina Matveyevna had sent a telegram just the same; she knew it was what Babushka would have wanted her to do. And when she arrived, Babushka had not asked a single question. All she had said was “You didn't try Odessa.”

Neighbors crowding into the hall folded their arms and shook their heads compassionately. The poor old thing!

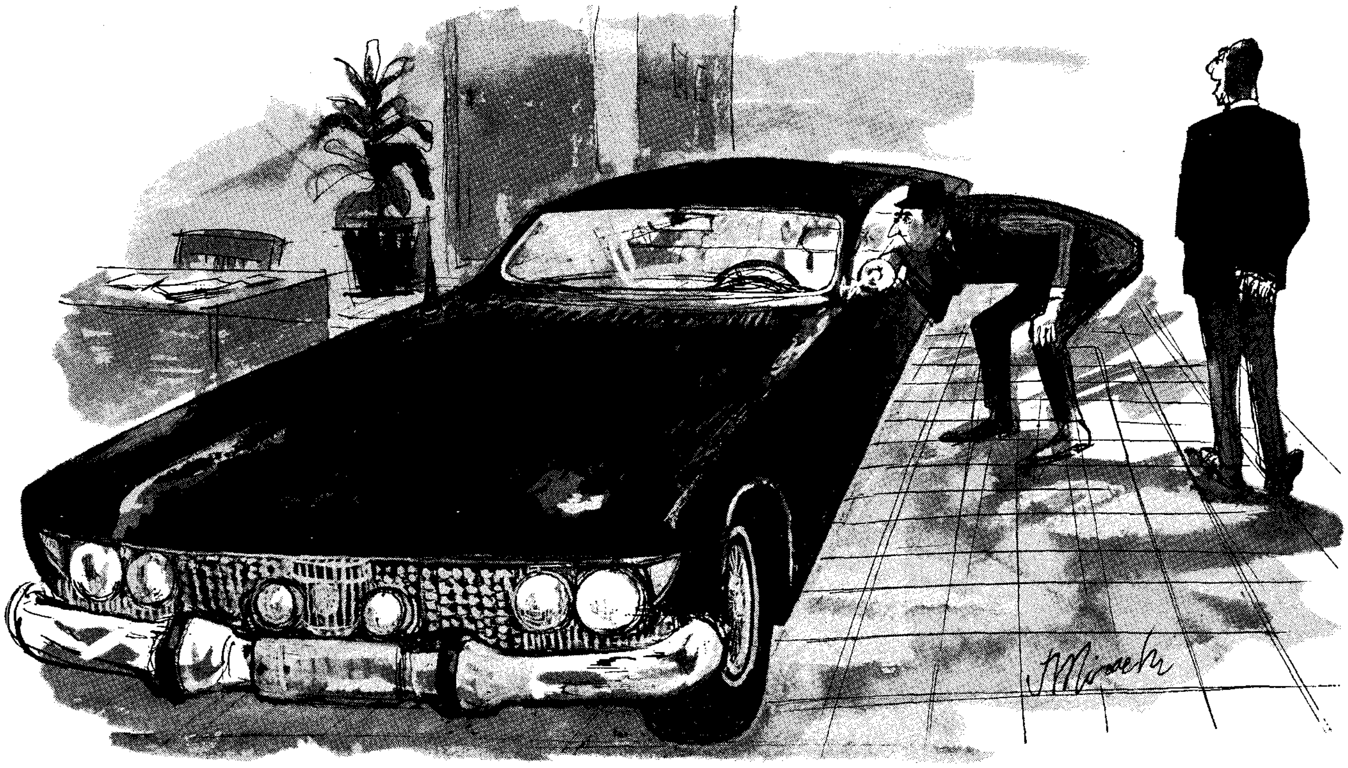
“He's gone to look for me,” Babushka said.

Nobody believed Slava capable of finding his way to the railway station and ordering a ticket to Odessa till Babushka brought out of the top drawer of the bureau an old candy box in which, neatly arranged, were used tickets and a pile of “rubles” and cardboard coins that had come with a shopping game. Playing at “going to the dacha” had been almost a daily occupation.

“And where did he get the money?” they asked.

Valentina Matveyevna flung herself on the quilted jacket hanging from a hook in the hall and thrust her hand deep into the pocket. Her groping fingers brought out nothing but a soiled lump with a two-kopeck coin sticking to it. The money had been in its hiding place the night before—Valentina Matveyevna was sure of that. She had put a paper ruble and a three-kopeck piece into the slit when clearing her pocketbook after Babushka had left.

The next day, Valentina Matveyevna started for Odessa, afraid that if she didn't Babushka would go. As soon as she arrived, she went straight to the little street on the outskirts where Slava was born. The house wasn't there anymore, the *street* wasn't there anymore; all had been swallowed up by high tenements that enclosed the original yard, with no grasses and bushes waving in the breeze—nothing but asphalt and garbage cans. Not quite nothing. In a corner of the yard was a shed Valentina Matveyevna remembered. She made for it instinctively and was immediately hot on Slava's tracks. For in the doorway stood an ancient crone peering across the yard, and when Valentina Matveyevna came closer she recognized the younger of the two old ladies from upstairs in the now vanished house where she had lived for the first ten years of Slava's life. Old Rosa told her that she had refused to go out of the yard when the street of small houses was demolished to make room for the new buildings, and they had allowed her to move into the shed and even have a stove put in. Valentina Matveyevna was surprised to see how snug she had made it; the shiny samovar, the Bokhara rugs on the wall, two nineteenth-century portraits in heavy gilt frames gave it quite a prosperous, not to say aristocratic, look. And there, it appeared, Slava had found her; he had always loved to play in the shed, and, like his mother, had gone to it instinctively in the shadow of the new houses. He stayed with her two days, Rosa said; she fed him and washed his clothes—and oh, how hungry and dirty the poor lad was—and on the third day he went away with a wayfaring tinker who had



"Four hundred cubic inches! Three hundred and twenty horses! Dual four-barrel carbs! Listen, man! Live it up while you can. We'll all be driving little electric kiddy cars soon enough."

• •

just finished three days mending saucepans in the yard. She thought they went on a steamer.

The militia in Odessa were sure they would find Slava if he was anywhere on the islands, but by the time they got in touch with local authorities the scent was cold. A boy who had worked some time for the tinker on the outskirts of a kolkhoz had suddenly left; people could only remember of him that he laughed at his work. After visiting the hospitals and railway stations (even the prisons), there was nothing for Valentina Matveyevna to do but go back to Moscow.

Old Rosa had wrapped a card with Slava's home address on it in a handkerchief and put it into his pocket while he slept; he must have shown it in the places where he stayed, because from time to time over the years news came in illiterate scrawls of a "man" who had worked three months, six months, in a remote village, and gone away. Babushka and Valentina Matveyevna followed Slava's itinerary as best they could on the map by the help of the postmarks. "He's working his way back," Babushka said. "He's coming back to us."

Once, a snapshot of a tall figure grasping a rake in a cornfield came; they recognized Slava's deep mindless eyes in the mustached and bearded face, his small neat ears flattened against the closely cropped head—and wept. Soon after, Babushka died.

GALINA VLADIMIROVNA came to Moscow for her mother's funeral. The sisters-in-law scarcely knew one another, but each had an intimate knowledge of the other's sad life (Galina had her own tragedy, more common but no less painful than Valentina's). The day of the funeral they talked far into the night, fascinated by a relationship made up of intimacy and strangeness. Yes, they went to bed early after a cozy supper the day they followed Babushka to the grave, and left the door open between the two rooms.

"I don't remember that I ever slept in a room all to myself," Galina said. "Do you think they'll leave you both rooms, Valya?"

Valentina told her the question wouldn't even be raised; Slava's name had never been officially removed from the register, and the second room was tiny and could only be reached through her own room. Nobody could be put into it.

"Couldn't they offer you one room instead of two?"

Valentina didn't let this worry her. The room was Slava's, and one day Slava would come back and claim it.

"Valya, darling, do you still really believe Slava will come back?"

Valya was sure of it; he would come back to his own home, as he had gone back to the old home in Odessa.

Shuddering, Galina envisaged a Neanderthal figure plodding over plains and hills, through towns and villages, toward his mother in far-off Moscow. "Why don't you marry again, Valya?" Galina asked on a sudden impulse.

"I told you. I'm waiting for Slava to come back. I can't expect a man to live in the same apartment with Slava. His own father couldn't."

"Yuri told me he never loved you more than when you refused to send Slava to a Home. It was just that he couldn't stand living with the poor boy."

"I know," said Valentina. "I never blamed him."

"I think it broke his heart when you chose to give your life to Slava and not to him."

"He married again within the year," Valentina said shortly.

"And why couldn't you—after all these years?"

"Why are *you* so eager for me to get married, Galya? Have you found marriage so satisfactory? I should have thought you would envy me my freedom."

"I have been unfortunate," Galya said. "Everybody doesn't have such bad luck as I had." She pushed a tear out of the corner of each eye with a sidewise action of the heels of her palms; much as she liked talking about her woes, she did not mean to be led away from the subject of her sister-in-law's life. So she said, "I can't see what use you make of your freedom."

"I do my best," Valya said. "I only won't let any man come here. I wouldn't while Babushka was alive, and I still won't as long as there's a possibility of Slava coming back."

Galya turned and looked at her sister-in-law through the doorway, eyes now perfectly dry and wide open, round. "Oh, so you *do* have somebody!" she exclaimed. "I had no idea."

"For goodness sake, Galya. Did you take me for a nun?"

Galya went back to her own particular tragedy in Riga, nothing more was heard of Slava, and Valentina Matveyevna went to work every morning and came back every evening as usual. Galya, who should have known better, made a halfhearted attack on her sister-in-law's freedom. She already had three children, and a few months after her return the poor foolish woman found herself again pregnant—she who never tired of saying how she detested and despised her deplorable husband. "Oh, Valya," she wrote, "I can hardly bear to say it, but perhaps after all you could take Natasha to live with you! She's only two, and she's such an affectionate little thing you'd soon get used to each other, I mean I wouldn't ask you to take one of the others, they're too difficult already. But I'm sure it would be no trauma for Natashka. The new baby would be much more of a trauma. [Galya had written "shock" but was happy to cross it out and use the more fashionable term.] Even if Slava came back, it would be all right, I mean not like him finding a man beside you, *that* I can understand would be too hard, dear Valya. Oh, Valya, you can understand how desperate I must be before I could ask this. . . ."

And a man who had been happy enough for years in a gentle and undemanding union with her now felt that the occasional weekend in the country, the month in the south were not enough; his whole happiness depended on living all the time with Valentina Matveyevna, now that this was made possible by her mother-in-law's death. He did not get his way, and as a result they drifted apart.

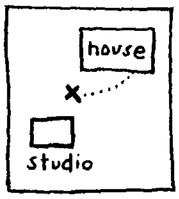
By now Valentina Matveyevna was beginning to think she wanted nothing more from any man. She settled down peacefully to wait for Slava.

—Ivy Litvinov

WHY I AM AN UNSUCCESSFUL ARTIST

One of the questions I am asked most frequently is "Why are you an unsuccessful artist?" (The other questions are "What time is it?," "Is this the way to the railroad station?," and "Where is my money?") The answer is perfectly simple.

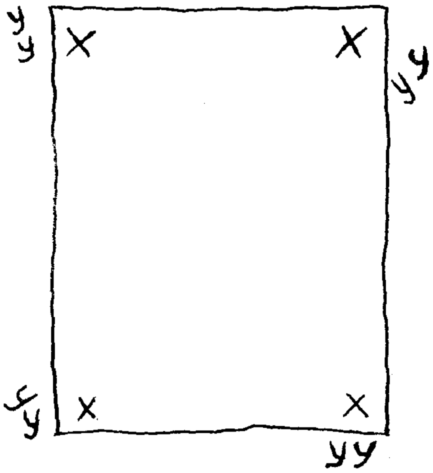
Reason 1 (*Winter*): Between my house and my studio (see MAP) there are patches of ice beneath the snow. No matter how cautiously I walk, carrying my cup of coffee with great care so as not to spill a drop, there comes a moment when, unfortunately, I realize that once again I have stepped upon the ice. My feet fly out; I yell;[1] I land on my back, and lie gazing at the sky as a shower of hot coffee rains down upon me. Slowly, painfully, I right myself and crawl back to my house through the cold snow.



MAP

Reason 2: My paintings are too large—generally twenty feet by forty feet, or thereabouts (see EXAMPLE A). In order to display a painting, I need a minimum of four people who are willing to stand—with their shoes off, preferably—at the four corners of the canvas. In the early stages of unrolling, I require only two barefooted volunteers, but two more must be ready to jump onto their corners at the instant the entire canvas is unrolled—and quickly, too. Otherwise, the whole thing may shoot back like a window blind, rolling me up in it. So the four volunteers must be: (1) available; (2) willing to take off their shoes; (3) blessed with pleasant personalities, so that they will get along with one another; (4) discreet, and not make smart comments about my painting as it is slowly revealed; and (5) agile. (A corollary reason that could be appended here is *Impatient Art Dealers*. They are often brisk and are apt to say, "Thank you, I have seen enough," when I have only begun to unroll my canvas. One dismissed me after only two and a half feet.[2]) Also, the volunteers should be heavy. I have tried using children, but they sometimes sail right across the room.[3] Dogs, I find, are unreliable.

EXAMPLE A
LARGE PAINTING



X = people
Y = shoes

Reason 3: My small paintings are too small. When people say that my large paintings are too large, I attempt to oblige by "working small." Inevitably, the comment comes that these paintings (see EXAMPLE B) are "too" small. Potential patrons complain that it is difficult to incorporate my small paintings into their general scheme of decoration,[4] and also that when they wish to show my paintings to visitors much time is consumed in locating them, owing to their size.

EXAMPLE B
(Enlarged 100 times)

Reason 4: Philosophy. I firmly believe: (*a*) utter despair is just around the corner, and (*b*) something really marvellous is about to happen. Holding such divergent views simultaneously makes my hand shake and my paintbrush tremble, and I get turpentine on my city shoes.

Reason 5: More philosophy. In my view, nothing in life is ever complete (except death), so I rarely finish anyth

—James Stevenson

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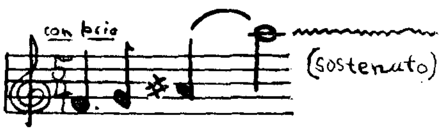
[1] Slipping-on-ice yell:



[2] Aside from my own humiliation, there was the embarrassment of having to apologize to my four volunteers, who glared at me as they began to put their shoes back on, thinking of the long trip back to the country. Two of them did not even get to stand on their corners. We had to stop at Howard Johnson's on the way home.

[3] They love this, but it is distracting; it should be reserved for birthdays only.

[4] Obtaining attractive frames is especially difficult.

SIX POEMS

HOW LONG

(*Before they spring forth I tell you of them.—Isaiah 42:9.*)

How long have we forgotten how to listen!
He planted us once to listen,
Planted us like lyme grass by the eternal sea;
We wanted to grow on fat pastures,
To stand like lettuce in the kitchen garden.

Although we have business
That leads us far
From his light,
Although we drink tapwater—
And only as it dies it reaches
Our eternally thirsting mouths—
Although we walk down a street
Beneath which earth has been silenced
By a pavement,
We must not sell our ears,
Oh, we must not sell our ears.
Even in the market,
In the computation of dust,
Many had made a quick leap
On to the tightrope of longing,
Because they heard something,
And leapt out of the dust
And sated their ears.
Press, O press on the day of destruction
The listening ear to the earth,
And you will hear, through your sleep
You will hear
How in death
Life begins.

CHORUS OF TREES

O all you hunted of the world!
Our speech is mixed from springs and stars
Like yours.
Your letters are of our flesh.
We are the climbing wanderers,
We recognize you—
O you hunted of the world!
Today the man like a hind hung on our branches,
Yesterday the deer stained the meadows around our trunks with roses.
The last fear of your footprints is extinguished in our peace,
We are the great shadow-pointer
Played round by birdsong—
O all you hunted of the world!
We point into a secret
Which begins with night.

CHORUS OF INVISIBLE THINGS

Wailing wall night!
Engraved on you are the psalms of silence.
The footprints, which filled with death
Like ripening apples,
Have found their way home to you.
The tears which moisten your black moss
Are being collected.

Because the angel with the baskets
For invisible things has come.
Oh, the glances of the lovers torn apart,
The heaven-creating, the world-bearing,
How softly they are plucked for eternity
And covered with the sleep of the murdered child
In whose warm dark
The longings of new glories germinate.

In the secret of a sigh
The unsung song of peace can germinate.

Wailing wall night,
You can be smashed by the lightning of a prayer,
And all who overslept God
Will wake to him
Behind your falling wall.

CHORUS OF THE DEAD

We from the black sun of fear
Holed like sieves—
We dripped from the sweat of death's minute.
Withered on our bodies are the deaths done unto us
Like flowers of the field withered on a hill of sand.
O you who still greet the dust as friend,
You who, talking sand, say to the sand,
I love you.

We say to you:
Torn are the cloaks of the mysteries of dust,
The air in which we were suffocated,
The fires in which we were burned,
The earth into which our remains were cast.
The water which was beaded with our sweat of fear
Has broken forth with us and begins to gleam.
We dead of Israel say to you:
We are moving past one more star
Into our hidden God.

THE BIRDS

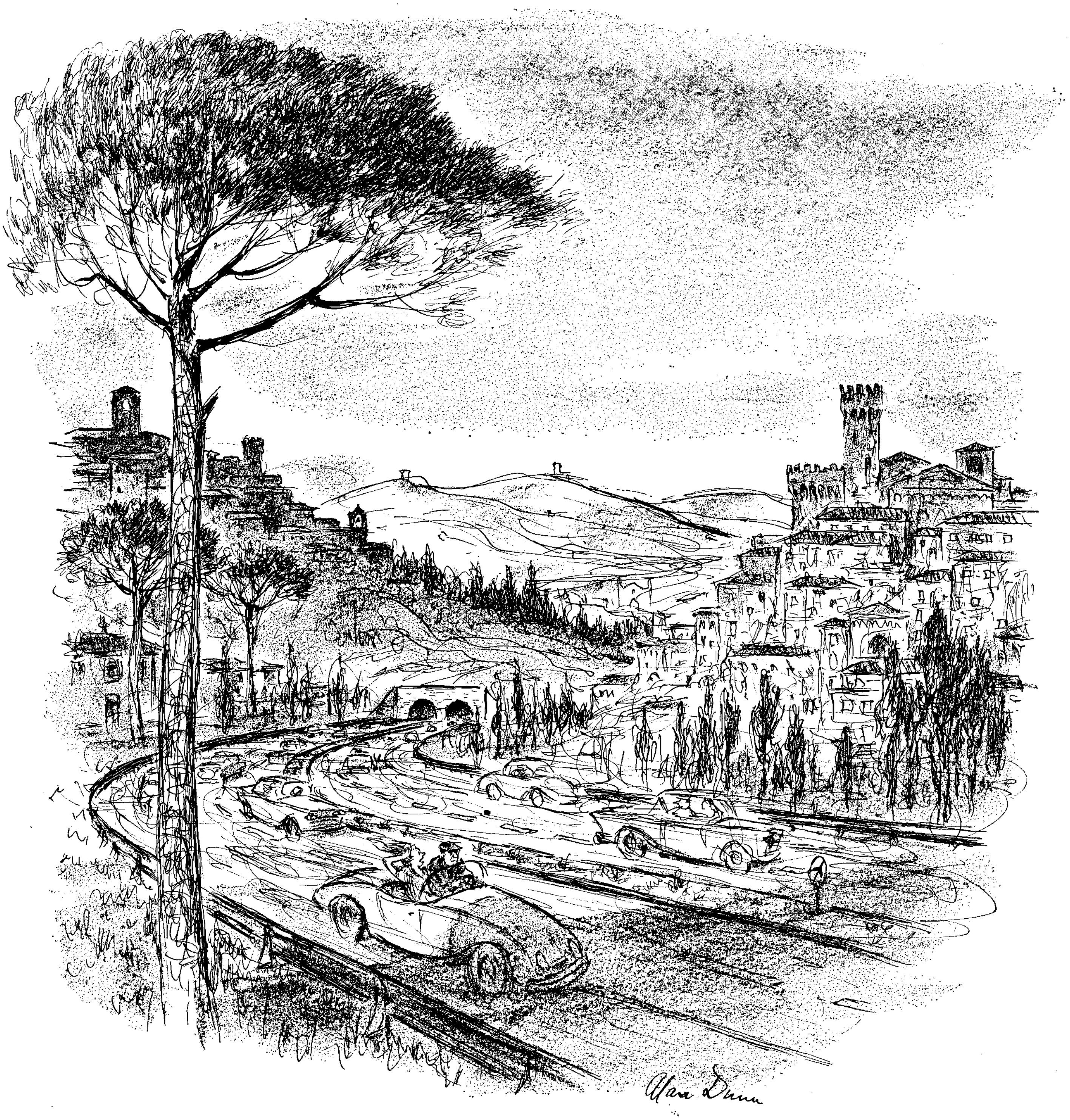
And the pearly point of eternity
hidden again in seashells,
and the hieroglyph of light
again in the eye
promising tears,

and the stars' heavenly strategy
again torn
restlessly from the exercise of eternity,
screaming with meteors
which land on sister streets
with the same piece of music made of lead
and oblivion's ashes.

But excursions
higher than death
do not return to sickrooms,
these birds continue to nest
in their own joy.

CHORUS OF THE WANDERERS

We, the wanderers,
We drag the ways we have come like burdens behind us—
We are clad in the rags of the land
In which we rested—



"Can't you slow down a bit and let Umbria sink in?"

* * *

We feed ourselves from the cooking-pot of the language
That we learned with tears.

We, the wanderers,
At every crossroad a door awaits us
Behind which the roe, the orphan-eyed Israel of animals,
Vanishes into its murmuring forests
And the lark exults above the golden fields.
A sea of loneliness stands silently beside us
Where we knock.
O you guardians armed with flaming swords!
The grains of dust beneath our wandering feet
Have begun to stir our grandsons' blood.
Oh, we wanderers before the doors of earth—
From saluting into the distance
Our hats have lit up stars.
Like measuring rods our bodies lie on the earth
And measure out the horizon—

Oh, we, the wanderers,
Crawling worms for coming shoes,
Our death will lie like a threshold
Before your tight-shut doors.

—NELLY SACHS (1891-1970)

(*Translated, from the German, by Ruth and Matthew Mead.*)

REFLECTIONS

THE MEGAMACHINE—IV

MEGATECHNIC CONTRADICTIONS

UNTIL the twentieth century, the spread of machine industry was retarded by customs and institutions that belonged to an earlier era of scarcity—an age chronically threatened in many regions by an insufficiency of extra-human energy, of material goods, and even of daily food. The small margin of surplus under which the most thriving agriculture operated could always be wiped out by a succession of dry years, a plague of insects, or a virulent disease. The thrifty habits needed to insure survival had been artificially reinforced from the very beginning of civilization by manufactured scarcity—the deliberate expropriation of the farmers' surplus for the benefit of the ruling minority. Natural scarcity and backward agricultural practices, plus socially enforced penury and deprivation, were the incentives to daily work.

To impose the regimentation of labor demanded by the power system in England, common agricultural land was seized from the peasants, rural wages were driven down, the jobless were rounded up and imprisoned in "workhouses" or factories, their wives and children were sent into mills and mines to work from fourteen to sixteen hours a day to earn a pittance. As if to caricature both his own philosophy and current practices, Jeremy Bentham, the fountainhead of utilitarian pragmatism, actually proposed an "ideal" structure, half factory, half prison, with both wings under surveillance. Incredibly, something like two centuries passed before capitalist industry at last realized that this systematic restriction of wages and buying power was curtailing the market that new inventions and mass production had opened up.

Yet the capitalist economy, for all its labor-sweating, had introduced a contradictory aim. Though it preached contented penury to the poor, it sought to further industrial expansion by propounding the dogma of "increasing wants" as an indispensable basis for further industrial progress. This worked in the opposite direction, for the expanding economy was justified not merely by its insurance against want or its fuller satisfaction of long-established needs but by multiplying the number and variety of putative needs and by raising the "standard of living"—or, more accurately, by raising the standard of expenditure—throughout the population. That standard had once been fixed at different levels according to caste, occupation, and family status. But in keeping with this new principle, even the lowliest worker might hope in time to achieve a modicum of middle-class comforts, while the middle classes, with their increased incomes, could afford some of the luxuries and thoughtless extravagances that the aristocracy had once claimed as their exclusive privilege—not least, the privilege of never counting the cost. (What is today's buying on unlimited credit but the "democratization" of this well-established aristocratic vice?)

Despite fitful improvements, the income of the working classes remained insufficient over the long run, either to pay for decent housing or to buy back the surplus of machine production and large-scale agriculture; thus there were periodic gluts in the market, corrected by devaluation or "valorization" (artificially contrived scarcity), with its attendant losses to both investors and workers. Such crises recurred often enough to be characterized as the "business cycle," and though the manic-depressive curves were in time smoothed out a little by unemployment insurance, social security, and old-age pensions, the system remained unworkable until its leaders belatedly accepted the fact that the old canons of a parsimony must be cast aside if the economy of abundance that mass production made possible was to achieve sufficient stability to continue its expansion. This change of outlook was too profound to take place overnight. By a series of tentative initiatives and accommodations, gradually amalgamating into a general policy, the older scarcity economy has turned in "advanced" countries, after many recesses and depressions, into an economy of abundance, or, as it might be more correctly styled, of maldistributed affluence. Because of the staggering output of mechanized industry, a multitude of products once reserved for the uppermost income groups are now available in quantity at the middle level, and this process of raising the standard and widening the market might, theoretically, go on until the market system is undermined once more by its own excesses.

Perhaps the salient breakthrough in passing from the old economy to the new came in the motorcar industry—a classic case in every respect. To achieve a mass market for mass production of

SORRY
ELECTION
DAY
Dana Fradon

TIMES
Lorenz

"Well, folks, looks like we're going to be together here for a bit, so how about each of you turning to your neighbor and saying 'Howdy'?"

• •

even the cheap Model T Ford, it was necessary to give additional purchasing power to a much larger income group. Henry Ford recognized this by establishing a higher wage scale on the assembly line. The workers contributed their share to the machine-made abundance by stinting their families on housing or food in order to shift their spending to the motorcar. The Lynds' first study of "Middletown" documented this shift from basic needs to mechanical gratifications; the ill-balanced consumptive outlays proved prophetic of similar misdirected expenditures in society at large. Yet once the need for mass consumption was recognized as the indispensable adjunct to mass production, the way became clear for an economy based on abundance rather than parsimony.

This conception was prematurely popularized in the United States before the Depression of 1929-39 as the New Capitalism, and the slogan "One car for every family" replaced Henri IV's "chicken in the pot every Sunday." Yet the severe deflation and depression that followed the first recognition of the importance of a mass distribution of income indicated that something was lacking in this formula. What was needed had already been demonstrated by the First World War, and it was firmly established by the leading national megamachines in the Second World War; namely, such an unlimited demand as only war—or pseudo-war—makes possible. Under national conscription, a "nation in arms" became the equivalent of Edward Bellamy's "nation in overalls," and along with this went an expansion of credit, a guarantee of profits in war industries, a rise in income level for all but the lowest third of the population, and a swift disposition of the product by ceaseless destruction. This was mass consumption with a vengeance.

As a result of war, the economic center of gravity shifted to the state; that is, to the national megamachine: between repairing the destructions of war and inventing and manufacturing new weapons of destruction, more complex and costly than ever, the necessary condition for full employment, full production, full "research and development," and full consumption was for the first time approached. Given these "ideal" conditions—power machines, centralized control, and unlimited waste and destruction—there is no doubt about the immense productivity of megatechnics, or about the fact that a larger part of the population than ever before stands to benefit from its methods, for industry can compensate for higher wages by passing on the increase in costs to the expanding body of consumers, sedulously conditioned by advertising and "education" to ask only for those mass products that can be profitably supplied. To judge purely in terms of fabricated goods, an economy of abundance is already in partial operation. But the gain seems on paper to be larger than it actually is, for this reckoning leaves out what has accompanied this feat: the depleted soils and mineral supplies, the polluted air and water, the rusting automobile graveyards, the mountains of wastepaper and other rubbish, the poisoned organisms, the millions of dead and injured on the highways, all of which are inevitable by-products of the system, the poisonous effluents of our affluent society.

Though the total result of the economy of abundance leaves a far smaller net gain than its proud exponents are usually willing to admit, it has nevertheless introduced one significant factor that outweighs many of its deficiencies; namely, in order to work at all the megatechnic system must not merely increase the rewards but distribute them throughout the whole population. Implicit in mass production are two notions that have the effect, if not the intention, of a humane moral principle. First, the basic goods of production, since they are a product of our total culture, should, once they exist in abundance, be distributed equally to every member of the community; and, second, efficiency should be maintained, whenever work depends upon human effort, not by deprivation, coercion, and punishment but mainly by adequate reward. These are not small achievements; in fact, they can have revolutionary consequences.

Let us give this system its due. In contrast to the state of the working classes throughout the nineteenth century—indeed, almost up to the present generation in the United States—the democratization of the whole economy would seem to have brought many tangible social benefits. Even the fact that mass production cannot be efficient if it functions below a certain level, or if it turns out large quantities of what is in uncertain or irregular demand, did not at first seem a serious drawback. Such surpluses as are now available to populations numbering tens of millions were known on a small scale to scattered primitive societies through occasional outbursts of natural abundance, as in a heavy run of salmon in the Pacific Northwest, and these communities had even resorted to social balancing devices like the potlatch, or the free bestowal of gifts by chiefs to the less privileged members of the group. Whatever success the Incas of Peru had in governing their far-flung empire was due to the fact that their system of regimentation, though often arbitrary and harsh in the destruction of local communal ties, nevertheless provided material security, with the widest distribution of their systematically garnered surpluses.

Those in control of capitalist enterprises have been slow to grasp the logic of this "economy of gifts" as a compensatory device for their profit economy. (Strangely, the chief literature on this subject comes not from the United States but from France.) The slogan "fair shares for all" was not uttered for the first time by the British Labour Party in the 1945 election campaign; it was the theme of all Socialist thought throughout the nineteenth century. The feats of organization and mechanization performed in industry after industry, reaching a climax in war production, momentarily made the most sanguine Socialist expectations credible—credible and partly realizable. By now the results are so patent in advanced industrial countries that they hardly need to be statistically documented, or even recounted except in the most general terms. Suffice it to note that most of the new "revolutionary" demands set forth in the name of the working class in the Communist Manifesto of 1848 have now become commonplace achievements, even in countries supposedly still committed to monopolistic security capitalism, alias "free enterprise." Though

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Profits and Taxes . . . . (For inventor E. Delatour, as well as the distributor, wholesaler, and the liquor store owner. U.S., State and other government taxes)	3.97
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monotony and drudgery have not been banished, they have been reduced by a shortening of the hours and days of work, by coffee breaks, "sick pay," permitted absenteeism, and longer vacations. If property, privilege, political patronage, and military power still exact an exorbitant economic tribute from the community, there is nonetheless a growing equalization of other benefits: medical care, education, security against unemployment and want, support in old age. All these human benefits have become increasingly available not mainly through individual effort but through the total productivity of industry and agriculture.

This enormous change from a savagely restrictive economy to an expansive hedonistic one can be summed up in a single contrast. More than a century ago, Macaulay could write, in the midst of a severe economic depression, that it was better for unemployed workers to die of starvation than for the rights of property to be in any wise curtailed—as by imposing an income tax for the relief of unemployment and starvation. Today, on the other hand, the unemployed in the United States have begun to demand not just the right to work but a guaranteed annual income whether they work or not. Far from being considered a shocking proposal, the idea has been advanced independently by middle-class reformers under the somewhat specious label of the "negative income tax."

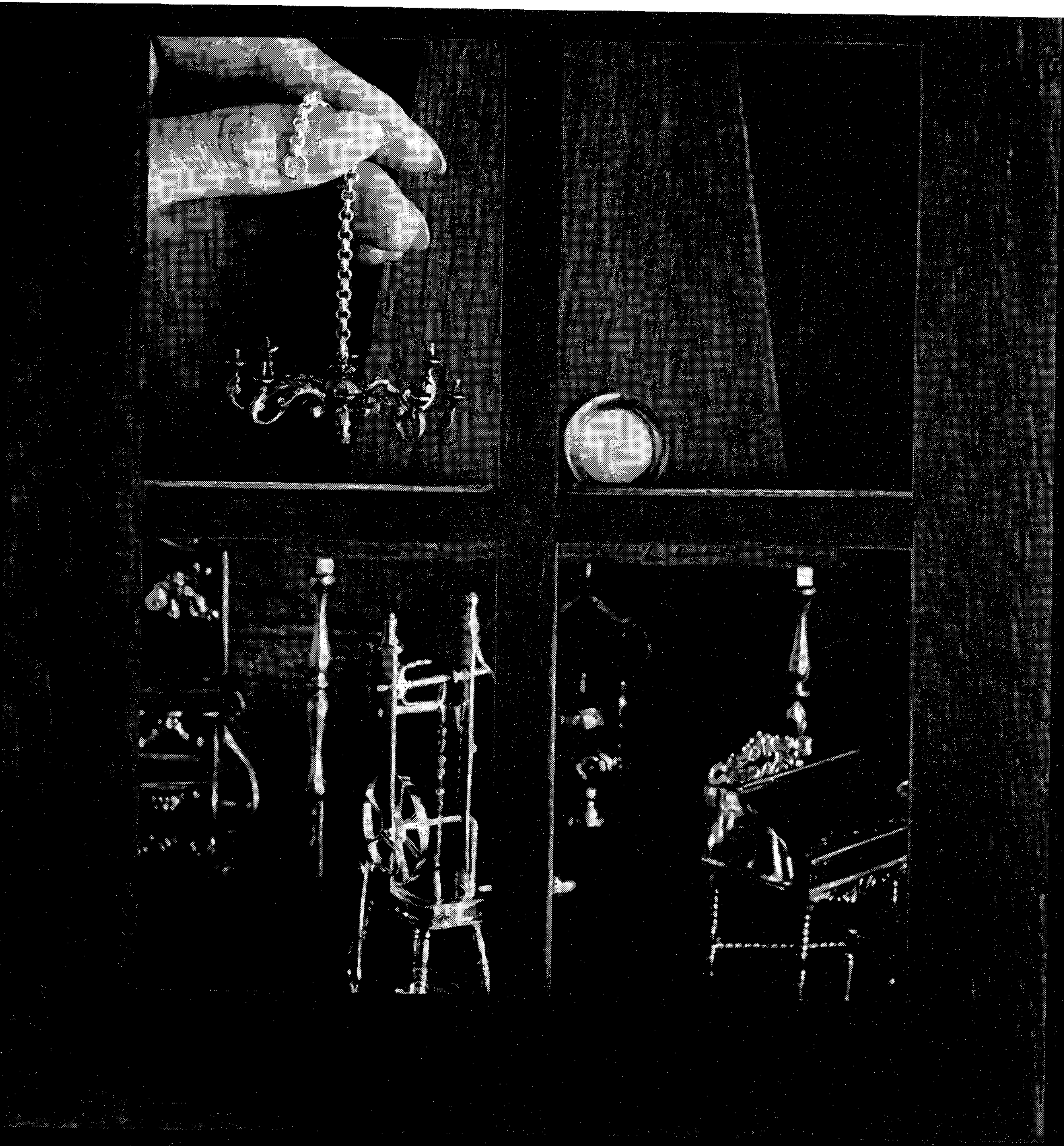
When once the notion was accepted that mass production entails mass consumption, certain factors were introduced whose consequences have still to be adequately appraised. One was the withering away of many essential industries and services that can no longer compete with the wage scales established in the productive and financially opulent megatechnic industries. Human labor has not merely been progressively eliminated by automation; it has become almost exiled because of its prohibitive costs, since the worker now demands for his services an hourly wage that only mechanized production can afford to pay. But an even more serious consequence follows, once the ancient evils of civilization—back-breaking manual labor, and servile labor for the benefit of coercive ruling groups—disappear; we now begin to find that we have exchanged the old burden of compulsory production for that of compulsory consumption. The principle of compulsion is written into the system, and is the fixed condition for receiving its benefits. Instead of the duty to work, we now have the duty to consume: instead of being admonished to practice thrift, we are urged to practice waste and destruction. Meanwhile, an ever larger portion of the population faces a workless, effortless, physically coddled but increasingly empty life. The emancipated masses confront precisely the problem that every privileged minority sooner or later has been forced to face: how to make use of its surplus of goods and its free time without being surfeited by one and corrupted by the other. With the enlargement of the benefits of mass production has come an enlargement of unexpected penalties, of which perhaps the most deadly is boredom. What Thorstein Veblen ironically called "the performance of leisure" is fast becoming the tedious obligatory substitute for the performance of work.

Thus mankind is now in process of changing its quarters only by moving to a modern wing of the archaic prison whose foundations were laid in the Pyramid Age: better ventilated and more sanitary, with a pleasanter outlook, but still a prison, and even more difficult to escape from because it threatens to incarcerate a much larger part of the human race. But whereas the earlier modes of achieving productivity and conformity were largely external, abetted by magnificent religious rituals and palatial displays, those that now foster consumption are becoming internal and personal, and therefore harder to overcome. To estimate quantitatively the increase of the psychological pressures, the figures on advertising are significant: by 1900, in the United States, $95,000,000 a year was spent in advertising; by 1929, the expenditure had reached $1,120,000,000; by 1951, it had reached $6,548,000,000, and it has been going up steadily since. Even allowing for increases in population and productivity, this inordinate rise gives the measure of our obligation to consume.

But what would become of mass production and its system of financial expansion if technical perfection, durability, social efficiency, and human satisfaction were the guiding aims? The very condition for current financial success—constantly expanding production and replacement—works against these ends. To insure the rapid absorption of its immense productivity, megatechnics resorts to many devices: consumer credit, installment buying, multiple packaging, non-functional designs, meretricious novelties, shoddy materials, defective workmanship, built-in fragility, and obsolescence through frequent arbitrary changes of fashion. Without constant enticement and inveiglement by advertising, production would level off to the normal replacement demand.

Under megatechnics, the pecuniary motive dominates every class in a way unknown in agricultural societies. The aim of industry is not primarily to satisfy essential human needs with a minimal productive effort but to multiply the number of needs, however fictitious, and accommodate them to the maximum mechanical capacity to produce profits. These are the sacred principles of the power complex. The extension of the areas for technical exploitation and the multiplication of new products now yield the highest profits. Not the least effect of this system is that of replacing selectivity and quantitative restriction by indiscriminate and incontinent consumption.

In order to keep the megatechnic economy running smoothly, with a steady expansion of all its facilities and the greatest possible gross national product, every member of the community must acquire, use, devour, waste, and finally destroy a sufficient quantity of goods to keep its increasingly productive mechanism in operation. This turns out to be not quite so light a duty as it might seem. For not merely does megatechnics ignore many vital needs and interests, such as housing lower-income groups that cannot be accommodated without large-scale state subvention, but in order to perform the duty of consumption the worker himself must increase his own productive commitment. Thus the shorter working day is already a mirage. To achieve the higher level of consumption required, the members of the family must take on extra jobs. The practice of "moonlighting" is becoming common. The effect, ironically, is to turn the newly won six- or seven-hour day into twelve or fourteen hours; the worker is back where he started, with more



SCALED FOR LILLIPUTIANS

And any other collectors of miniatures. These, from Holland, are of sterling silver.
Each piece is finely finished with great precision, and detail.
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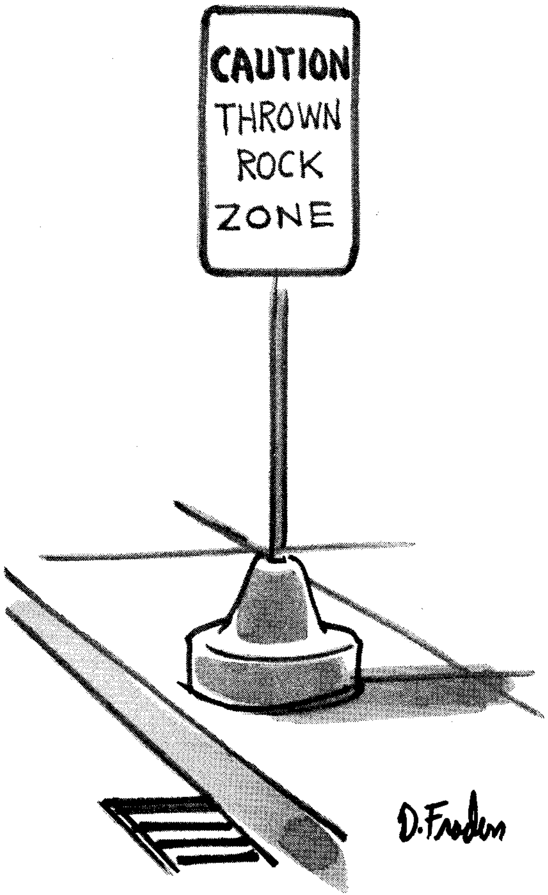
material goods but less time to enjoy them or the promised leisure. The same need may draw the housewife, even during the childbearing period, away from the care of her home and her children, in order to insure the proper gush of status-maintaining superfluities.

The majority of the population must forgo all modes of activity except those that call for the unremitting use of the machine or its products. Under the first head comes the abandonment of manual work and craft skill, even on the simplest domestic and personal scale. To indulge in any form of bodily exertion—wielding an axe or a saw, digging and hoeing a garden by hand, or walking, rowing, or sailing when a motorcar or motorboat is available, or even opening a can or sharpening a pencil or cutting a slice of bread—without benefit of a mechanical, preferably motorized agent is simply not playing the game. Insofar as a minimum of bodily activity is necessary for health, it must be acquired by purchasing exercising machines and mechanical masseurs. Thus the ancient aristocratic contempt for manual labor of any kind has been democratized.

Such overuse of the machine flouts any pragmatic test of efficiency; it has the force of an obligatory religious ritual. What cannot be done by or with or for a machine must not be done. This has reached a climax in the elaborations of outdoor camping equipment—an experience whose whole value consists in a return to a more primitive relation with nature becomes a caricature because we import into the wilderness a close replication of all the familiar artifacts of living in a crowded city, from stoves to television sets. This loss of autonomy in order to maximize the services of megatechnics imposes a further condition: one must demand only the goods that the machine offers in the current year, and one must not retain, beyond the appointed half-life, any goods that have proved sufficiently durable and attractive to be preferable to those offered. One must not demand any life but that which can be lived, as directed, within the current fashionable frame. A life that is in any way detached from the megatechnic complex, let alone being cockily independent of it or recalcitrant to its demands, is sabotage. Hence the fury evoked by the hippies. On megatechnic terms, complete withdrawal is heresy and treason—if not evidence of unsound mind. The arch-enemy of the affluent economy would be not Karl Marx but Henry Thoreau.

If one does not examine the megatechnic bribe circumspectly, it appears to be a generous bargain. Provided the consumer agrees to accept what megatechnics offers, in quantities favorable to the expansion of the power system, he will be granted all the perquisites, privileges, seductions, and pleasures of the affluent society. If he demands no goods or services except those that can be organized or manufactured by megatechnics, he will without doubt enjoy a higher standard of material culture—at least, of a specialized kind—than any other society has ever achieved. But the luxuries will be more plentiful than the comforts, for many basic human necessities that do not lend themselves to megatechnics will in fact be starved out of existence.

For the sake of material and symbolic abundance through automated superfluity, these machine addicts are ready to give up their prerogatives as living beings: the right to be alive, to exercise all their organs without officious interference, to see through their own eyes, to hear with their own ears, to work with their own hands, to move on their own legs, to think with their own minds, to experience erotic gratification and to beget children in direct sexual intercourse—in brief, the right to react as whole human beings to other whole human beings, in constant engagement with both the visible environment and the immense heritage of historical culture, whereof technology is only a part. In order to enjoy total automation, a significant part of the population is already willing to become automatons, though an increasing number of breakdowns and dropouts indicates that this apparently irresistible process is being resisted on a scale that should long before this have shaken the confidence of the priests and prophets of this regime. Once the majority of any nation opts for megatechnics, or passively accepts the system without question, no choices will remain. Yet if people are willing to surrender their life completely at the source, this authoritarian system promises generously to give back as much of it as can be mechanically graded, quantitatively multiplied, scientifically sorted, technically conditioned, manipulated, directed, and socially distributed under supervision of a centralized bureaucracy. What held at first only for increasing the quantity of goods now applies to every aspect of life. The willing member of megatechnic society can have everything the system produces—provided he and his group have no private wishes of their own and will make no attempt to alter its quality or reduce its quantity or question the competence of its "decision-makers." In such a society, the two unforgivable sins—or, rather, punishable vices—would be continence and selectivity.



"But is not this a fair bargain?" those who speak for the system ask. "Does not megatechnics offer by its own increasingly prodigious magic the 'cornucopia of plenty' that mankind has always dreamed of?" Quite true. Many of the goods that megatechnics now provides, and still more those it promises to spread more widely, are real goods: standardized at a high level, "mechanically" efficient, embodying—at least in the best examples—that immense store of scientific knowledge, organized, collated, tested, which in our period has endowed mankind with powers it never before possessed or even dared to dream of. Are not refrigerators, private motorcars and planes, automatic heating systems, telephones and television sets, electrically driven washing machines worth having? And what of the drudgery-elim-

You don't create a mild sensation. You become one.

The easiest thing in the world is to create a sensation.

A lot of yelling and screaming, a lot of publicity and lo, you're a sensation.

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But with one difference.

We mellow each at least eight full years. (We said we had patience.)

You can't get the only Scotch that's a blend of youthful lightness and aged mellowness any other way.

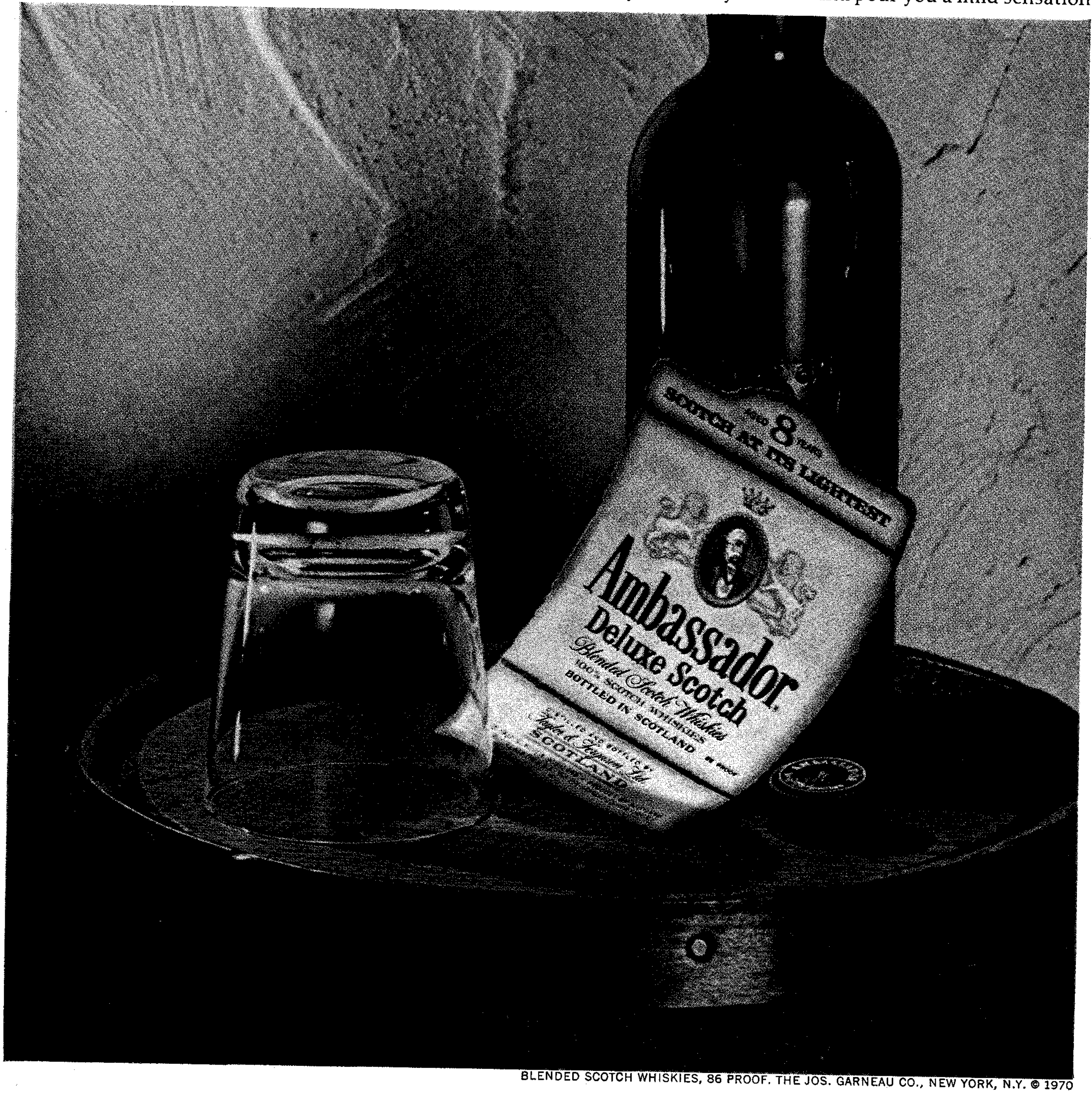
So we wait.

Which seems to be worth the price, since when we're finished we have something a little more than just another light Scotch.

We have Scotch at its lightest. And its mellowest.

Only then do we affix our label and right the glass.

And pour you a mild sensation.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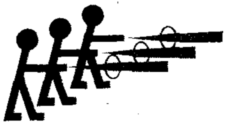
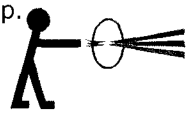


But with a small lens, the beam has to use more of the lens than just the center. So it loses brightness and focuses squishy instead of sharp.



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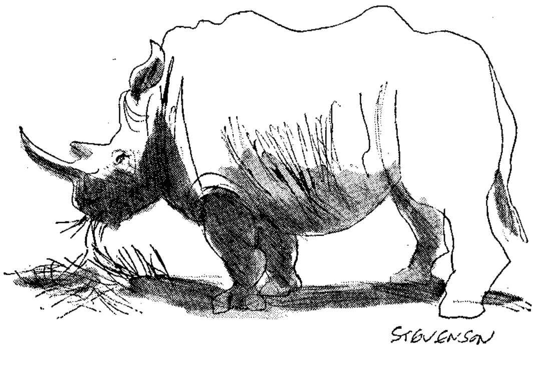
inating achievements of the bulldozer, the forklift truck, the electric hoist, the conveyor belt, and a thousand other serviceable inventions? What of the appalling mental burdens in bookkeeping that have been lifted by the computer? What of the exquisite arts of the surgeon and the dentist? Are these not colossal gains? Why weep if some of the old goods and enjoyments have fallen through this electromechanical mesh? Does any sensible person mourn the passing of the Stone Age? If all these goods are in themselves sound and desirable, on what grounds can we condemn the system that totalizes them?

Yes, if one examines only the immediate products of megatechnics, these claims, these promises are valid and these achievements are genuine. The separate benefits, if detached from the long-term human purposes and a meaningful pattern of life, are indisputable. None of megatechnics' efficient modes of organization, none of its laborsaving devices, none of its new products, however daring their departures from old forms, should be arbitrarily rejected. Only one proviso must be made, which the apologists for the power complex have studiously failed to recognize. All these goods remain valuable only if more important human concerns are not overlooked or suppressed.

Many of the promises that Francis Bacon held out for a scientific-technological world are still valid and will be further validated. All that I seek here to bring out is the fact that these promises are not unconditional. On the contrary, their one-sided fulfillment, in terms that satisfy only the demands of megatechnics, endlessly stimulating the purposeless human "pleasure center" of profit, without respect to other human functions and projects, carries heavy penalties. The main mischiefs of megatechnics are due not to its failures and breakdowns but to its unqualified successes in overquantification. These defects were present in the very conception of the mechanical world picture, which ignored organic needs and the processes of feedback and overemphasized quantity and speed, as if quantity in itself guaranteed value in the product quantified.

It is not the mechanical or electronic products as such that one questions but the system that produces them without constant reference to human needs and without sensitive rectification when these needs are not satisfied. Fortunately, this qualifying judgment has been slowly seeping into the system, in the form of cost-benefit appraisals by engineers and administrators—an abstract recognition of the fact that mechanical gains have often been achieved at great social loss, and that before one accepts unconditionally the gifts that megatechnics offers one must examine the accompanying deficits and decide whether the benefits justify them, and whether, though they may be immediately desirable, they are actually so in the long run.

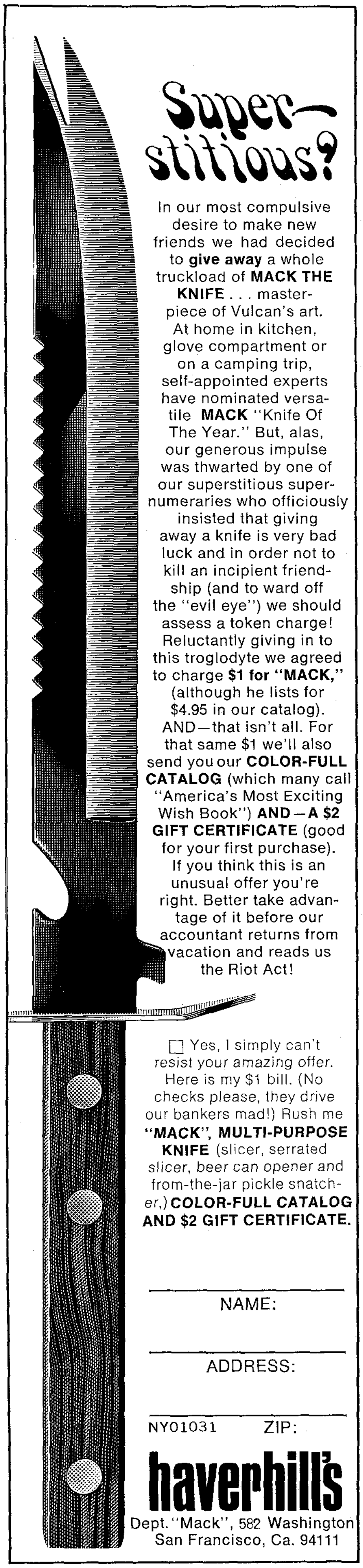
More than a century ago, Alexis de Tocqueville, one of the most prescient political interpreters Europe has produced, was not unaware, in his observation of the New World democracy in the United States, of the many promises that the new technology already held out; indeed, he said that the history of the last seven hundred years was a history of progressive economic and social equalization. But he was also aware of the terrible price that might be paid for these improvements. "I seek," he said, "to trace the novel features under which despotism may appear in the world. The first thing that strikes the observer is the innumerable multitude of men, all equal and alike, incessantly endeavoring to procure the petty and paltry pleasures with which to glut their lives. . . . Above this race of men stands an immense and tutelary power, which takes upon itself alone to secure their gratifications and to watch over their fate. That power is absolute, minute, regular, provident, and mild. It would be like the authority of a parent if, like that authority, its object was to prepare men for manhood, but it seeks, on the contrary, to keep them in a perpetual state of childhood: it is well content that people should rejoice, provided they think of nothing but rejoicing. For their happiness such a government willingly labors, but it chooses to be the sole agent and the only arbiter of that happiness; it provides for their security, foresees and supplies their necessities, facilitates their pleasures, manages their principal concerns, directs their industry, regulates the descent of property, and subdivides their inheritances: what remains but to spare them all the care of thinking and all the trouble of living? . . . After having thus successively taken each member of the community in its powerful grasp and fashioned him at will, the supreme power then extends its arm over the whole community. It covers the surface of society with a network of small, complicated rules, minute and uniform, through which the most original minds and the most energetic characters cannot penetrate, to rise above the crowd. The will of man is not shattered but softened, bent, and guided; men are seldom forced by it to act, but they are constantly restrained from acting. . . . I have always thought that servitude of the regular, quiet, and gentle kind which I have just described might be combined more easily than is commonly believed with some of the outward forms of freedom, and that it might even establish itself under the wing of the sovereignty of the people." No one has better described either the bribe or the threat that the very success of megatechnics, culminating in the final assemblage of a planetary megamachine, would bring about. What was once pure speculation is now close to the point of materialization.



HUMAN WALKOUTS

THERE is little doubt that—at least in industrially developed countries—the megatechnic complex is now at the height of its power and authority, or is fast approaching it. In objectively measurable physical terms—such as its output of energy for production, mass distribution of material goods, and constant expansion of information facilities—the system has nearly fulfilled its theoretic dimensions and capabilities, and if it is not judged by a more human measure it is an overwhelming success. In many fields, the megamachine complex in both the United States and Russia has begun to exercise virtually total control, but the American system may be more efficient because it still draws in an emergency upon the older polytechnic tradition of its pioneer days, along with the habits of independent initiation and invention so fostered. Except for their mutual rivalry and overt antagonism, these two regimes seem increasingly unassailable and invincible, and the habits of mind and the irrational fantasies they have promoted are being transmitted by the mass media to an ever larger portion of mankind.

Joseph Schumpeter pointed out a generation ago that capitalism created by its own forces the practices that would cause its replacement by some form of impersonal collectivism that has no room for



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private property, private judgments of value, private contracts, or even private gains and emoluments except in the ancient forms of status and privilege. What applies to the capitalist economy applies to the entire power complex. The confusions and demoralizations expressed in avant-garde art are fast approaching the point where the medium not only replaces the message but likewise the subject to whom the message was once addressed. Like the sanatorium and its inmates and doctors in Thomas Mann's "The Magic Mountain," our whole power system has become fraudulent. Its goods have become evils, its benefits deficits; its useful inventions are becoming useless and destructive; instead of rational goals and predictable order, it has created a maximum possibility for disorder. We need not be surprised, then, that in more than one area the power complex has been undergoing strains whose mounting severity has caused anxiety even among its high priests. Though immune to any frontal assault except by another power system of equal size, these systems are particularly vulnerable to guerrilla assaults and raids, against which their mass formations are as helpless as was heavily armored Goliath against a nimble David who did not choose to use the same weapons or attack the same part of the anatomy. The present tensions all over the world reveal the inability of the military, bureaucratic, and educational "élite" to understand the human reactions that the smooth success of their system has brought about, and they seek vainly to cope with them only by bringing to bear a larger measure of the dehumanized processes that are producing these hostile responses. Though desertions and drop-outs are still insignificant, something like a large-scale withdrawal may be in the offing.

The very dynamism of megatechnics, its seemingly endless resourcefulness in concocting technocratic answers to human problems, has blinded its governors to the nature of the contrary reactions. Hence the orthodox remedy for discontent—the welfare state's variants of "bread and circuses"—only aggravates the disease. Just as in the body there is no tissue that shows a greater capacity for rapid growth than cancer cells, so in the body politic the disintegration and destruction that have been going on with cumulative force for half a century now threaten to outpace the productive mechanism and even undermine the principles of cosmic order and rational coöperation upon which its genuine constructive achievements have been based.

Though I shall approach the concrete evidence of the social disintegrations and regressions of our megatechnic regimes mainly by examining the subjective reactions that have long been visible, let me first point out some of the cracks in this seemingly monolithic structure. Probably the majority in any industrial country, sedulously conditioned to accept and overvalue the more profitable products of megatechnics, will continue eagerly to demand its material rewards. Yet these beneficiaries show an increasing unwillingness to keep the system in operation by further sacrifices; instead, they seek to wring from it ever larger gifts and bonuses and perquisites while performing ever more reluctantly a minimal amount of work and accepting a minimal degree of responsibility. The reason is plain. With most of the old skills and decisions taken out of the worker's hands by automatism and centralized control, what human qualities remain are mostly negative ones: balkiness, mindless indifference, resentment, *je-m'en-fichisme*—or, in a single phrase, psychological absenteeism. Even when the worker remains physically present, he is no longer "all there."

To compensate for their inability to guide the work process or to mold its products, even the most favored members of megatechnic organizations, such as the great unions of industrial workers, do not hesitate to disrupt or paralyze the essential activities of a whole nation in order to enforce compliance with their sometimes arbitrary demands. Since profit-making expansion, not rational distribution and social justice, is the criterion of megatechnic success, the Establishment can present no appealing moral alternative. The persistence of slowdowns, sit-ins, wildcat strikes, often for trivial reasons, seems an unconscious effort to restore by spasmodic disruption some of the human initiatives the system has suppressed. Thus labor revolts are often directed against the workers' elected leaders, who, correctly, are identified with the established order.

LOOKING back upon the period we have been living through, one is puzzled not by the protests and challenges but by the fact that they did not occur sooner and even more intransigently. There were many reasons for this delayed response; the obvious one was the advance of technology itself,

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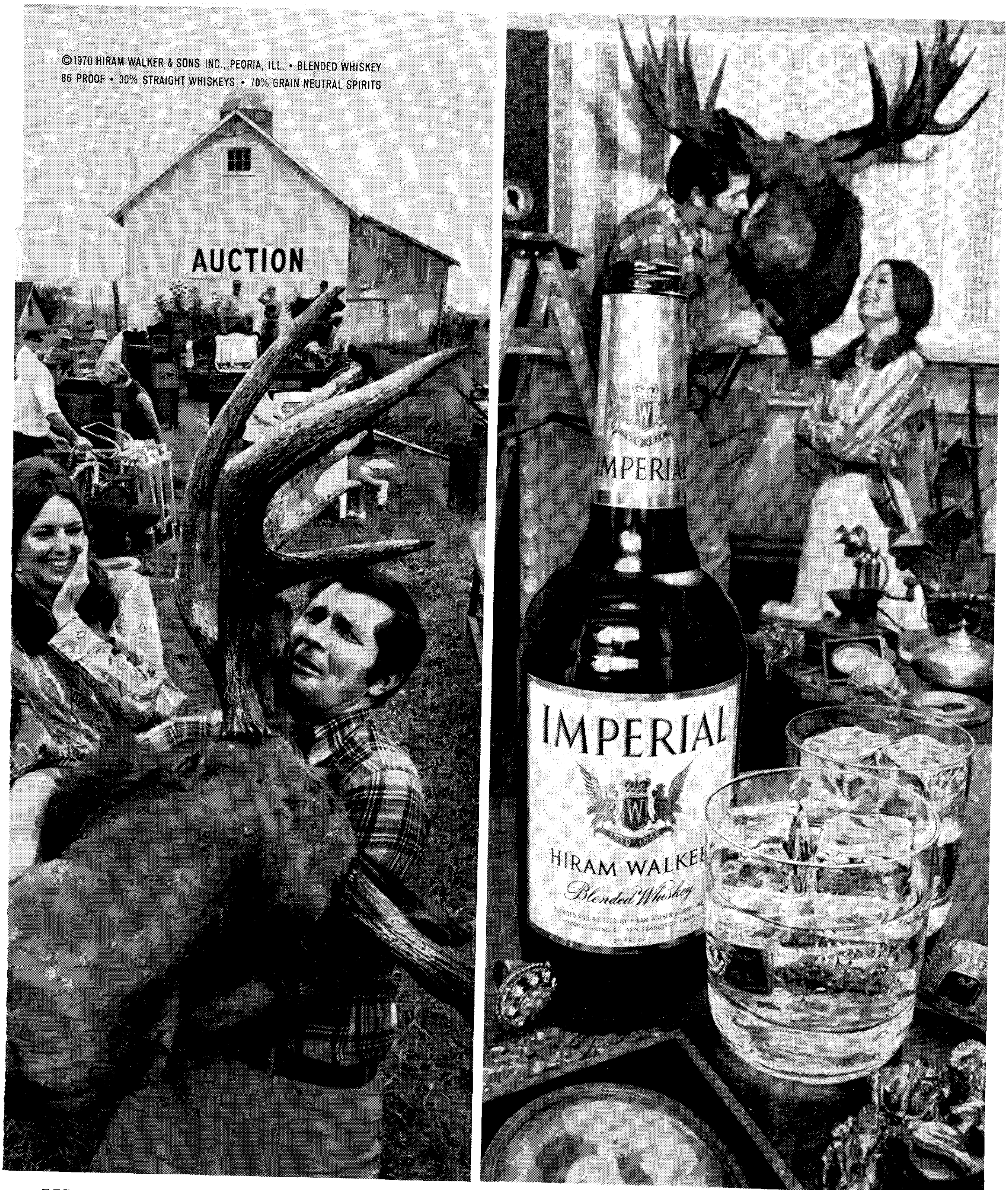
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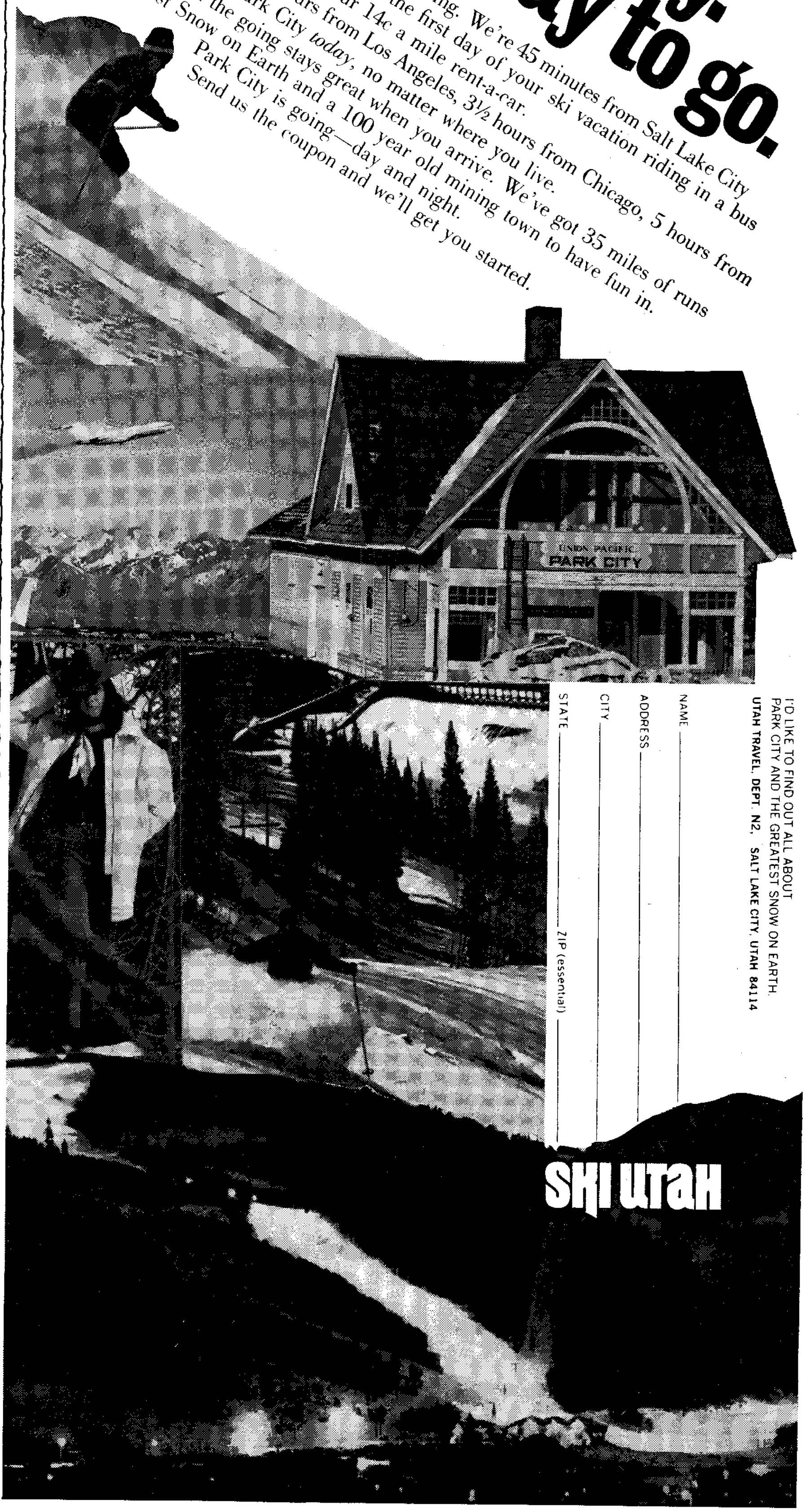
which, despite the desperate rearguard fight of the old handicraft workers, encouraged even among the working classes the hope that a better day was at hand. During the nineteenth century, many warnings challenged this hope, but since they came mainly from those outside the system—artists like Delacroix and van Gogh, writers like Ruskin, Melville, and Tolstoy, historians like Burckhardt and Henry Adams—they were dismissed as "old-fashioned," idealistic, or absurdly escapist. But the fact was that the power system, which began by discarding the traditional social and moral values that had made human understanding and coöperation possible—as it had discarded traditional explanations of natural phenomena—could continue to function only so long as an active residuum of these values remained, supported by the forms of art and ritual that had created a more lovable, life-sustaining world. Once the power system was stripped of these clothes, what was left of man were two components no longer recognizably human: the automaton and the id, the first a product of scientific and technical abstractions, the other a manifestation of gross organic vitality over whose often destructive impulses the mind has not yet assumed control. This lack of human dimensions cannot, unfortunately, be recognized by minds formed and strictly conditioned by the power system. Hence the present human situation—one that steadily approaches total demoralization.

There were still other conditions that for over a century kept in abeyance the internal forces of barbarism generated by the system itself. One of these is the fact that until the beginning of the present century four-fifths of the population of the planet still lived in relatively isolated villages and farmsteads, hardly touched in any basic way by the new technology. Until it was upset by mechanization and urbanization, that rural and communal underlayer, however exploited by the power system, remained outside it, and its archaic moral culture held the rest of society together, for though it still maintained many obsolete, irrational customs it kept close to the ultimate realities of life, human and divine: birth and death, sex and love, family devotion and mutual aid, sacrifice and transcendence, human pride and cosmic awe. Even the lowliest tribes retained a sense of their own importance and value as conscious beings, participating in a social scheme that did not depend for its significance solely upon their tools or their bodily com-



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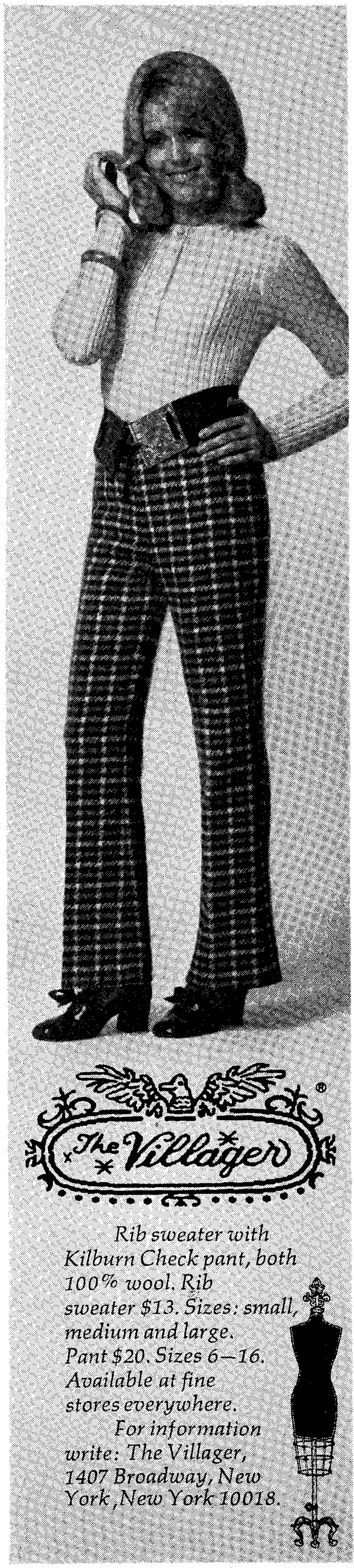

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forts. This cultural reservoir retained by its very backwardness some of the essential organic components that megatechnics, concerned only with removing all limitations on productivity and power, was neglecting or contemptuously extirpating.

For a while, romanticism, as both idea and act, played a counterbalancing role in affirming—and in some degree rehabilitating—conceptions of nature and modes of life that had been excluded from the mechanistic and utilitarian world picture. This movement was a vital one, and made salutary contributions even to science, for the very ideas that were formulated by Rousseau incited Humboldt and Goethe and a whole generation of nineteenth-century naturalists, headed by Darwin and Wallace. But in the long run it was ineffective because it could not be attached to the power complex without forfeiting its own principles and ideals. Unlike the situation in Defoe's fable, "Robinson Crusoe," the ship of civilization abandoned by the romantic castaways had not been wrecked but became increasingly seaworthy and was headed for more prosperous ports.

Yet an even more important factor in protecting the power system from internal assault was the presence of many surviving historical institutions whose customs and folkways and active beliefs supplied an essential structure of values. These vital social patterns were lacking in the basic seventeenth-century ideology, and even more in its later technocratic and pragmatic equivalents. But who can say how well the exaltation of Christian meekness, Christian otherworldliness, and Christian hope, along with the pious moral account-keeping of the Protestant sects, counteracted the worst humiliations imposed on the pottery workers of Stoke, the cotton operatives of Manchester and Lowell, the coal miners of Wales and Pennsylvania, and insured their stolid endurance? For many pious souls, the ancestral forms of religion still gave at least a prospective value in eternity to what was otherwise an utterly miserable and meaningless existence.

With the erosion of this traditional heritage, megatechnics lost social ingredients essential for its full working efficiency: self-respect, loyalty to a common moral code, a readiness to sacrifice immediate rewards to a more desirable future. As long as this basic morality, with its taboos, its inhibitions, its restrictions and abnegations, remained "second nature" in the community, the power complex had a stability and continuity that it no longer possesses. So, in order to remain in effective operation, the dominant minority must, as in Russia and China, resort to the system of ruthless coercion their predecessors established back in the fourth millennium B.C. Otherwise, in order to insure obedience and subdue counter-aggression, they must use more "scientific" modes of control—such as the proposal recently made by one scientist to introduce tranquillizers into the water supply. Now that religion is no longer the "opium of the people," "opium" (pot, hashish, heroin, LSD) is fast becoming the religion of the people.

The two factors that protected the power system from internal rebellion and external disruption are now absent: the escape hatch, by migration, has closed, and the internal modes of social control, based on widely shared values, orderly rituals, and hopes of Heaven, have broken down. Under these conditions, the most highly mechanized system will soon cease to function, for it has no values of its own except its own absolute—the expansion of the power system. The only effective way of conserving the genuine achievements of this technology is to alter the ideological basis of the system. This is a human, not a technical, problem, and it admits of only a human solution.

Many ancient rituals and dogmas are now empty of meaning. But what significance can be attached to the current routines of the office, the factory, the laboratory, the school, or the university, founded largely on the sterile, life-inhibiting postulates of the power system? What difference is there between a working day spent on programming and monitoring computers and a day spent on sentry duty or on the assembly line? What plethora of material goods can possibly atone for a waking life so humanly belittling, if not degrading, as the pushbutton tasks left to human performers? And if power and freakish pleasure, not fullness of life, be mistaken for ultimate goods, why should not those who seek to profit by the megamachine reach them by a more direct route?

DESPITE the fact that from the fourth millennium B.C. onward—and possibly earlier—the odds for a successful revolution were always in favor of the armed minority who held the citadels of power, an underlying fear of revolution seems through-

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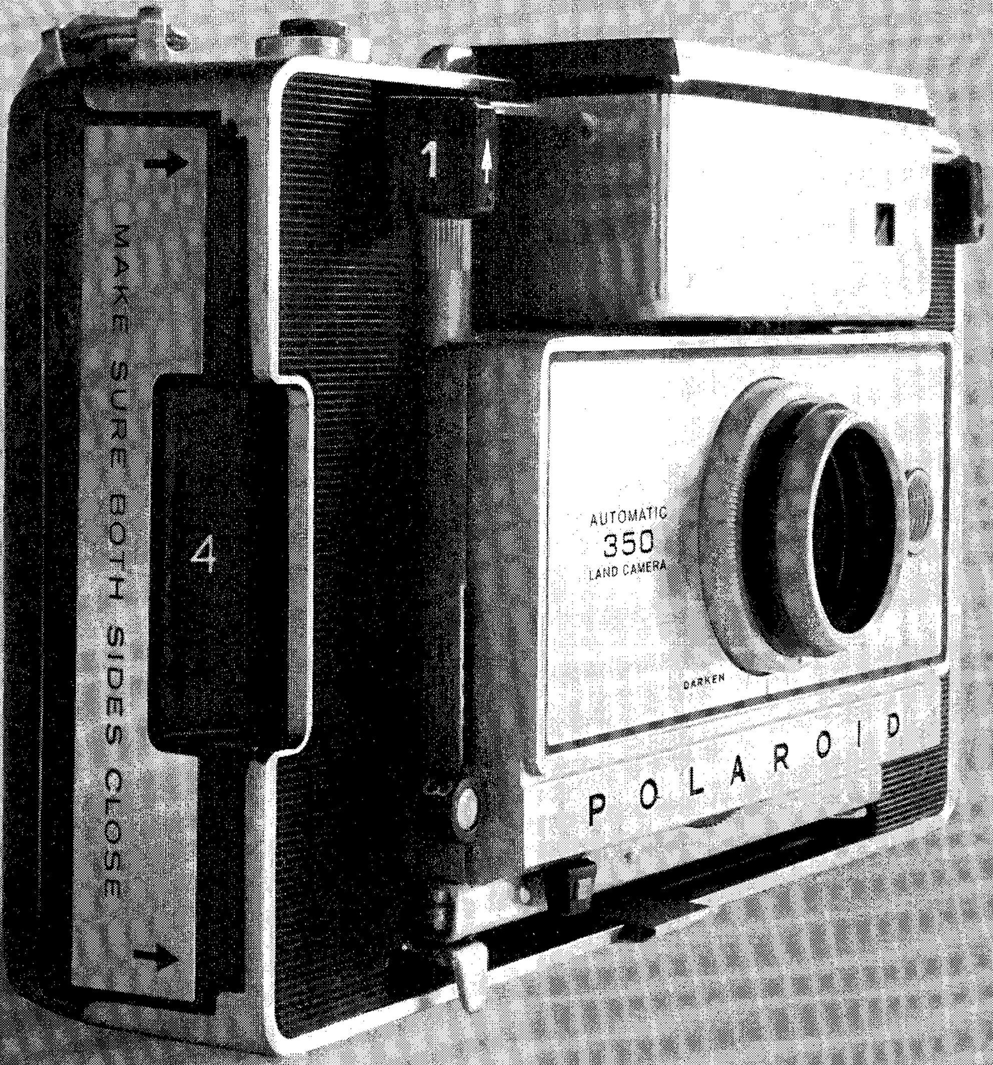

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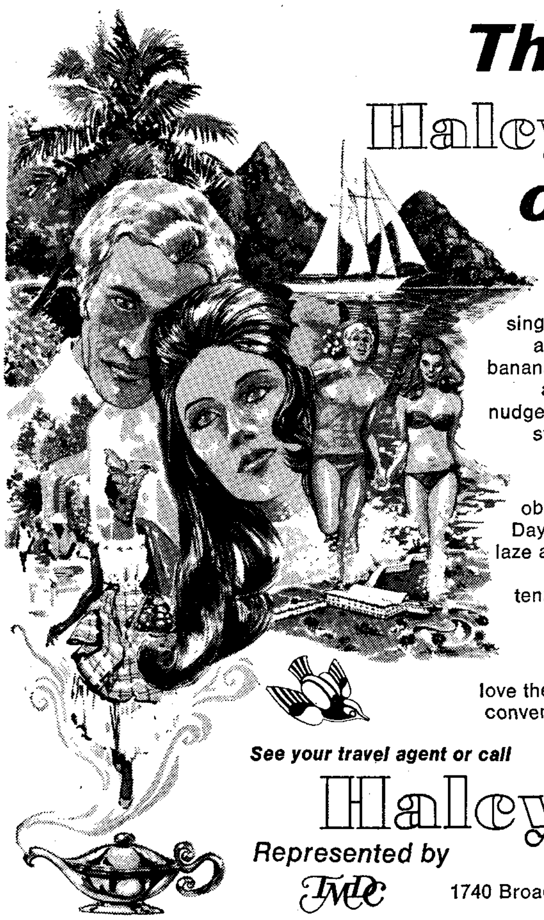

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out history to have haunted the ruling classes. And not without reason, since we have documentary witness from ancient Egypt that revolt brought the mighty Pyramid Age to an ignominious end. In the eighteenth century, the popular promotion of democracy, with its demand for the abolition of privilege and the equalization of opportunity, culminated in the French Revolution, and the fear of such an attack upon the power complex was reinforced, after the outbreaks of 1848, by the rise of Socialism, which threatened to overthrow the existing economic structure. Even in its most laissez-faire mode, capitalism relied heavily on the police and the military to put down riots and to imprison, exile, or shoot the leaders of protests.

Now, Socialism, as formulated by the influential succession of thinkers from Saint-Simon and Enfantin to Marx and Engels and their latter-day disciples, was an ingenious compound of utopian dreams, realistic concessions, and hopeful technological proposals. Insofar as it sought a wholesale transformation of the power system, once the working class had seized the military and bureaucratic apparatus of the state, it intensified the counter-efforts of the ruling classes to rebuild the megamachine by imperialist military conquests and by total conscription. On one famous occasion, the French government averted a general railroad strike by calling railwaymen of military age to the colors. As the threat of violent revolution developed further, the tactics of preventive counter-revolution through war offset it.

But there was an even more effective safeguard for the power system, which only such humane Anarchist-Communists as Peter Kropotkin recognized; namely, that the working-class revolutionary movement had naïvely accepted the ideological premises of the power complex. Socialism, through its Marxian notion that mechanical progress was inevitable and virtually automatic, was only proposing a transfer of power from one ruling class to another; the over-all mechanism remained the same. Its one realizable utopia was the revolutionary process, and once revolution has taken place, as we now see in countries like Russia, it is difficult to distinguish the new order from the one that has been installed by legislation and corporate agreement in other countries, for everywhere the demands summarized in the Communist Manifesto of 1848 have gradually been absorbed into daily practice and even carried further.

Thus the fears of the older capitalist

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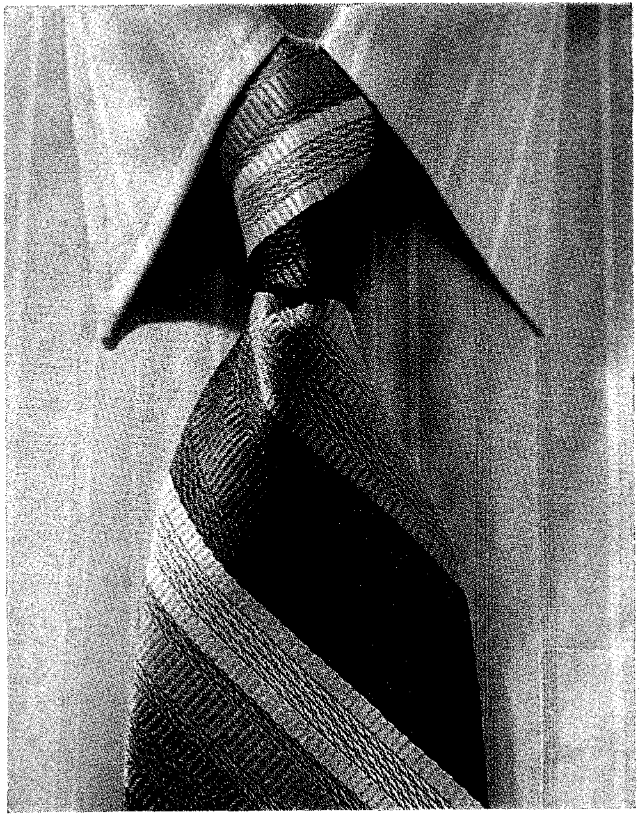

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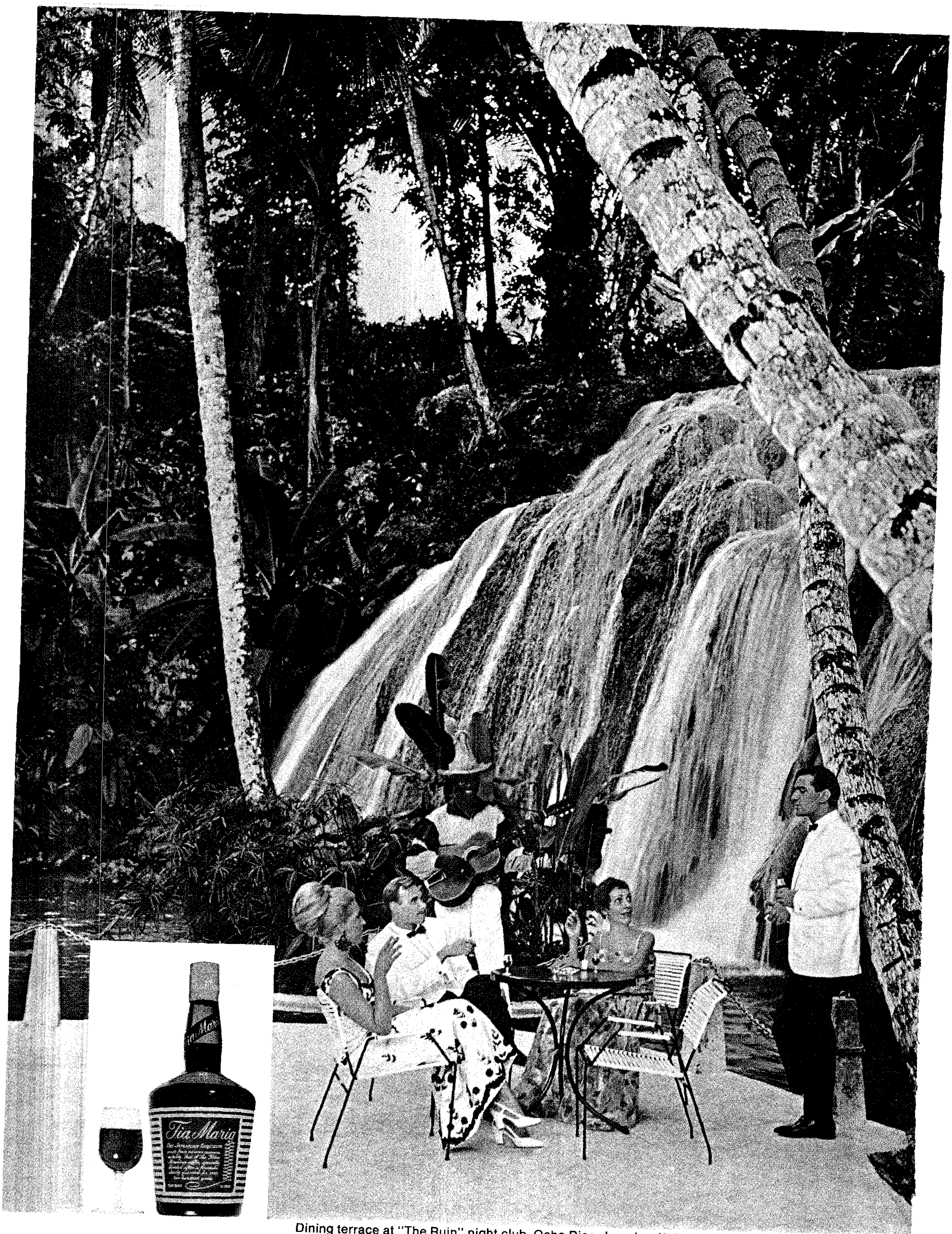

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Establishment have proved unfounded: the welfare provisions; the pensions; the security against illness, accident, unemployment; higher incomes; and a larger share of mass production—all these once revolutionary demands have stabilized the power system, not overthrown it. What is more, in the United States no less than in Russia and China, these accommodations have only served to bind the entire population more closely to the organs of power. What did not take place anywhere, even in the earliest stage of the Russian Revolution, was fulfillment of the romantic fantasy of an "instant revolution"—a spontaneous transformation from which the New Man, the New Woman, the New Education, the New Community, the New World would suddenly appear like a bright flutter of liberated butterflies emerging from the ugly chrysalis of capitalism.

To account for many of the regressive phenomena we now witness, we must remember both the ironic fulfillment and the sordid collapse of the unbridled utopian hopes of the nineteenth century. There has been an immense collective letdown. A loss of faith met not merely avowed utopians like the Owenites, the Fourierites, the Hutterites, the many scattered kindred groups such as the Mormons, but also, sadly, the masses of people who had rallied to Socialism, for when the First World War broke out, those who most eagerly supported the national military machines were the more revolutionary leaders of France and Germany. Yet the old catchwords and slogans of "revolution" are still repeated—most vociferously at present by those whose minds are so insulated from the past that they have learned nothing whatever from its mistakes, its frustrations, and its defeats.

Both romantic utopianism and revolutionary utopianism were expressed with singular clarity in the life and work of William Morris—all the better because the internal conflict between them was never fully resolved. His inherited fortune, derived from mining investments, enabled him to devote a large part of his life to the writing of poetry and the practice of the arts and crafts, whereby he renovated the practice of the handicrafts in block printing, stained glass, rugmaking, wallpaper design, and typography. The lesson of this example has still to be appraised and applied to contemporary society—a society debilitated by its lack of engrossing manual work and its increasing resistance to active work of any kind. Part of Morris's life was transfigured in his idyllic utopia, "News from Nowhere," written after he had been converted by his hatred of ugliness, poverty, and injustice to revolutionary Marxian Socialism. Though he had come to value the machine as a reliever of physical drudgery, he vehemently detested the power system, even while he felt that the changeover to a new society could not be achieved without physical violence.

But which picture has proved more realistic—the revolutionary transformation or the sweet bucolic idyll? Morris knew that the England of the future he pictured in "News from Nowhere" was a figment of his imagination, an embellishment of his experience as a householder at Kelmscott Manor. But was his dream actually more naïve than Lenin's belief on the very eve of the Russian Revolution that money would be abolished and that the state would, as Marx had predicted, wither away and the dialectic process itself come to an end? Neither Marx nor Lenin seems to have realized that once the revolution succeeded, the old hierarchy of power would be reëstablished, elevating a new privileged minority, and that the original features of the megamachine would be restored in the strict classic form. What official bureaucratic Communism said in effect was: Do not fear the revolution! Nothing essential to the power complex will change!

Morris's revivalist dream had one sober virtue: he based it on human traits that are still viable. The form in which his utopia was cast was archaic, and the life it pictured was too free from tensions, frustrations, restrictions, and conflicts to be favorable to human creativity. In this idyllic mood, Morris weakly ignored the lessons of his own tragic life. Yet his "News from Nowhere" was good news, for it indicated a return to the human center: the liquidation of the power complex and the institutional fixations that since the Pyramid Age have helped to cripple or abort human development. But in presenting this picture, Morris revealed his disillusion not merely with contemporary industrialism but with the sort of revolutionary ideology that hoped to displace it. That disillusion has now spread to a growing portion of the population in Western countries, and it partly explains the inner disruption that has taken place among part of the younger generation. This disruption, if it does not abate, must eventual-

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ly undermine all the prevalent power systems, whether reactionary, "progressive," or revolutionary.

NIHILISM'S COUNTER-CULTURE

WITHOUT keeping in view some of the ideas and events just noted, one can hardly have any insight into the outward disturbances and inner disintegrations now visible everywhere. It is against this background that the disillusion, cynicism, and existential nihilism of today must be gauged. It is the threatened annihilation of man by his favored technological and institutional automatisms that has brought about an equally devastating counterattack—an attack against civilization itself, against even the basic internal order essential for organic continuity. As in the disintegration of the Hellenistic power complex from the fourth century B.C. on, Chance has become the ruling deity and Chaos the new Heaven.

Yet these results were not unanticipated during the nineteenth century. "I could smile," wrote Ruskin, "when I hear the hopeful exultation of many, at the new reach of worldly science and vigor of worldly effort; as if we were again at the beginning of new days. There is thunder on the horizon as well as dawn." Delacroix saw in the new agricultural machinery on exhibition in Paris the terrible engines of future wars, such as the tractor, in the form of the military tank, actually turned out to be; Tennyson foresaw "airy navies" raining death from the heavens. The sensitive intuitions of poets and painters had a closer awareness of the coming realities than the supposedly shrewd pragmatic calculations of engineers, scientists, soldiers, statesmen. Had the subjective life itself not been eviscerated and mummified in the churches, schools, and universities of the Western world, the collective reaction to this unbalanced technological scheme might have come earlier and have taken a more rational course.

What has been happening so swiftly during the last half century was foreseen by Dostoevski in "The Possessed," in "Crime and Punishment," in his scarifyingly prophetic "Letters from the Underworld." In that story, in the person of a snivelling beatnik narrator—a prototype, almost a pre-incarnation, of Hitler—he predicted that the whole organization of modern society, with its laws, its conventions of respectability, its technological progress, would be "kicked to smithereens" one day, so that life would be lived again "according to our own stupid whims"—on the same defiantly irresponsible terms

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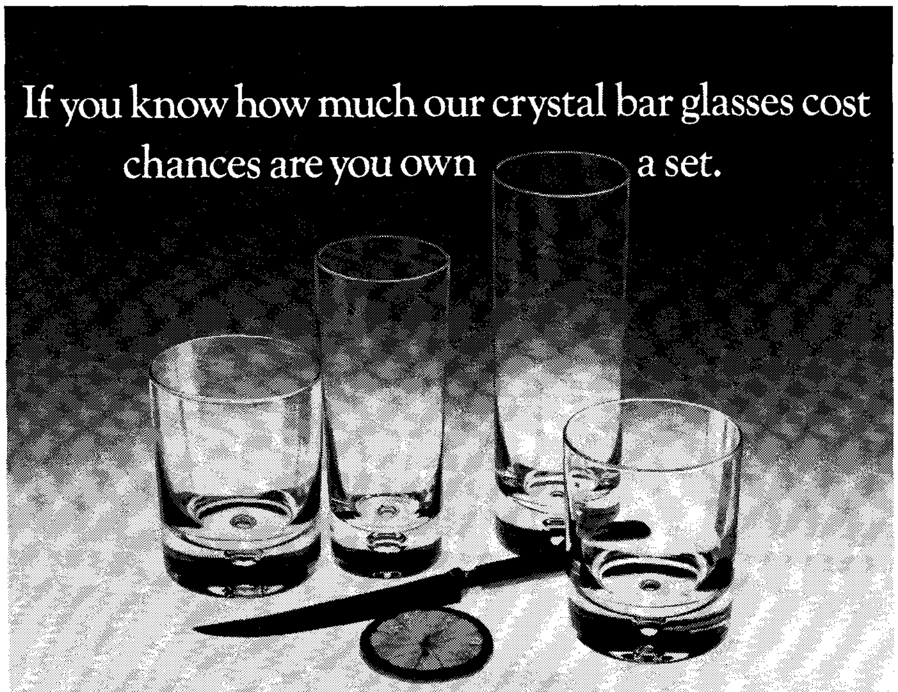
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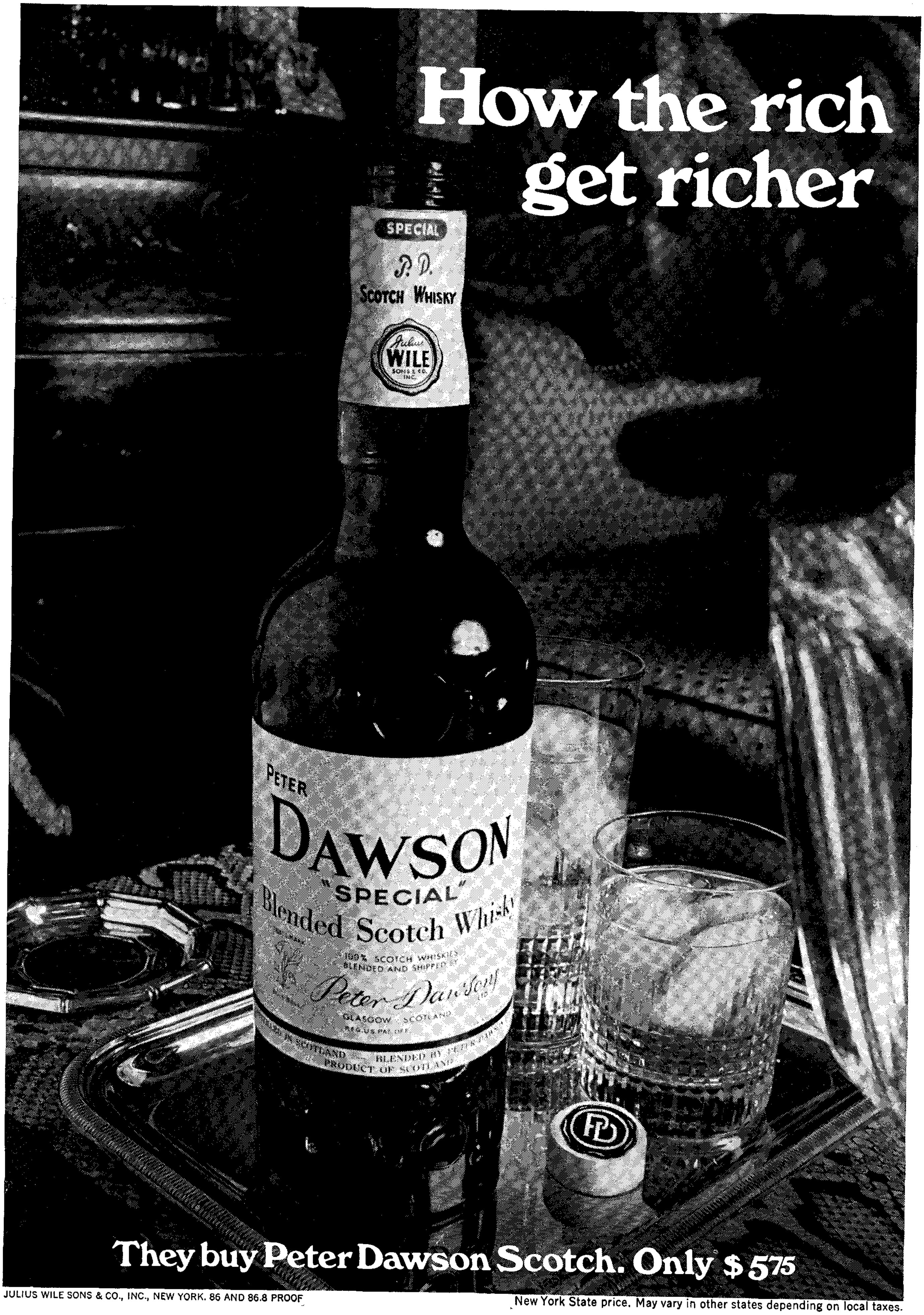
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upon which a few of the beatniks and hippies have recently been trying to live.

In this apotheosis of destruction, Dostoevski went beyond even the nihilism of the Nihilists, which Turgenev had portrayed in "Fathers and Sons." In that novel, more than a century ago, Turgenev exposed the generation gap of his day—almost an exact parallel to our own. As a philosophical nihilist, his anti-hero, Bazarov, will have nothing to do with the traditional values of society. Not merely does he reject the institutions of state and church, he rejects the hypocritic liberalism of his father's generation, with its ambivalent and worried efforts to improve the lives of men without essentially altering its own self-indulgent routines. So sweeping was this nihilist rejection that Bazarov contemptuously cast the poet and the artist out of his ideal society. He was ready, he said, to trade them all for good chemists. But note: despite Bazarov's readiness to destroy the entire social structure and begin anew, he retained an undiminished faith in the orthodox post-seventeenth-century absolute—science and technology. He lacked any sense that his own scientific rationalism might be quite as questionable, quite as vulnerable to searching criticism as the dogmas he rejected. What he did not allow for was that if the funded heritage of human values and purposes was destroyed, the values of the scientific order might dissolve, too, or—even worse—become the ready instrument for terrible aberrations that had thitherto been partly under moral control. Again, it was Dostoevski's Raskolnikov, who murdered an old woman so as to experience a fresh sensation, who foretold the juvenile and adult delinquencies of our time. These delinquencies have now been consolidated and reinforced by the conscious cult of anti-life. The heroes of this cult, from the Marquis de Sade to Céline and Jean Genet, have elevated sadism, perversion, pornography, madness, and self-destruction into the ultimate expressions of both life and art. On their negative scale of values, there is no moral limit to the forces of anti-life. In practical effect, this cult gives *countenance to the infamous* military plans now in readiness for total extermination. What Bazarov's comparatively humane nihilists only began the savage nihilists of our own day are attempting to carry to its conclusion—an insensate attack against life itself, and all those organized creations of the mind, old and new, that preserve and explore, encourage and enhance man's creative potentialities.

Though these regressive reactions have been taking place with increasing frequency, and in many guises, all over the world, they do not seem as yet to convey any message to the bland prophets of megatechnics. Neither have these negative reactions—nor the positive ones I shall dwell on later—indicated to them the need to make at least a theoretic allowance for a possible reversal of the trend toward total technological control that the spokesmen for the power system assume is the final destiny of human society. While the dominant minority often displays marvellously liberated imaginations in the abstract mathematical-technical sphere, its style of thinking when it approaches the concrete, the organic, and the human is singularly fettered. As yet, the technocratic élite cannot conceive that their own system is not a final one or that an attack from the rear (the so-called avant-garde) on the entire human tradition is taking place. Though they believe that change is a law of existence, they also, curiously, believe that the power system itself is exempt from this process.

EVER since Émile Durkheim opened the discussion of "anomie," the awareness of alienation and self-destruction as a contemporary human problem has been growing. As with similar manifestations in other cultures—Hellenistic and Roman society left no little literary evidence—we confront a mass society whose typical interests, pursuits, and products do not provide a sufficiently meaningful life even for its most prosperous beneficiaries, and still less, of course, for those who are exploited or, even worse, neglected.

The whole apparatus of life has become so complex and the processes of production, distribution, and consumption have become so specialized and subdivided that the individual loses confidence in his own unaided capacities: he is increasingly subject to commands he does not understand, at the mercy of forces over which he exercises no control, moving to a destination he has not chosen. Unlike the taboo-ridden savage, who is often childishly overconfident in the powers of his shaman or magician to control formidable natural forces, however inimical, the machine-conditioned individual feels lost and helpless as day by day he metaphorically punches his time card, takes

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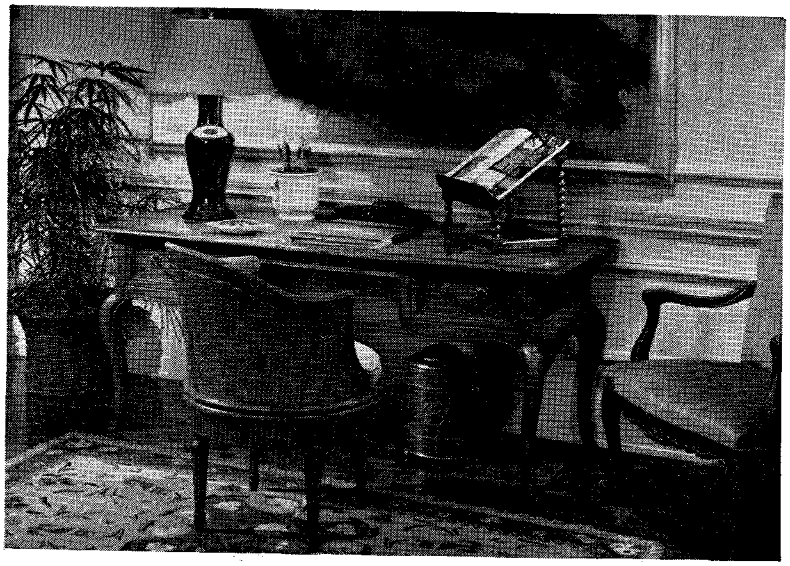

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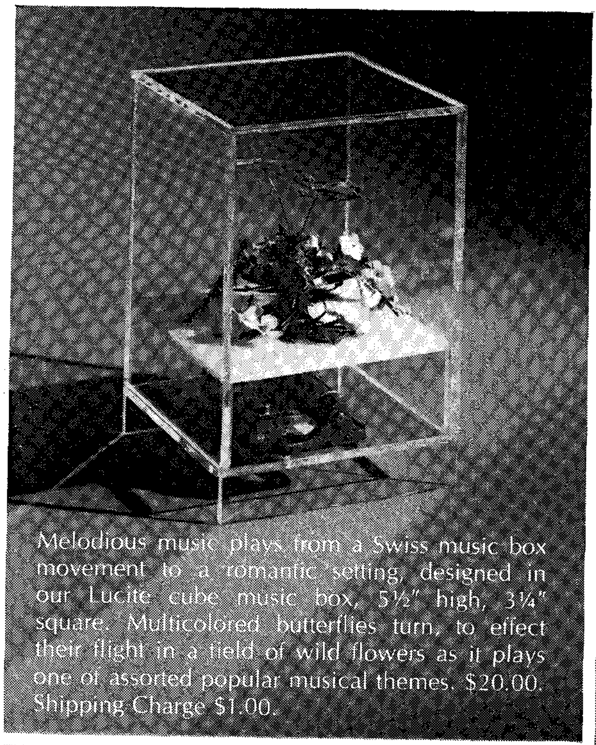
his place on the assembly line, and at the end draws a paycheck that cannot obtain any of the genuine goods of life.

This lack of close personal involvement in the daily routine brings a loss of contact with reality. Instead of continuous interplay between the inner and the outer world, with constant feedback or readjustment and with stimulus to fresh creativity, only the outer world—and, mainly, the collectively organized outer world of the power system—exercises authority; even private dreams must be channelled through television, film, and disc in order to become acceptable. With this feeling of alienation goes the typical psychological problem of our time, characterized in classic terms by Erik H. Erikson as the "identity crisis." In a world of transitory family nurture, transitory human contacts, transitory jobs and places of residence, transitory sexual and family relations, the basic conditions for maintaining continuity and establishing personal equilibrium disappear. The individual suddenly awakens, as Tolstoy did in a famous crisis in his own life at Arzamas, to discover himself in a strange, dark room, far from home, threatened by obscure hostile forces, unable to learn where he is or who he is, appalled by the prospect of a meaningless death at the end of a meaningless life.

In primitive cultures, before individuated minds and individual identities had been achieved, it was the persona of the tribe that necessarily established and maintained the identity of its members. Some of this early form of identification, happily, still survives in families and vocational groups, in neighborhoods, cities, and nations, though in all these places a homogenized mass culture associated with the continued spread of Megalopolis—itself a disintegrated and unidentifiable urbanoid nonentity—threatens even these residual supports for the human ego.

The changes taking place in every kind of large collective organization, just because of the relentless dynamism of megatechnics, create still other identity crises. Though I am a born-and-bred New Yorker, familiar with every neighborhood of my city, so many changes in the physical habitat and the human population have taken place there in a brief twenty years that I can no longer recognize the city as my own or feel my identity as a New Yorker. Tolstoy felt that the strange dark room he had awakened in, far from being home, was a coffin. As in the womb dream of childhood, he found himself floating in an oppressive



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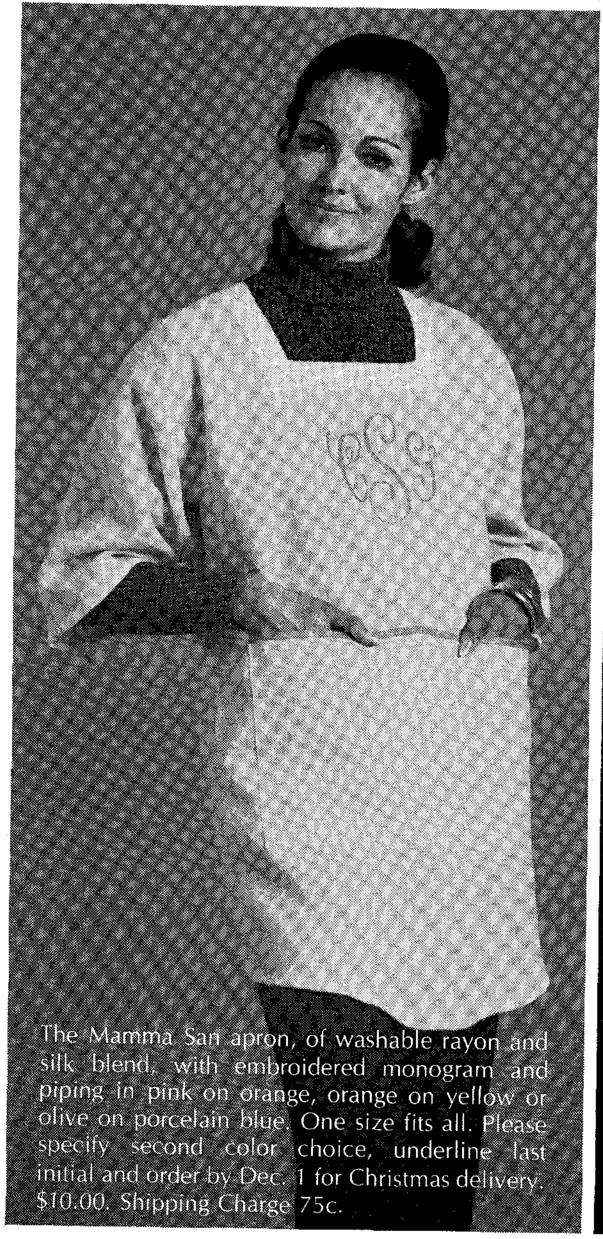

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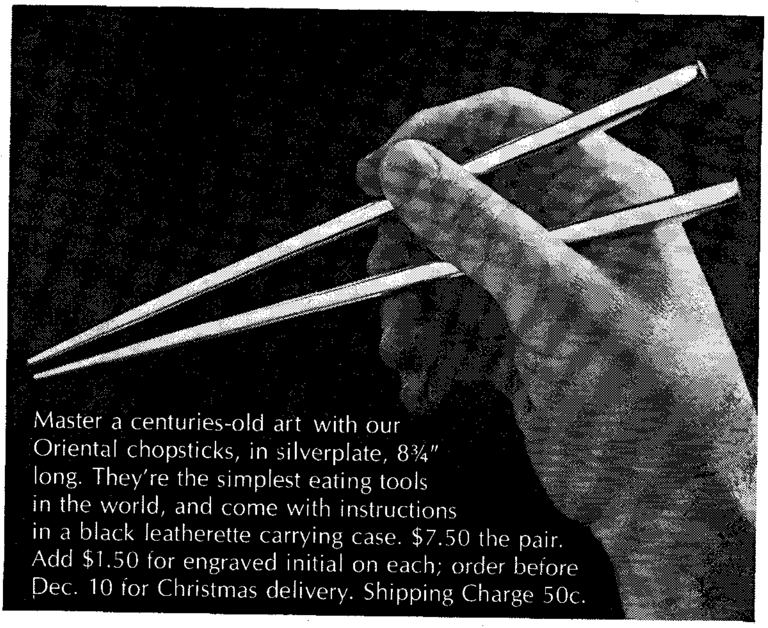

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nothingness. No better image could be found for the state of modern man. That collective coffin is now the envelope of our whole "civilization," not only materialized but accurately symbolized in underground shelters and military control centers: the technocratic tomb of tombs.

In surrendering unconditionally to the automated power system, modern man has forfeited some of the inner resources necessary to keep him alive—above all, animal faith in his own capacity to survive and to reproduce his kind biologically, historically, and culturally. In the act of dismissing the past, he has undermined his faith in the future, for it is only by their convergence in his present consciousness that he can preserve continuity through change and embrace change without forfeiting continuity. This, and nothing less, is the "way of life."

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The psychiatrist Viktor Frankl, who survived the penultimate horror of a Nazi concentration camp, points out—in accounting for the existential vacuum of our time—that if no instinct tells man what he has to do, "and no tradition tells him what he ought to do, soon he will not know what he wants to do." Empty affluence, empty idleness, empty excitement, empty sexuality are not the occasional vices or misfortunes of our machine-oriented society but its boasted final products. Once life is reduced to this state of helpless inertness, what good reason can be offered for keeping alive? At such a pass, suicide could be pardoned, if not commended, as a last desperate assertion of autonomy.

We have to confront, then, a culture that is overorganized, overmechanized, overdirected, overpredictable. In the course of playing the empty economic and social games that serve this automatic process, human beings become "things" or "counters," to be treated like any random sample of brute matter. As the system approaches perfection, the residual human components are further absorbed into the mechanism, so only non-life, a resentful negation of life, remains. A concrete manifestation of this process lies within everyone's experience, for the cult of anti-life—anti-order, anti-intelligence, anti-design—now dominates the arts.

Unless a response takes place sufficient to bring about a reconstitution of our dominant ideology, its institutional structures, and its ideal personalities, mere withdrawal, even on the scale achieved by Christianity in the fourth century, will not suffice. As in Herman Melville's "Bartleby," passive withdrawal can result, collectively speaking, only in death. Yet those who choose this course can truly say, with Bartleby, "I know where I am." Bartleby realized that a life sentence as a copying clerk was in fact not life in any real sense at all. The rebellious unemployables today, who resent dull jobs, bureaucratized scholarship, or degrading military duties, are on the side of life. By making a last-ditch attempt to restore their identity and their native life plan, if only by defiantly growing long hair or by rejecting the fashionable goods and pecuniary rewards offered to those who conform, they prove themselves more alive than those who merely try to "make the best of it."

Unfortunately, this reaction is partly conditioned by the very forces it reacts against; consider A. E.'s aphorism, "A man becomes the image of the thing he hates." Indeed, this revolt already threatens to produce another power system, equally arbitrary and compulsive. The increasingly violent current reactions have many of the symptoms of pathological aggression and frantic dynamism that have marked the triumphs of megatechnics. What began as a counter-movement to the power complex has turned into a deliberate defacing and debuilding not only of the power structure but of all organized structures, all objective criteria, all rational direction, and thus what has been created is actually a cult of anti-life. By, perhaps, something more than mere coincidence, if only as a startling example of Jung's hypothesis of synchronicity, this cult has arisen at the same moment as the physicist's concept of anti-matter: a theoretic force that annihilates matter on contact.

As physicians have learned from the study of the body, a disease often indicates not a permanent deterioration but an attempt to restore an equilibrium that has been disturbed, and to recover natural functions that have been thwarted or suppressed. Without some overt manifestation of pathological symptoms, permanent damage might result before the disease could be detected and measures taken to overcome it. All the negative reactions that have been so fully symbolized by anti-art and the anti-life cult, everything that threatens to turn all existence into a meaningless Happening, a void within a void, everything that expresses alienation and counter-violence and deliberate dehumanization, may

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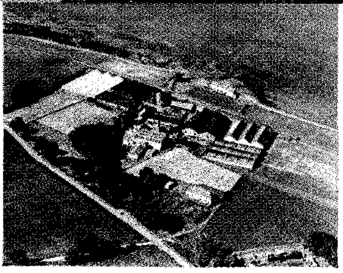

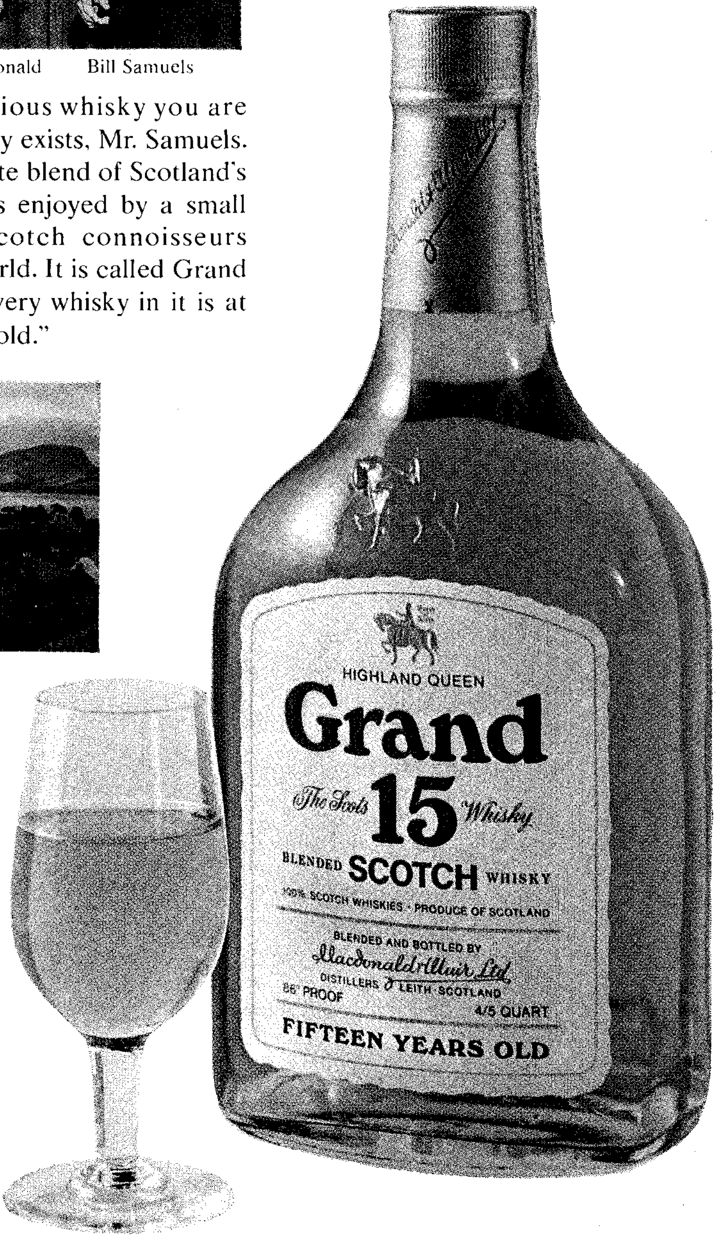
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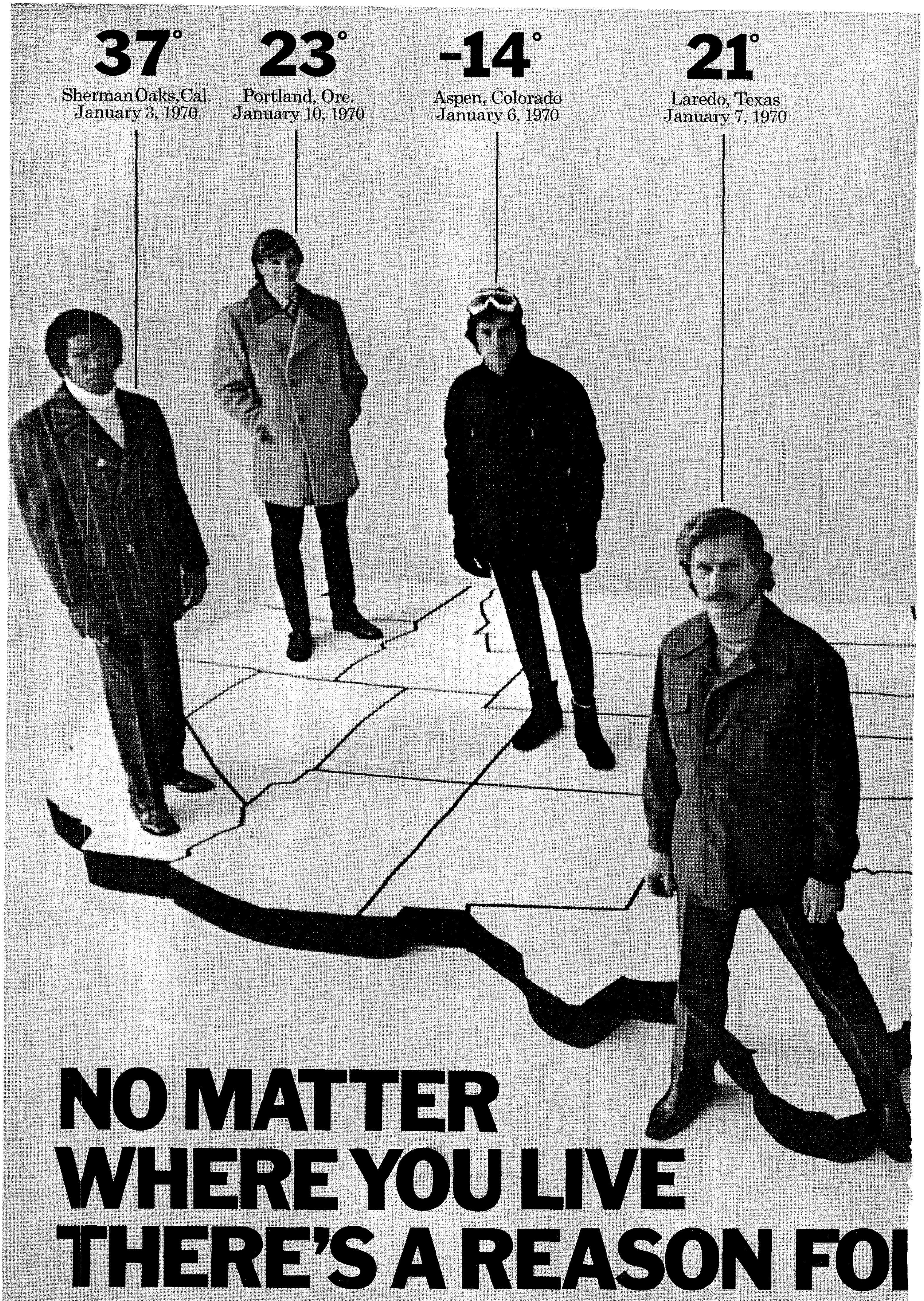
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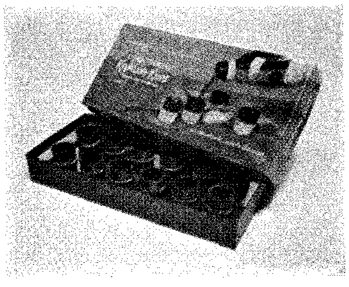

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still, in the end, serve a positive purpose—of awakening mankind to its true situation and to its menacing destiny if it remains subject to the power complex that now dominates it.

The most palpable evidence of such an awakening is the student movement, and what is most significant about it is that it is worldwide, and that the immediate motives, grievances, and proposals are so diverse that the underlying reasons for its existence must be common to all countries, no matter how different their traditions or their immediate problems. I suggest that (though this conjecture is not provable) the only characteristic that is actually universal, and that embraces so wide a span of differences, is the power system itself, in its present technologically expansive and compulsive form. That is to say, this is nothing less than a revolt against a power-centered "civilization." That revolt had been something like five thousand years overdue. Beneath this revolt is a deep and well-justified fear: that the next step in technological progress may bring about the annihilation of man. With good reason, the young regard the atrocious methods of conducting American military operations in Vietnam not only as a threat against their own existence but as an ominous prelude to the whole human future. If the post-nuclear generation rejects the past, it is perhaps because it believes that the future has rejected *it;* hence only the existential "Now" is real.

Paradoxically, it required the advanced instruments of technology to bring about this realization and to make the revolt spread so swiftly and with such uniformity. It is the very generation that came into the world after the modernized, nuclear-powered megamachine had been put together—the generation many of whose immediate predecessors were passive, cowed, silent—that has suddenly awakened with horror and dismay. And that horror and dismay are justified—likewise the fury with which the young are attacking the combination of forces that have undermined their future. Yes, at least the youth of our time have awakened. They are in the shocked state of Young Goodman Brown in Hawthorne's fable: they realize that their elders have participated, despite their sanctimonious avowals, in the obscene rites of a Witches' Sabbath—terminating in a series of collective blood sacrifices, the irrational sacrifices that monotonously punctuate the annals of human history.

More alert in their responses than the older generation to what is going on before their eyes, an active minority among the young are behaving as if a nuclear catastrophe had already occurred. In their minds, they are now living among the ruins, without permanent shelter, without a regular supply of food, without customs or habits except those they improvise from day to day, without books, without academic credentials, without vocation or career, without any source of knowledge except the inexperience of their own peers. Unfortunately, the revolt is not merely against their elders; it has become a revolt against all historic culture—not merely against an overpowered technology and an overspecialized, misapplied intelligence but against any higher manifestations of the mind. In their unconscious, the young are living in a post-catastrophic world, and their conduct is rational in terms of that world. Only by massing together and touching each other's bodies do they have any sense of security and continuity. So, many of them escape to the open country, form temporary pads, communes, and encampments, anesthetize themselves to cold, rain, mud, hardship, and repulsive sanitary conditions, and accept poverty and deprivation. But, in compensation, they recover an elemental animal faith, perform acts of mutual aid, hospitality, and love, share freely whatever food and drink they can acquire, and get pleasure out of each other's physical presence—and out of the reduction of life to the most elemental bodily exercises and expressions.

Since the ruins are still imaginary, these would-be dropouts draw upon the very order they reject. They journey long distances by motorcar in tens of thousands to their collective rock festivals, actively participating in radio and television Happenings, and deliberately obliterating consciousness with drugs and druglike music electrically amplified. But despite their gestures of revolt against the established goods of civilization, the young are addicted to its most decadent mass products. This is a purely megatechnic primitivism. By reducing their world to a series of addled Happenings, they invite the ultimate Happening against which they protest. Unfortunately, as the youth revolt has widened, the ambivalences and contradictions of present-day civilization have willy-nilly entered into it. On the one hand, there are the vital proposals for dissociating the university from its commitments to the power

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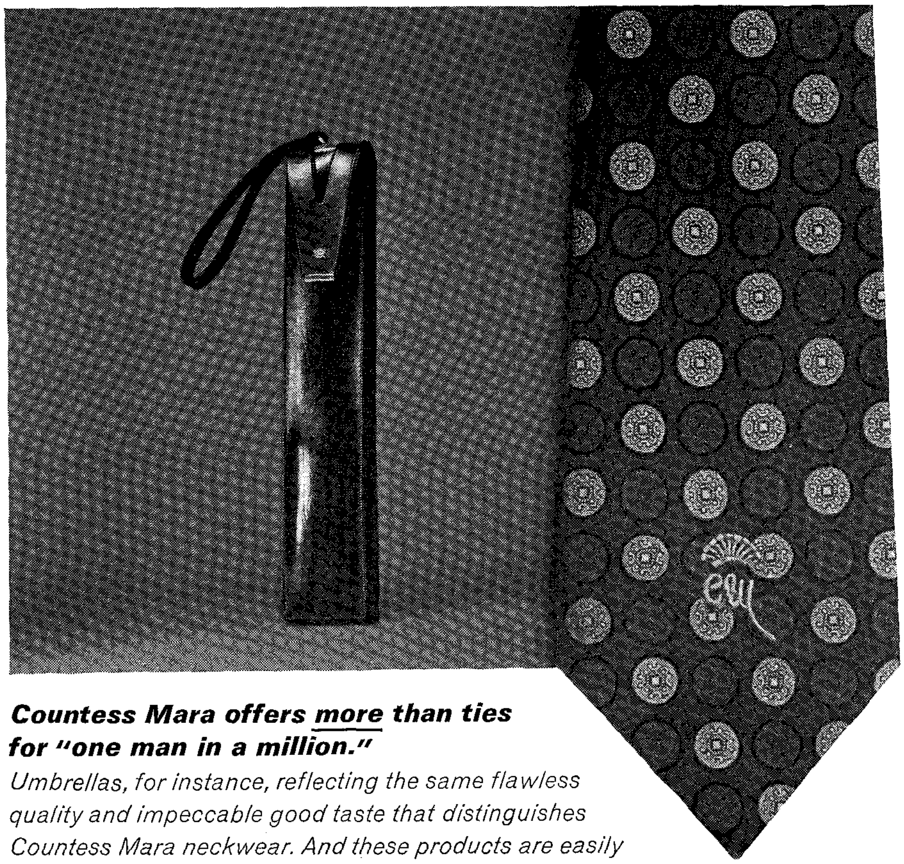

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system, for overcoming the bureaucratization of learning, for deflating the business economy of points and credits and purely formalistic degrees—the Ph.D. Octopus that William James warned against—and, on the positive side, for more active individual participation in the daily life of the community, in devotion to moral and social ends not in accord with the demands of the power complex. (That change was advocated by Patrick Geddes, more than half a century ago, under the rubric of the University Militant.) Under this new regime, if followed to its conclusion, the university would no longer be restricted to the detached pursuit of higher learning, divorced from art, politics, and religion, but would apply all its special resources of intellectual cooperation to revitalizing the whole life of the community. But, on the other hand, the power complex has left its mark on the method of revolt and has deformed the idealistic aims of the student movement. The effects of this deformation have been all too visible on our campuses. Yet this reaction has been too often a negative form of the old power complex.

The vital impulse the young have happily discovered in themselves is the facility for direct, immediate human association. Using that power at its lowest levels of neighborly feeling, they were able to confront the system, challenge it, and break with it, if not to disestablish it. That confidence-breeding demonstration was more important than any concrete results that came from it. It proved the ability of the human spirit to take the initiative and to seek the terms for its ultimate deliverance. This was a genuine liberation, and a permanently valuable one. In a score of forms, this spirit is now making itself felt.

The revolt of the younger generation is only the most recent and most conspicuous of the assaults upon the power complex; similar challenges have long been in existence, attacking archaic and modern structures alike. Both the nationalist and the regionalist movements are necessary counter-efforts to reëstablish cultural identities and autonomies, restoring literatures and languages that had been neglected or virtually wiped out, and these movements have gained strength during the last half century with the reëstablishment of Gaelic and Hebrew as national languages, to say nothing of similar challenges and rehabilitations among the Norwegians, the Bretons, the Welsh, the Basques, the Czechs, the Catalonians. Nowhere is this more in evidence than in the racial revolts in Africa and

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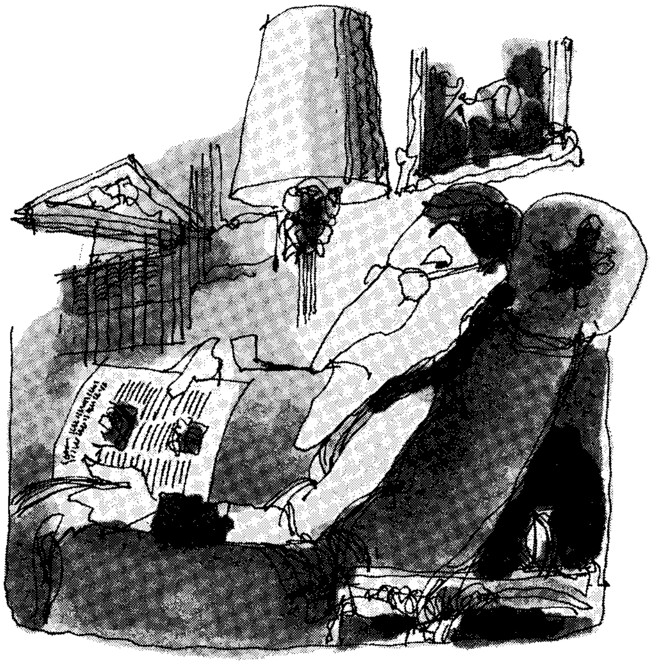

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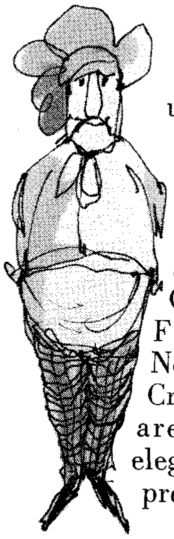

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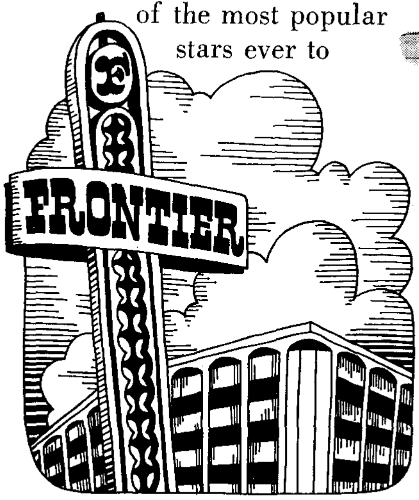

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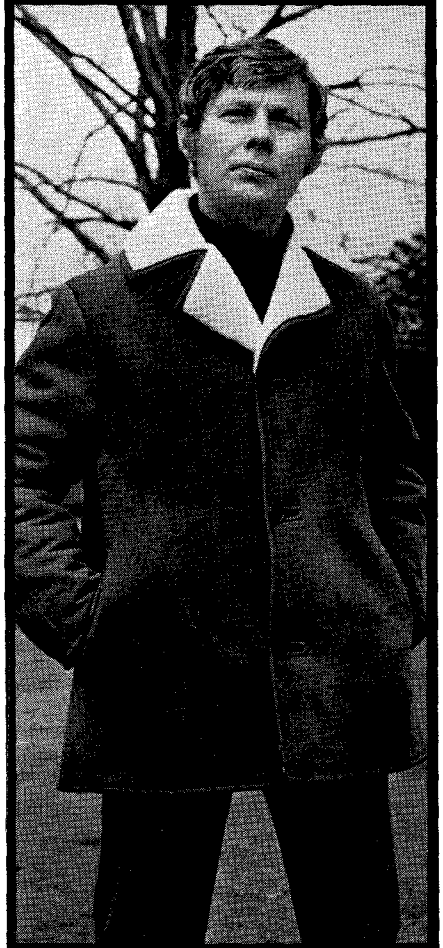

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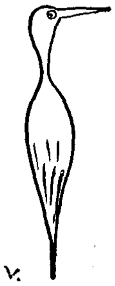
Asia, where it has led to a reconquest of European colonial possessions by the peoples whose countries had been overrun and whose tribal or national traditions had been disrupted. In the realm of nature, the conservation movement has played a similar role, which is now entering a dynamic stage in a countermovement against environmental pollution.

The same kind of attack upon the one-sided universalism of megatechnics and upon political governments irresponsive to the needs and claims of reciprocal intercourse has now taken place in what seemed an unassailable stronghold—the Roman Catholic Church. The sudden weakening of Catholic orthodoxy and strict hierarchical control—which had become more dogmatic, more authoritative, more self-confident under rationalist attacks during the nineteenth century, even to the point of asserting the infallibility of the pope in questions of dogma and morals—is important. Is it not another proof of the deep dissatisfaction that the megamachine, even in its most etherealized form, had taken no account of and had done nothing to alleviate? The fact that this revolt has taken place within the once anti-liberal Catholic Church, and, even more surprisingly, among the bishops and within the monastic orders, indicates an intransigence quite as radical as that of the student movement. Even more effective than an organized physical assault upon the power structure are these scattered acts of detachment and withdrawal.



There are signs that a similar reaction, more or less spontaneous, has been taking place at many other points. And now the forces challenging the power complex have a special advantage that derives from the advances of technology: its members, however separated in space, are united in time by a network of communication systems, and, however separated in time, they are united in space through books, discs, tapes, and frequent, quickly arranged face-to-face meetings. Thus resistance to the megamachine is no longer pathetically sporadic but increasingly coordinated through constant inter-viewing as well as communication. Just as the network of Roman roads, with itineraries meant for official use, made it possible for St. Paul to unify by his presence as well as his Epistles the doctrines and dogmas of the Christian congregations throughout the Empire, so the electronic media, discs, and tapes, even when they are operating mainly under centralized control, have given confidence and mutual support to otherwise isolated and seemingly lonely groups. Note the way in which even the fundamentally dissolute hippie movement has spread, through mimeographed "underground" papers, teletapes, records, and personal television appearances, throughout the world, even behind the Iron Curtain, without any extraneous organization. These amorphous demonstrations have shown that the most solid megatechnic carapace is permeable. In widely scattered movements, then, the decentralization of power has already begun. The dismantling of the entire megamachine is plainly the order of the day.

Though these signs of an awakening to the actual condition of modern man have only lately become fully visible, they have been erupting in images, myths, and disordered forms of conduct, at first as enigmatic as a dream, for well over a century. Whatever Moby Dick may have meant in Melville's unconscious, whether the White Whale was God or Devil, Calvinist predestination or Cartesian determinism, the body-denying superego or the soul-denying id, "Moby Dick" admirably symbolized that collocation of institutional and technological forces that were laming the spirit of man and threatening to deprive him of his rightful heritage as a full-bodied being, with all his organs intact, none withered or amputated. In Captain Ahab's blind anger, his relentless animosity, and his satanic pride, Melville was expressing the common spirit of desperate nihilist defiance, ready to destroy the world itself, if necessary, in order to vindicate the tortured spirit of man.

In Ahab, Melville gave expression both to the megatechnic "khans" of the global Pentagon and to the counterforces they had brought into being. And the fact that Ahab's torment and hatred had gone so far that he had lost control of himself and, through his own mad reliance upon power, had become dominated completely by the creature that had disabled him only makes Melville's story a central parable in the interpretation of modern man's destiny. In Ahab's throwing away his sextant, Melville even anticipated the casting out of the orderly instruments of intelligence so characteristic of the counterculture Happenings of today. Similarly, by his maniacal concentration, Ahab rejects the inner change that might have saved the ship and the crew, when he turns a deaf ear to the pleas of love uttered by sober Starbuck in words and by Pip, a fright-shocked child and an African primitive, in dumb gesture.

Outwardly, mankind is still committed to the grim chase Melville described, lured by the adventure, the prospect of oil and whalebone, the promptings of pride, and, above all, by a love-rejecting pursuit of power. But it has also begun consciously to face the prospect of total annihilation, which may be brought about by the proud captains who now have command of the ship. Against that senseless fate, every act of rebellion, every exhibition of group defiance, every assertion of the will to live, every display of autonomy and self-direction, at however primitive a level, diminishes the headway of the threatened ship and delays the fatal moment when the White Whale will shatter its planks and drown the crew. All the mad, criminal, perverse, imbecile manifestations in the arts today, everything that now expresses only murderous hatred and alienation and threatens to turn all existence into a Happening, might still find justification if finally they perform their only rational function—that of awakening man sufficiently to his plight, so that he seizes the wheel and heads the ship to a friendlier shore.

THE GIFTS OF LIFE

IN terms of the available knowledge about organic evolution, about the ascent of man, about the development of culture and personality—insufficient and imperfect though this still is—it has become obvious that both the mechanical world picture and its technological components are hopelessly backward in their human commitments. The more firmly we get attached to the power system, the more alienated we become from those multitudinous vital sources that are essential to further human development. The collective failure to recognize the traumatic imprints made by the original megamachine (alias "civilization") led one culture after another to repeat, to the point of exhaustion, the mischiefs originally made. As the scope of the power system widens, however, the once genuine possibility of making a fresh start in another place, through another people, with a different culture, becomes less likely, for the very success of mass production and the mass media has spread and solidified civilization's ancient errors. What is needed to save mankind from the megamachine—or whoever controls the megamachine—is to displace the mechanical world picture with an organic world picture, in the center of which stands man himself. For the last few centuries, a new myth of life has

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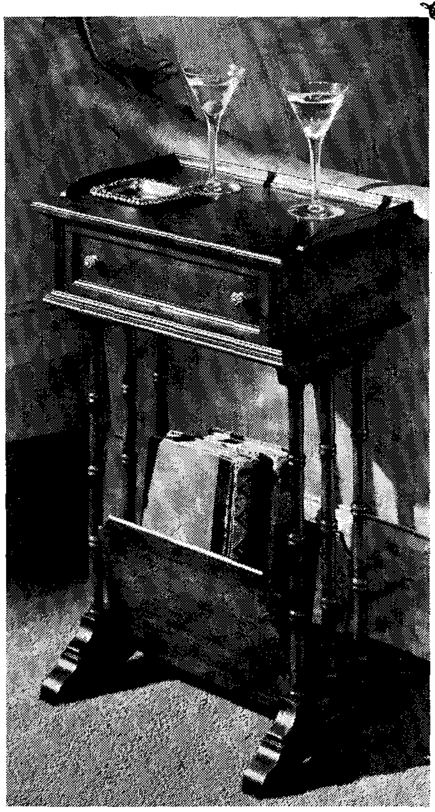

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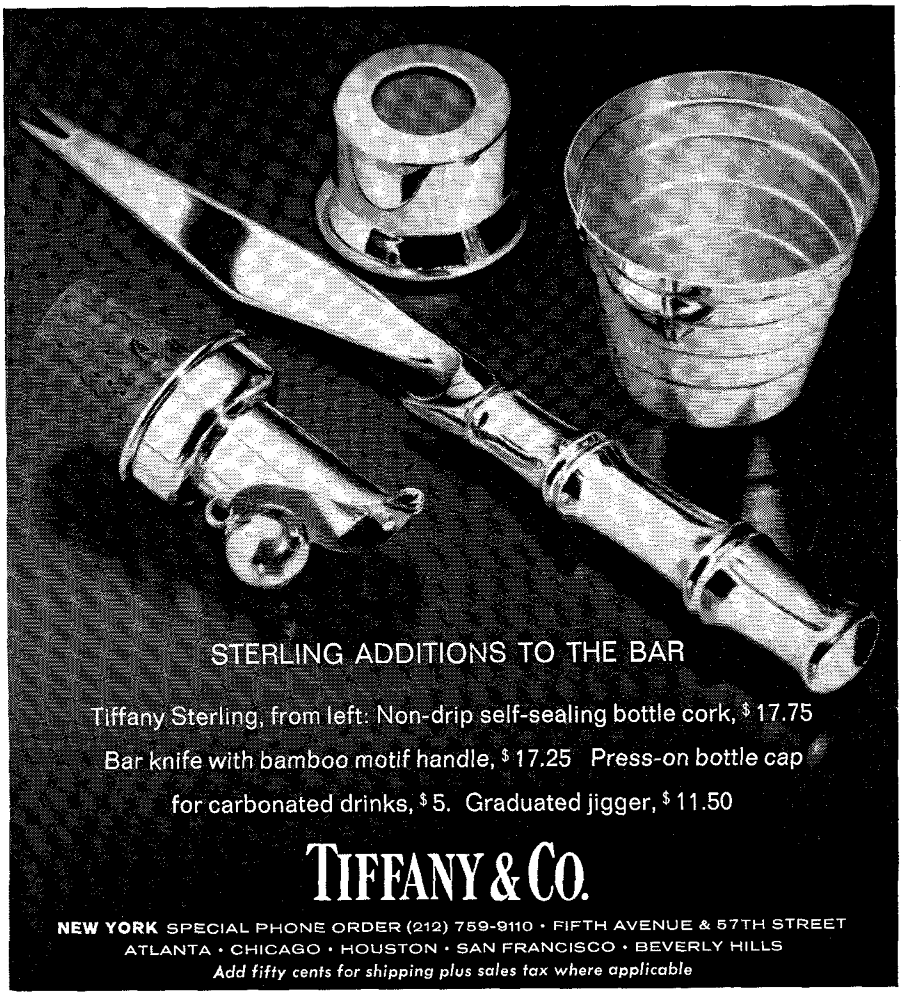

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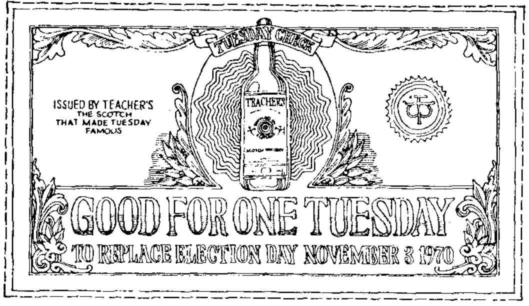
been emerging to take precedence over the Newtonian ideology, whose source was the solar system, whose symbol was the mechanical clock, and whose ultimate achievement was the megamachine. This new organic world picture had its beginnings in the terrestrial exploration that accompanied the skyward explorations of astronomy. For the first time, man began to have a sense not only of the earth's richness but of the primordial beginnings of life on this planet, and of his immense debt to nature's boundless creativity. Not the dominance of man and his machines but the partnership of all living things was the new lesson that biology taught.

Plants, birds, and insects were man's active partners as well as his chief food in the earliest stages of human development, long before the world became mechanized, and they have remained so for most of his history. Man's attachment to plant life was at first parasitic rather than symbiotic. But first by preservation and selection, and then by cultivation, he became able, when the last glacial period ended, to make his environment more habitable, more stimulating, more lovable. In the very act of establishing a new role for plants, man both deepened his roots in the landscape and gave himself a new leisure and a new security. It was in the garden that man, thanks largely to woman's efforts, found himself completely at home—at peace, if only fleetingly, with the world around him. In orchard and garden, a nonmechanistic world in which life prospered without inordinate effort or systematic carnage, man had his first glimpse of paradise, for "paradise" is the Persian word for a walled garden. Significantly, it was in another garden—the Garden of Eden—that man, by eating an apple, lost the innocence of animals and gained the consciousness of good and evil, of life and death. All those selective discriminations that aim to promote life and to reduce or countermand the forces that would diminish it must be alert to the presence of evil in its many forms, from moral corruption and regression to wanton violence and destruction.

The capacity for growth, exuberant expression, and transcendence, symbolized aesthetically as well as sexually by the flowering plants—this is the primal gift of life, and in man it flourishes best when living creatures and equally living symbols are constantly present, to stir his imagination and encourage him in further acts of expression both in the mind and in his daily performances of life-sustaining work and human

Have a Tuesday on us.

There's a small problem in the offing that perhaps we should alert you to.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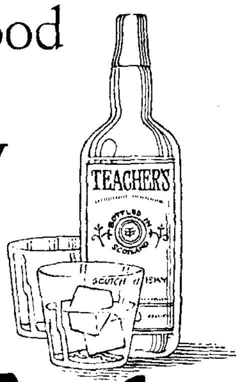
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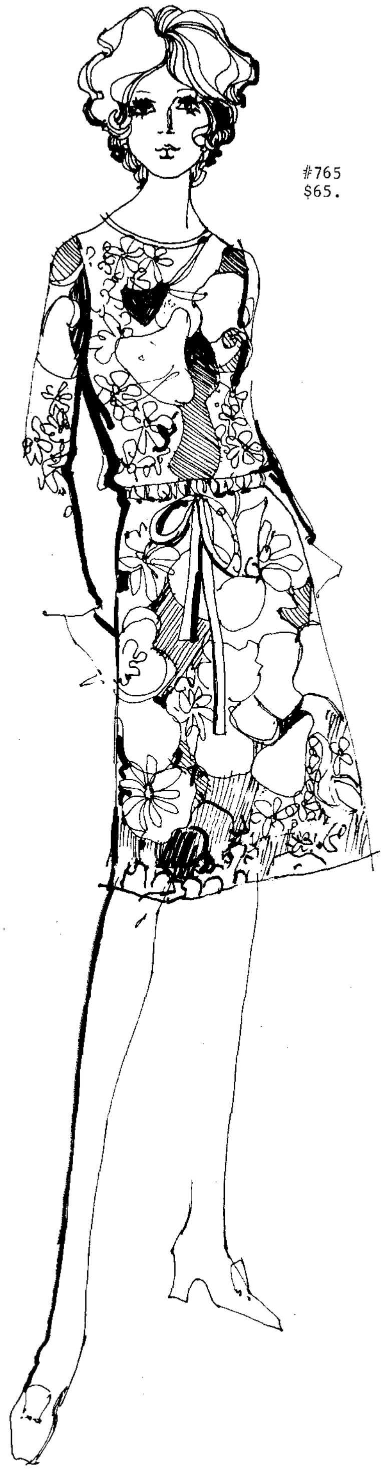

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nurture. Love begets love as life begets life, and eventually every part of the environment should be open to this response. A day without such contacts and emotional stirrings—responses to the perfume of a flower or an herb, to the flight or the song of a bird, to the flash of a human smile or the warm touch of a human hand—a day such as millions spend in factories, in offices, on the highway, is a day empty of organic contents and human rewards. To be condemned to a devitalized megalopolitan habitat, in which human beings are isolated not merely from each other but from all other organisms, and are even forbidden by housing regulations to keep a dog or a cat for company, is to unlearn all the lessons in coexistence and mutual aid learned by living organisms during their three billion years on earth. "We live by helping one another," as a soldier in the thick of combat once wrote.

For man to make his social activities and his personal fulfillments conform to external megatechnic requirements is a form of collective suicide, and that suicide—or, more accurately, biocide—is taking place. Our elaborate mechanical equipment may be a useful supplement to the organic existence, but it is not, except in grave emergencies—as with a mechanical kidney—an acceptable permanent alteration. It is from the organic world in its entirety—not merely from a swollen fragment of man's mind, his technique for handling abstract symbols and fabricating machines—that the materials for further development are to be drawn. The realization that organic forms have produced a model for man's own development, immensely richer than any provided by the mechanical world picture, is perhaps the greatest gift science has made—greater than any of the discoveries of physics from Archimedes to Newton and Einstein, though it has been made possible, in part, by these discoveries.

A growing appreciation of all that distinguishes the world of organisms from the world of machines gave rise, in the nineteenth century, to a fresh vision of the entire cosmic process. This vision was profoundly different from the one offered by those who left out of their world picture the essential qualitative attribute of life: its expectancy, its inner impetus, its insurgency, its creativity, its ability under exceptional circumstances to transcend either physical or organic limitations. The name given to this new vision of life was bestowed belatedly, only when it began to be systematically pursued; it is "ecology." At first it was identified solely with the principle of organic evolution, and confined to a single aspect of that evolution: adaptation and survival through natural selection. This transformation is properly associated with the work of Charles Darwin.

The significance of this new vision and the nature of Darwin's contribution as the chief exponent of the organic world picture as against the mechanical world picture have long been obscured by his own misinterpretation of his role, for he mistakenly believed that the basis of his claim to originality and priority was his establishing the probability of organic evolution. But what gave immense authority to "Origin of Species" and its successor, "The Descent of Man," was far more significant. Darwin, on the basis of his experience during the voyage of the Beagle, had assembled a great quantity of scattered data pointing toward the continuous modification of species, starting from the very simplest organisms. And, as the first and perhaps the greatest of ecologists, he described, more thoroughly than anyone else had done, the constant and inseparable interplay between organism, function, and environment—an interplay that today is in dire peril.

Insofar as the organism has achieved the necessary preconditions for stability, continuity, dynamic balance, and self-replenishment, further creativity is assured, and the ability to transcend these conditions, at extremely rare intervals, becomes possible. It is in those moments, and in the personalities through whom such flashes of divinity become visible, that organic existence reaches a brief but utterly satisfying climax. When, on the other hand, chance events multiply and a dehumanized social regimentation leaves no place for an organic response, disintegration and wanton destruction gain, as they have now done, the upper hand. If the destructive forces accelerated by science can be brought under control before they have permanently damaged the planet, it will be because the new organic model of ecological association and self-organization (teleonomy and autonomy), which was first assembled by Darwin, will have at last begun to prevail.

PLENITUDE

NO machine in existence even today can be anything but a clumsy fake—no more lifelike, except for motion, than a mummy—when it is compared with any living vertebrate, and far less is a machine capable of the higher human functions, in which sensitivity, imagination, emo-

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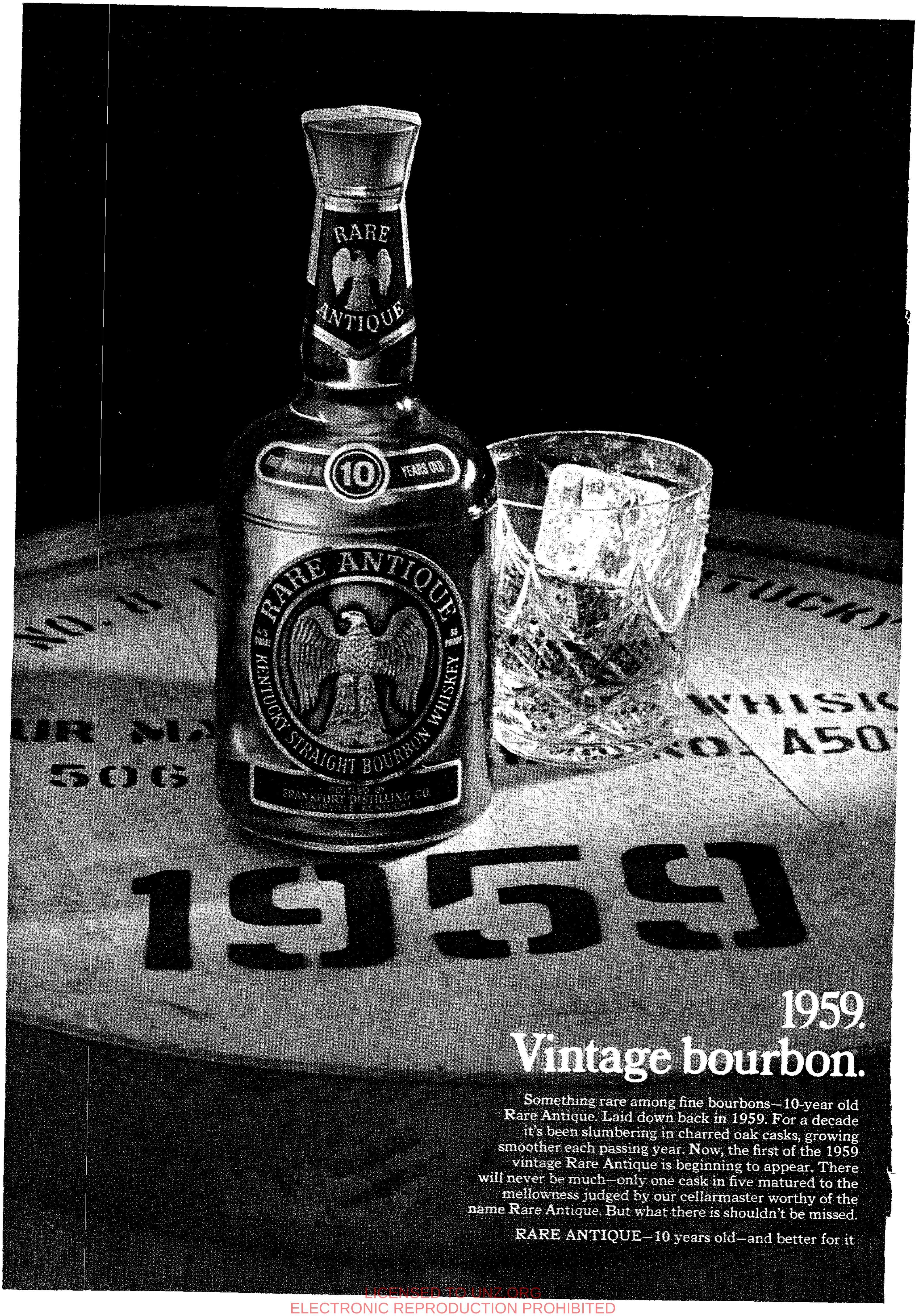
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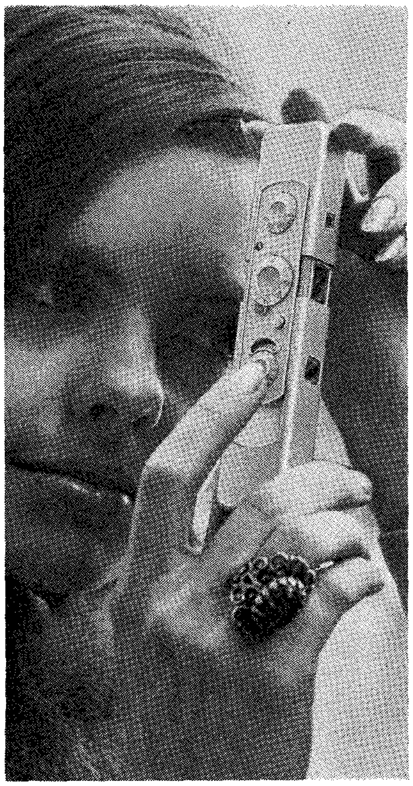
tional responsiveness, feeling, sexual passion, and love all play a part. Only organisms that can reproduce and renew themselves have stood the test of time, maintaining continuity, exhibiting creativity, and temporarily reversing entropy. Where this organic standard prevails, that which is small, quantitatively insignificant, or unrepeatable may turn out to be highly significant and valuable, just as a minute trace element in the soil or the diet, once left out in nutrition tables based on calories, may make the difference between health and disease. On these terms, the old folk saying "Enough is plenty" turns out to be wisdom. This is reinforced by Blake's pregnant aphorism: "More, more is the cry of a demented soul: less than all will not satisfy man." (But "all" means a whole, not everything.)

This notion of plenitude—of, for example, the incredible abundance and variety of nature—as a necessary condition for organic development and, above all, as an indispensable condition for the good life was common long before it was open to scientific statement through the investigation of organic evolution and ecological balance. As Arthur Lovejoy demonstrated in "The Great Chain of Being," there are many traditional versions of the concept of plenitude. The first was formulated, it seems, by religious minds contemplating with wonder the riotous, overflowing fullness of nature and the incessant creativity of God. Even when species were still regarded as static and final, the result of a single magistral fiat, it was not just the vast variety of species, or their gradation from the lowest organisms up to man himself, that was taken as the most satisfactory proof of the intelligent and providential ordering of all existence. Plenitude indicated more than abundance; it was the condition for organic variety, diversification, selectivity—in a word, freedom—which reached its climax in man.

Though one part of the biological principle of natural plenitude was embodied in the doctrine of natural selection, the Victorian power ideology gave to the negative processes an ambiguous role that confused extermination with purposeful selectivity and "the survival of the fittest" with development, and so lost sight of the principle of plenitude as the basic condition for autonomous activity and self-directed transformation. Fortunately for our present purpose, the doctrine of *organic* plenitude was restated by Dr. Walter Cannon in his treatise, forty years ago, on "The Wisdom of the Body," which carried further the original investiga-



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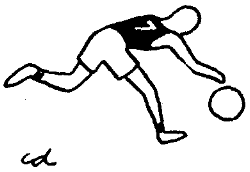
tions of Claude Bernard, J. S. Haldane, and Charles Sherrington, not to mention Darwin.

Cannon's study of the body centered on the marvellous apparatus that animal organisms have developed to maintain their dynamic equilibrium, especially on those coördinated interchanges of information and response, operating with extreme sensitiveness and promptness in matters like maintaining the essential acid-alkaline balance of the blood. The same "homeostatic balance" preserves the organism against any impairment of its wholeness, through either excess or deficiency. This swift response without conscious intervention or direction is a condition of survival. That automatism freed the growing brain for more important services, detached from the immediate pressure of survival, and by his conscious symbolic activities man created a second realm—one that conforms more closely to his higher personal and social needs.

To retain a constant structure and a dynamic pattern of wholeness in the midst of constant change and to allow for a maximum amount of instability and variability, for adventurous effort—this is the difference between living organisms and random collections of molecules. Thus the chief properties of a power economy—the magnification and overexpansion of power alone, and the lack of qualifications, limits, and boundaries—are antithetic to those of an organic system. In organisms, power is always related to function and purpose. Life does not flourish under a regime of compulsive dynamism, in which uncontrolled change—change only for the sake of further change, such as megatechnics now imposes—removes the possibility of maintaining a dynamic equilibrium or of any further autonomous development.



It is in terms of a future that transcends and outlasts his present self that all man's past achievements in mind and collective culture become significant; if cut off from that future, he becomes as distraught as if he were cut off from his needed supply of water and air. Man's vital prosperity rests on establishing a balance between self-maintenance and growth, between external proposals and internal responses, between activity and recuperation—yet always with the need for a surplus sufficient to make good depletions, to meet unexpected demands, and to permit the exercise of choice. To preserve one's identity as a member of a species and a group, and likewise as a unique individual, to remain "true to character," to establish the minimal conditions needed for traversing the whole life cycle: this is the basic condition for organisms, communities, cultures—and for developing human personalities.

Another characteristic essential for the full functioning of the body is, as Cannon pointed out, an organized and organic superfluity; that is to say, the body has at its command a far larger store of energy and a greater number of organs than it actually requires to maintain itself under ordinary conditions. Many of the essential organs—eyes, ears, lungs, kidneys, arms, legs, hands, testicles—are paired. If one of these organs is injured or destroyed, the other is capable of maintaining the whole organism. (A further important mode of coping with emergencies is the supply of sugar that is automatically unlocked by the adrenal glands under the stimulus of fear or anger, when extra energy is needed for flight or attack.) This largesse contrasts with the principle of economy appropriate to the design and operation of a machine, and more than one bridge or building or plane has fallen to pieces when this organic principle was ignored.

Cannon's study exposes the limitations of an economy that seeks to translate man's higher functions into an automatic system that will finally be capable of making decisions and plans of action without calling upon anticipatory mental processes or memories except those that can be programmed on a computer. The path of human advance is not toward such collective automation but toward the increase of personal and communal autonomy, and any system that reverses this direction not merely turns man's most highly developed organ, his brain, into a virtual nonentity but cuts itself off from the most precious products of the human mind: that vast storehouse and powerhouse of images, forms, ideas, institutions, and structures through which man rises above the conditions of his immediate environment. To reduce or destroy this heritage is to inflict brain damage on the human race.

Good examples of plenitude may exist in quite primitive communities. In many areas, under neolithic horticulture and agriculture, a modest level of plenitude had been maintained until the surplus was expropriated by the power complex in taxes, forced labor, and war. Neither the Malthusian struggle for existence nor the Marxian class war characterized such simple com-

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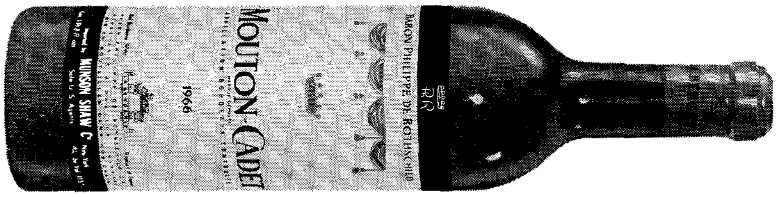

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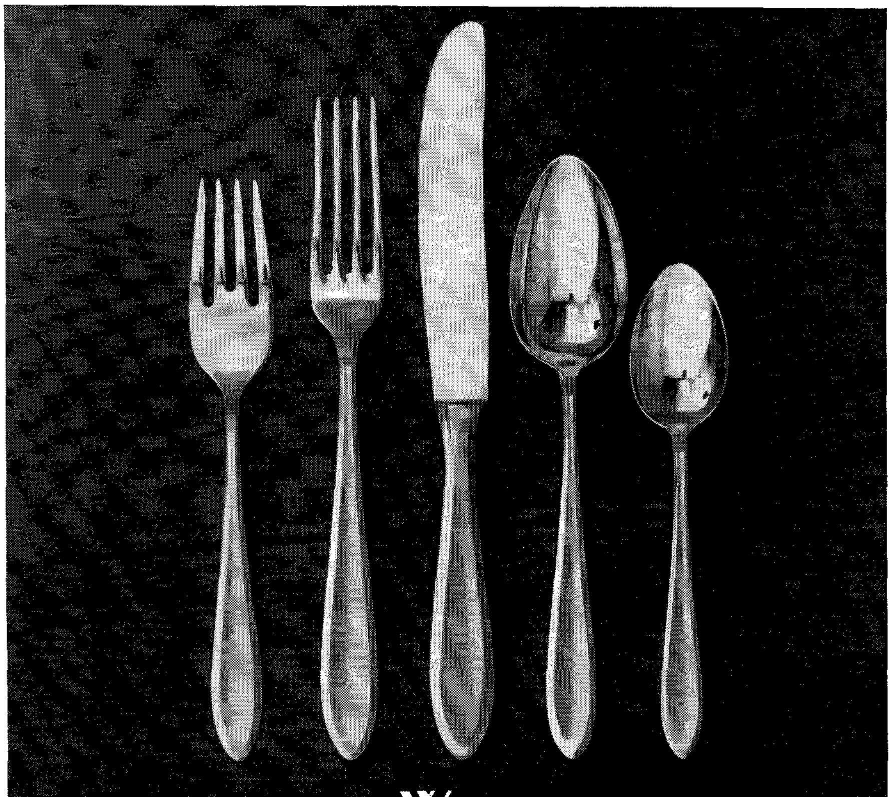

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munities. This was especially the case in favorable tropical habitats, often still in existence when the nineteenth-century explorer visited them. The kind of personality that such communities brought out aroused the affectionate admiration of such Western observers as Melville, Wallace, Gauguin, and Frank Stimson, for the extra margin of energy that nature supplied was employed not in amassing more material wealth but in the elaborations of art, the performance of rituals and dances, the enjoyment of human companionship, the delights of sex.

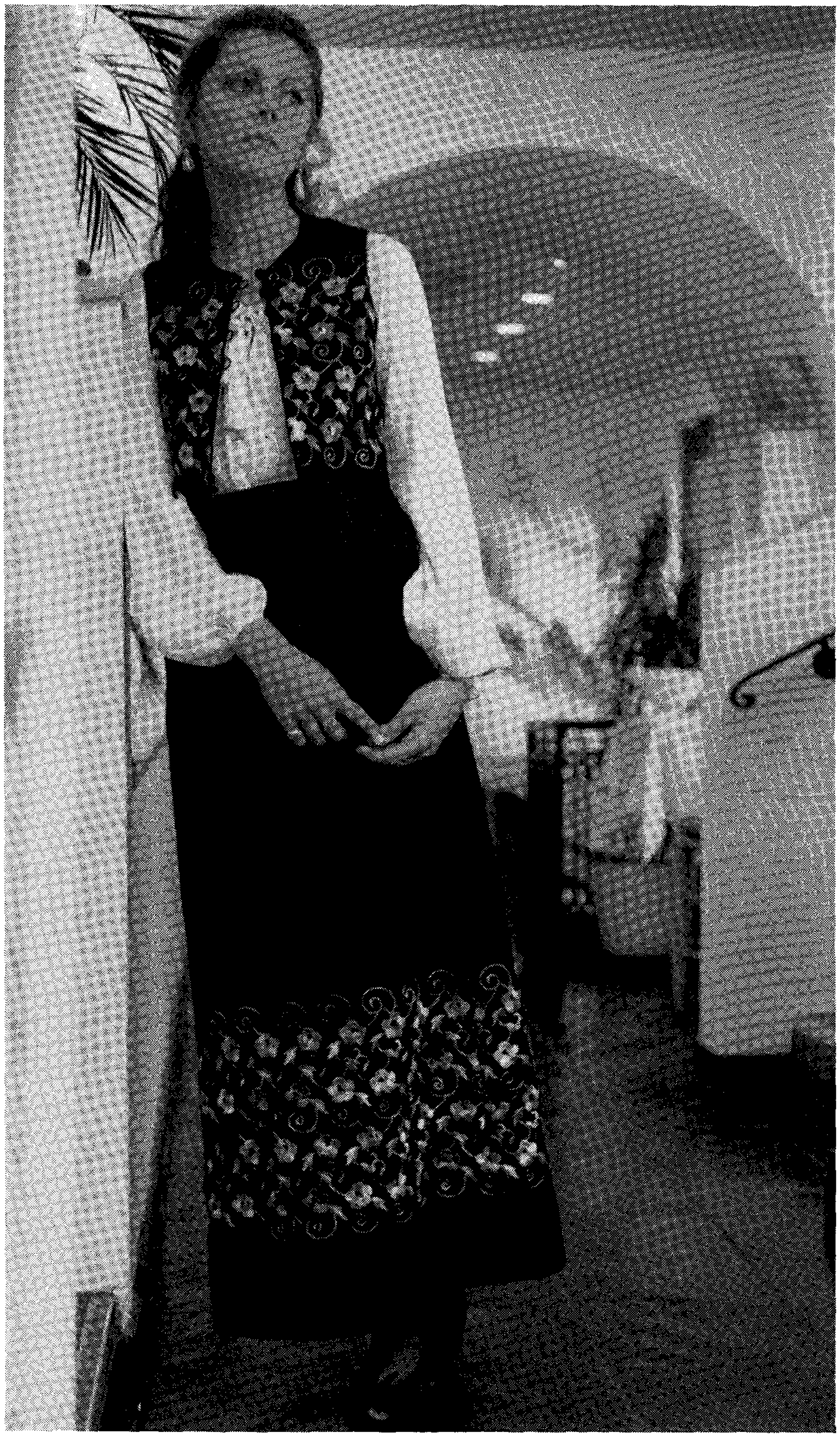
The fragility of any economy is obvious, and primitive cultures tend to be restrictive and parsimonious, unready to welcome innovations or take risks. This weakness was summed up by Lao-tse in a passage curiously meant to praise the advantages of such an economy: "There might still be boats and carriages, and no one would go in them. . . . The next place might be so near at hand that one could hear the cocks crowing in it, the dogs barking, but people would grow old and die without ever being there." Insofar as the power complex has overcome that species of fossilization, we owe it a debt. Plenitude on such a solitary, meagre, unadventurous basis too easily induces torpid penury and stupefaction. Thoreau tested that for himself during his two years at Walden, but he realized that it was not good for a lifetime, nor attractive, either, except as a vacation from a more demanding economy that denied him the leisure he needed for his true life as a feeling, thinking, reflecting observer.

It is not to go back toward such a primitive plenitude but to go forward to a more generous regimen—far more generous than the most affluent society now affords—that the coming generations must lay its plans. Many of the most desirable features of an economy of plenitude—including the luxury of turning one's back upon specious luxuries—are lacking in the power system. If we wish to forestall the ugly future that the prophets of megatechnics predict, if we reject their sterile bureaucratic utopias, it is because we propose to base our alternative economy on a more adequate model—one derived not from the solar system or its mechanical derivatives but from the nature of its so-far ultimate product: life itself, embodied in living organisms and reflected, magnified, and enhanced in the mind of man. The ideal of an organic system, seeking complete plenitude, not material or symbolic abundance alone, is to release human potentialities and to leave a fresh imprint of meaning and value upon every phase of existence, past, present, or possible.

Note the difference between the ideal of quantitative magnification—the mass production of inventions, goods, money, knowledge, messages, pleasures—and the ideal of organic plenitude. Not the least difference is that a regime that seeks to establish plenitude in all respects must provide for contraction as well as for expansion, for restrictive discipline as well as for liberation, for inhibition as well as for expression, for continuity as well as for change. Organic plenitude, then, is in no wise definable as mere quantitative abundance, still less as relentless productivity, unabridged expenditure, and thoughtless consumption. Under a regime of *organic* plenitude, abundance is permissive, not compulsive; it allows for extravagant expenditures to satisfy man's higher needs for knowledge, beauty, or love—as in the parable of the oil with which Jesus was anointed—while it may exact the severest economy for less worthy purposes. Emerson's advice to save on the low levels and spend on the high ones is at the very core of this conception. Yet, paradoxically, only through a power system of the kind that has been coming into existence during the last three centuries shall we be capable of extending the manifold blessings of plenitude—not just to scattered minorities and favored habitats but to the whole human race, billions of whom are still close to starvation.

This benign transformation can happen only on one difficult condition: that the life-negating ideals and methods of the power system be renounced and that a conscious effort be made, at every level and in every kind of community, to live not to exalt power but to reclaim this planet for life through mutual aid, loving association, and biotechnic cultivation. Not the advancement of learning or the advancement of power but the advancement of life and mind is the goal.

This organic ideal has repeatedly taken root in many cultures, only to be repeatedly mocked, despised, and flouted all through recorded "civilized" history, and there is no guarantee that it will not be suppressed today. Plainly, the promise of plenitude is not easily fulfilled; it would be much safer to predict that the destructive forces now in operation will drive on without swerving until mankind has extinguished itself. But one saving grace may still work for mankind, for it is under the threat of total extinction that the unconscious forces of life have again and again rallied and turned total de-



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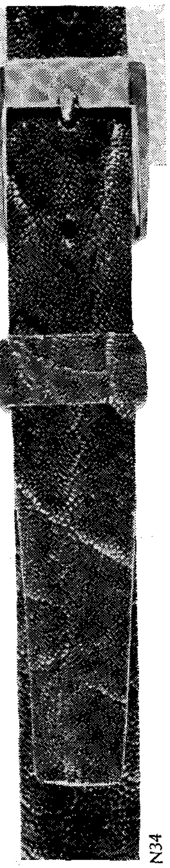

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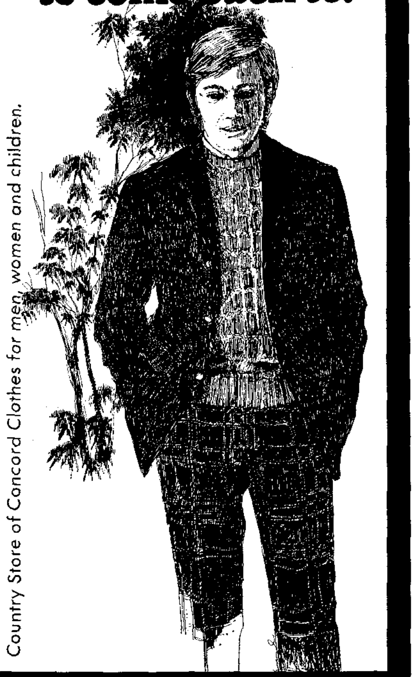

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IF THE SLEEPERS AWAKEN

THE stoppages and breakdowns that have recently occurred have a certain potential educational value, for they disclose the susceptibility of the whole system to human intervention, if only of a negative kind. Disobedience is the infant's first step toward autonomy, and even infantile destruction may temporarily awaken confidence in the individual's capacity to change his environment. The realization now that the system is breaking down might have come about more swiftly if the professional bodies that should have been monitoring our technology—the engineers, the biologists, the physicians—had not so completely identified themselves with the power system's objectives. Until lately, they have been criminally negligent in anticipating or even reporting what has actually been taking place, and in the case of nuclear fallout and nuclear wastes they have often deliberately, in conformity to the "national policy," minimized their dangers.

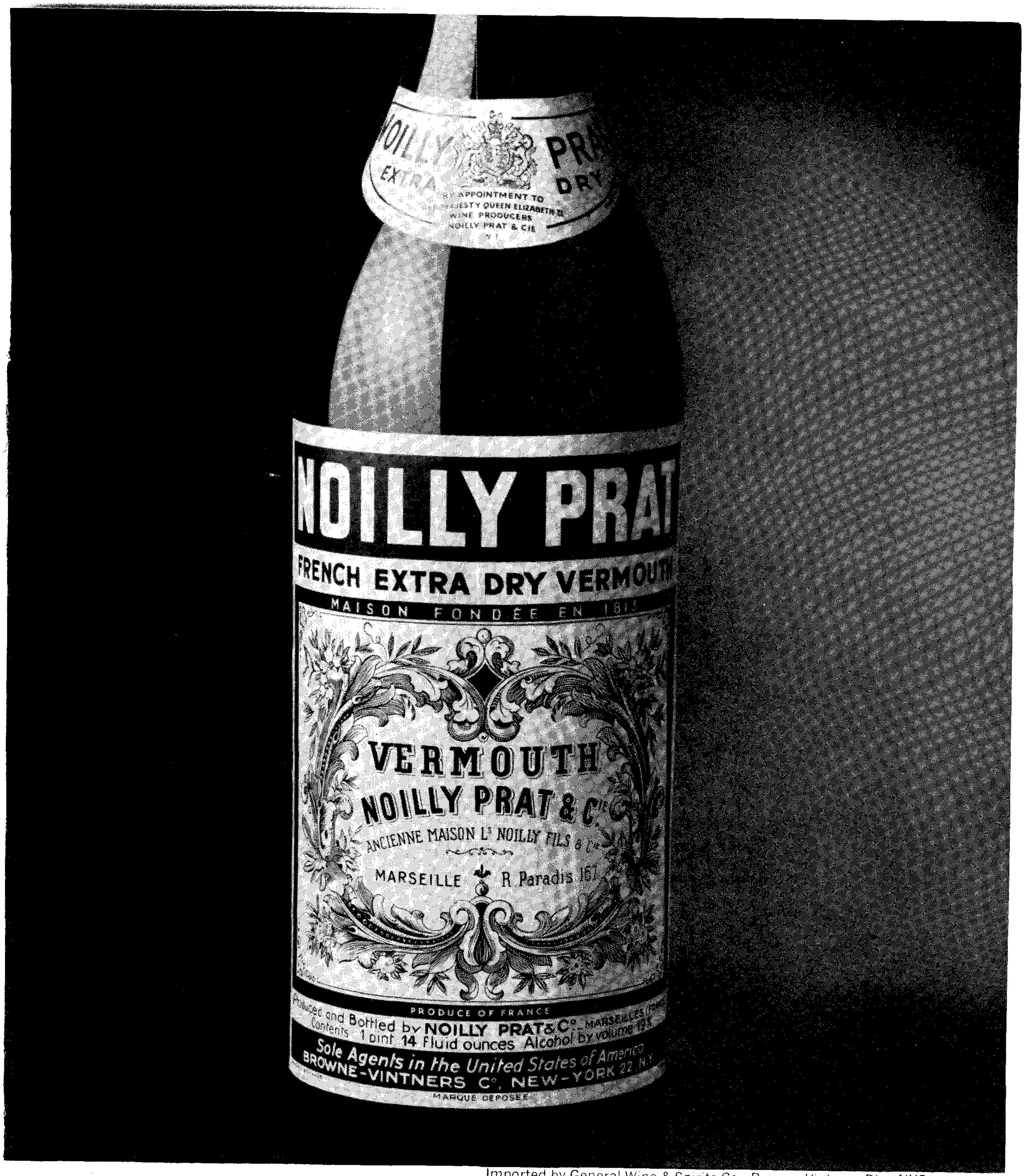
Not that occasional warning voices were absent even at an early date. But when an eminent British engineer, Sir Alfred Ewing, suggested in 1933 a moratorium on invention, in order to assimilate and integrate the existing mass of inventions and evaluate further proposals, he was hooted at as a crank demanding a foolish and impossible sacrifice. Few of Ewing's contemporaries realized that a purely mechanical system whose processes can neither be retarded nor redirected nor halted, that has no internal mechanism for warning of defects or correcting them (feedback), and that can only be accelerated is—as we have at last found out—a menace to mankind. Yet anyone familiar with the history of inventions would know that great industrial corporations have frequently bought up patents—like the early one for an automatic telephone system—in order to suppress them, or have diverted research from areas where new inventions might threaten capital investment or reduce inordinate profits. (Note the studious indifference to developing remedies for the pollution of the air by internal-combustion engines, such as more efficient batteries for electric motorcars and plans for the local use of wind power.) So there was nothing unrealistic in Ewing's proposal—except the hope that it might be carried out by those still spellbound by the myth of the machine. Had Ewing's warning been generally heeded, the world would now be a healthier and safer place.

During the past three decades, the involuntary failures of the power system have become increasingly lethal, and they have been occurring with a frequency and a force that correspond to the dynamism of the individual parts. As these blackouts and smogouts and breakdowns continue to occur, with disastrous consequences to both the habitat and the human population, such a change may take place as was noted in London during the blitz, when psychiatrists observed that their anxious, neurotic patients, confronted by a real danger they could neither evade in fantasy nor flee from, began to function as competent human beings, able at last to face up to their difficulties.

The situation mankind now faces has a certain resemblance to that confronted by the individual in the midst of a neurosis. Before his disturbance comes into the open, various events unrecognized by the patient have paved the way for his illness. But as long as he is able to conceal his condition from himself and perform his daily tasks without exhibiting suicidal depression or uncontrollable hostility to those around him, he may be unwilling to consult a physician or reëxamine his life. The first step toward recognizing his state and seeking help usually begins with a visible collapse, bodily or mental—often both.

The realization that the physical breakdowns and subjective demoralizations of Western civilization derive from the same ideological failures is now at last taking hold. But for a dynamic response to this situation, something like a universal awakening sufficient to produce an internal readiness for a profound transformation must take place. Such a reaction, one must honestly confess, has never yet occurred in history solely as a result of rational thinking and educational indoctrination, nor is it likely to occur in this way now—at least, within the narrow time limits one must set if greater breakdowns and demoralizations are to be circumvented. Half a century ago, H. G. Wells observed, correctly, that mankind faced a race between education and catastrophe. But what he failed to recognize was that something like catastrophe has become the condition for an effective education.

Admittedly, the disasters of war, though no longer locally limited, had through the ages grown too familiar to bring about a sufficient reaction. During the last decade, fortunately, there has been a sudden, quite unpre-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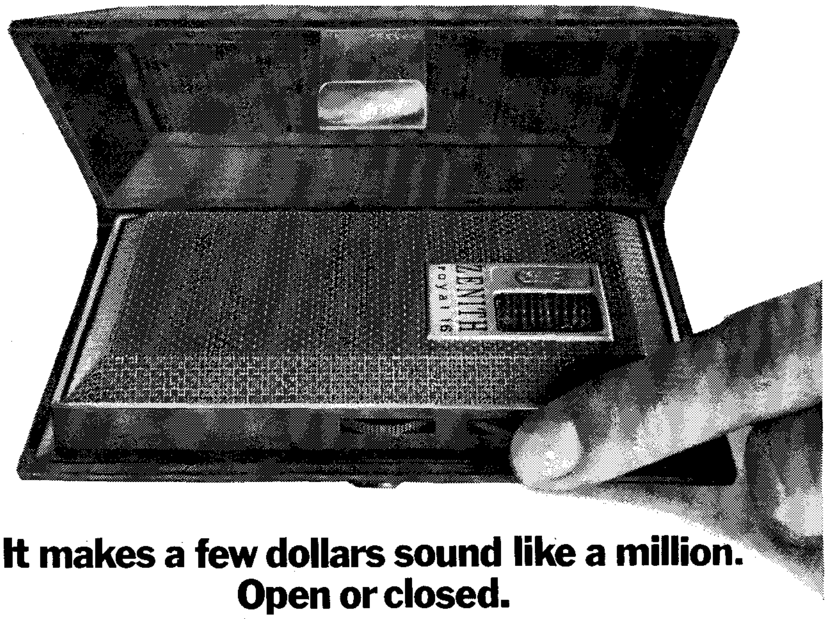

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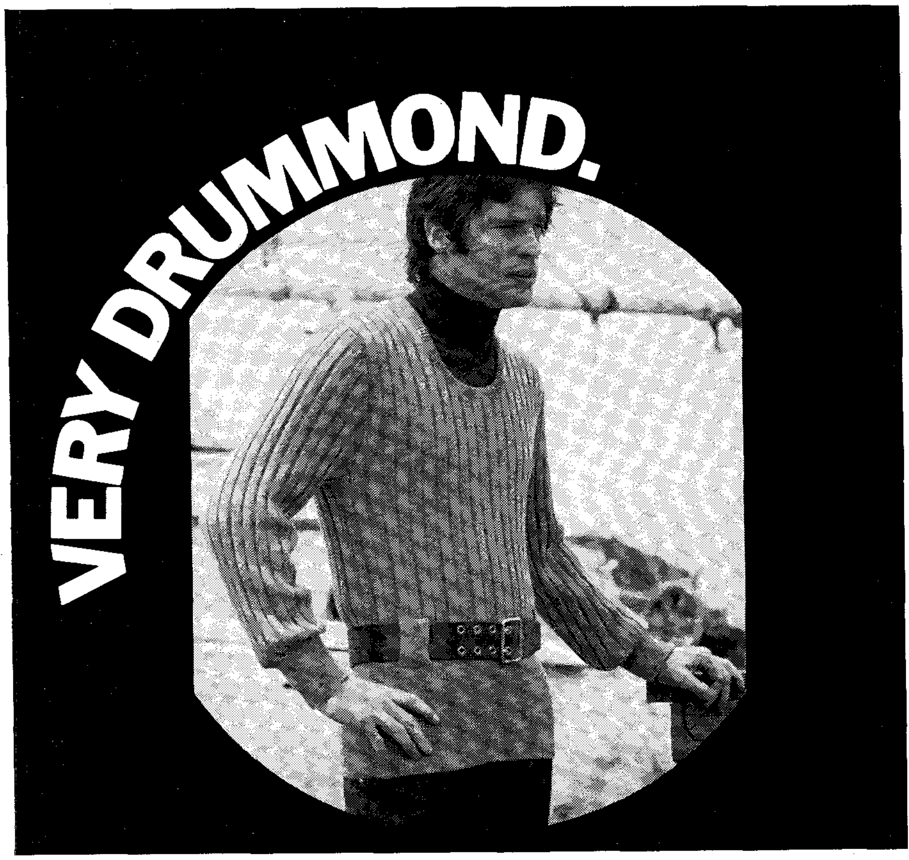

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dictable awakening to prospects of a total catastrophe. The unrestricted increase of population, the overexploitation of megatechnical inventions, the inordinate wastages of compulsory consumption, and the consequent deterioration of the environment through wholesale pollution, poisoning, bulldozing, to say nothing of the more irremediable waste products of atomic energy, have at last begun to create the reaction needed to overcome them. This awakening has become planetwide. The experience of congestion, environmental degradation, and human demoralization now fall within the compass of everyone's daily experience. The extent of the approaching catastrophe and its dire inevitability unless counter-measures are rapidly taken have done far more than the vivid prospects of sudden nuclear extinction to bring on a sufficient psychological response. In this respect, the swifter the degradation, the more likely effective measures against it will be sought.

Yet even granting that in the first shock of realizing mankind's plight hitherto unthinkable political measures may be proposed, the question remains whether the widespread human participation needed will actually occur. Any program sufficient to reverse the destructive success of technological affluence will demand not merely drastic restrictions; it will demand economic and social changes directed toward producing goods and services, modes of work and education and recreation profoundly different from those offered by the megamachine. Reformers who would treat the campaign against environmental and human degradation solely in terms of more strenuous scientific efforts or improved technology, see only a small part of the problem. Nothing less than a profound reorientation of our vaunted technological "way of life" will save this planet from becoming a lifeless desert. And without such a wide-ranging preliminary alteration of personal desires, habits, and ideals, the necessary physical measures for mankind's protection—to say nothing of its further development—cannot conceivably be carried out. If man is to avoid self-extinction, he will consciously have to replace the mechanical world picture with a more inclusive organic and personal world picture. The God who saves us will not descend from the machine; he will arise once more in the human heart.

—LEWIS MUMFORD

(*This is the last part of a four-part article, which in turn is part of a larger work, called "The Pentagon of Power."*)

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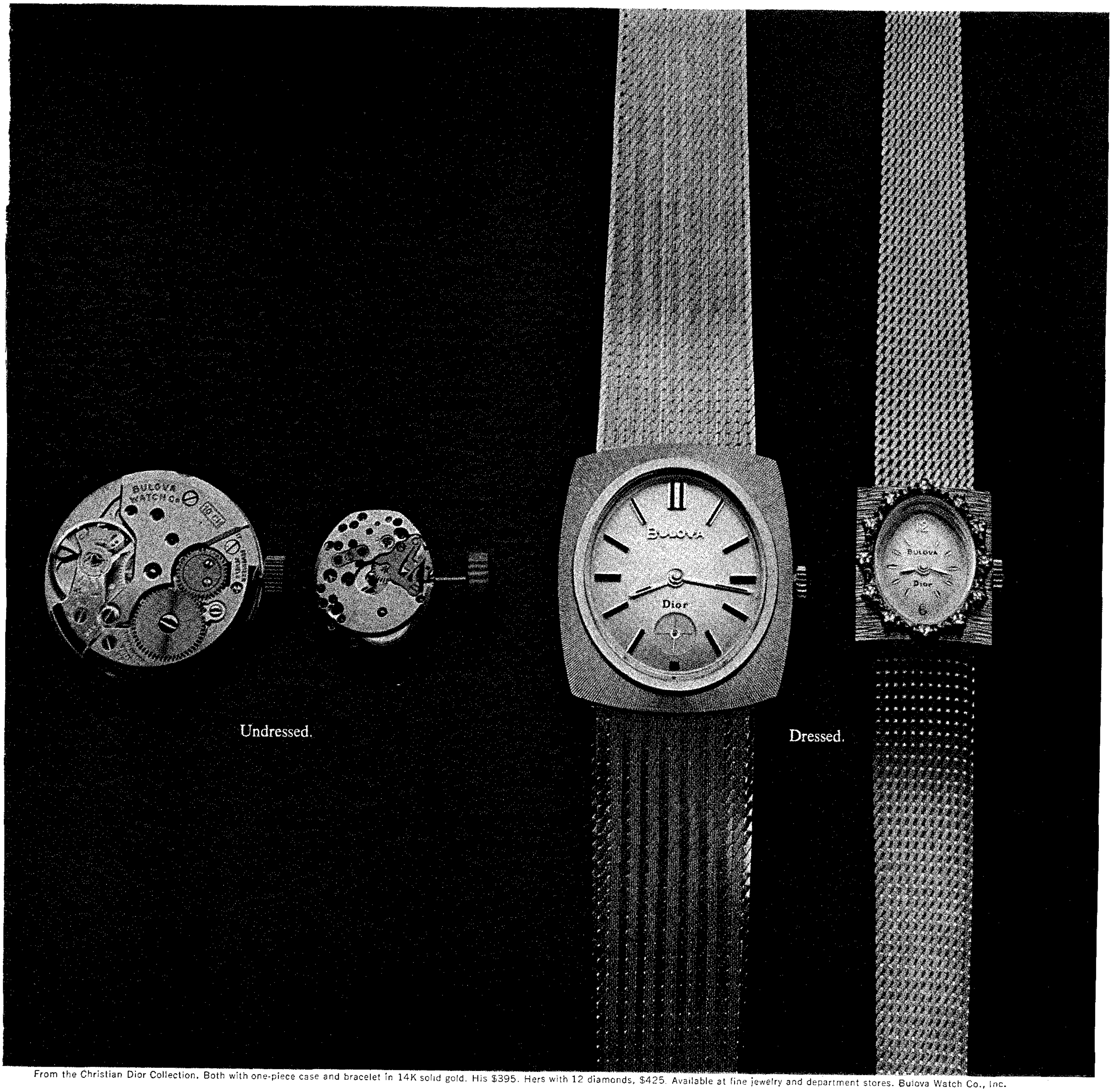

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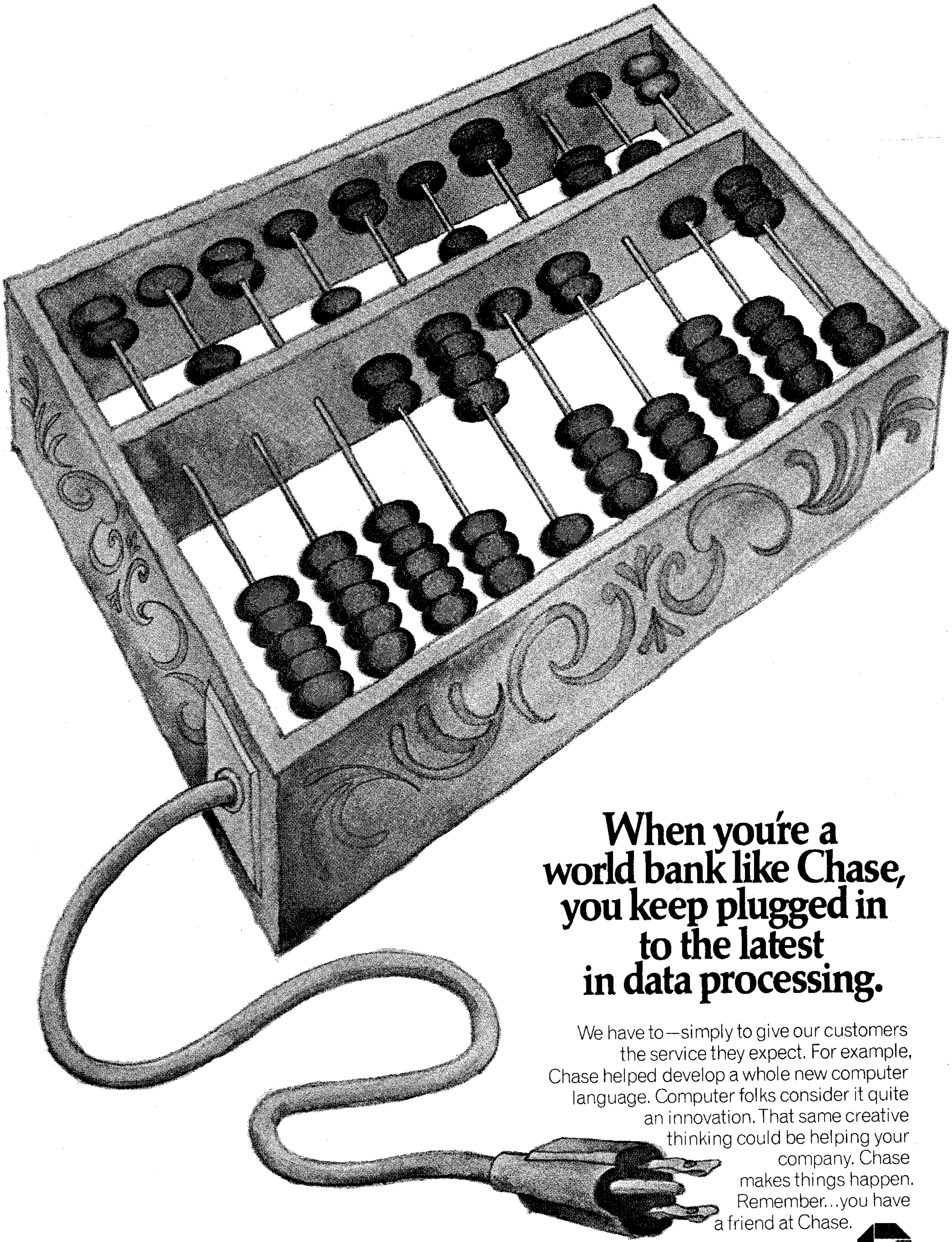

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THE THEATRE

DREADFUL PEOPLE

"The Rothschilds," at the Lunt-Fontanne, is a terrible musical, and it is terrible in a particularly unattractive way. Bad enough that it should fail, but that it should fail because it succeeds! For what this piece of work sets out to be is vulgar, silly, and totally unhistorical, and it has no difficulty attaining these ends (perhaps, in part, because the hokum of "1776" had shown it the way). What it doesn't achieve is its wish to become the "Fiddler" of the nineteen-seventies—to be one of those precious gems known to the Broadway trade as Hadassah musicals, capable of running for years, with continuously changing casts, on the strength of their warm and homely Jewishness. The Rothschilds of this musical have been programmed to be so warm and homely and Jewish that, with their necessary, incessant bowing and scraping before a host of mangy Christian masters, they induced in me a sort of seasickness, which not only took away my appetite but also made me long to rush back into the real world, peopled by real Jews bearing no resemblance to that stageful of squalid stereotypes. Even the inveterate rapacity of Mayer Rothschild, the founder of the dynasty, is intended to seem warm and homely, but there is no disguising the fact that his chief desire was to accumulate money—rarely a warm and homely employment. Something else that Mayer Rothschild wanted to accumulate was sons, and this is a theme notably out of tune with our times. I am astonished that in a year that sees that brilliant, cranky Bible of Women's Lib, Kate Millett's "Sexual Politics," high on the best-seller lists, the manufacturers of "The Rothschilds" would attempt to glorify a man who sought a wife in order that she should give him sons and whose dying wish for his sons was that *they* should have sons. If old Mayer had had his way, plainly there would soon be nothing but males in the world; quite apart from the reproductive difficulties that would arise, this is not a pleasing thought.

Jerry Bock's songs for "The Rothschilds" threaten constantly to turn into other and more familiar songs, some of them by Jerry Bock, and Sheldon Harnick's lyrics are often so bad as to be funny (I think especially of "Have You Ever Seen a Prettier Little Congress?") but never so good as to give delight. The book of the musical is by Sherman Yellen, and reveals no feeling whatever for the period with which it is concerned; kings, princes, usurers, soldiers, and street urchins all speak in the same twentieth-century tongue. Of the large cast, I liked best Keene Curtis in several roles, one of which is an impersonation of Prince Metternich as a sneering, egg-bald homosexual—a man richly deserving of Napoleon's celebrated scatological description of him. Hal Linden lends Mayer Rothschild more charm than the old scoundrel is entitled to, and Paul Hecht is occasionally amusing in the role of Nathan Rothschild, the son who is sent to London to make good and who quickly does so (in part because his English rivals are without exception ninnies). The opulent settings and costumes for "The Rothschilds" were devised by John Bury, and the production has been directed and choreographed by Michael Kidd, who has obviously worked very hard indeed, and all in vain.

—Brendan Gill

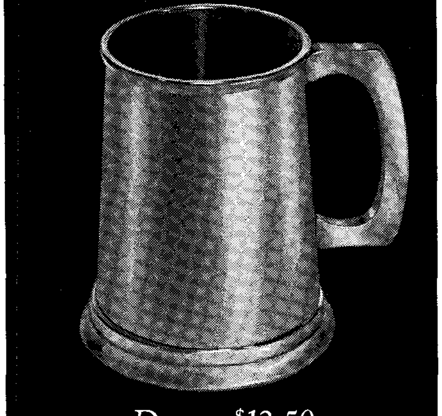
OFF BROADWAY

For the Files

There are just two reasons for mentioning the late "Gandhi," a moribund pageant of the ah-here-comes-old-Nehru-with-the-young-Jawaharlal school of dramatic composition: (1) It gave American audiences a chance to see Jack MacGowran, one of Ireland's best and most renowned actors, in the non-role of the Mahatma. (How lucky we all would be if somebody could persuade Mr. MacGowran to stay here and do his recital, "Beginning to End," made up of a selection from Beckett's writings, which was so successful in Dublin and Paris!) (2) Ming Cho Lee designed for "Gandhi" one of his most beautiful and useful settings, a complex construction of wooden ramps and platforms and steps and bridges.

—Edith Oliver

Observing a Great Tradition



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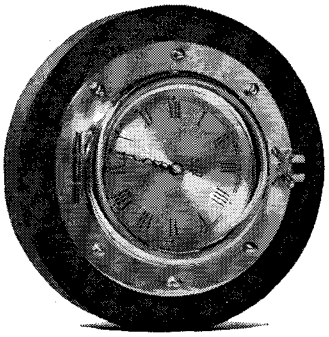

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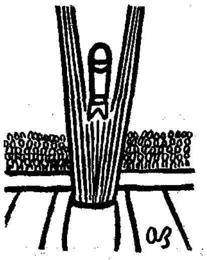
FOOTBALL

Meditation and Prayer



"FOR want of a wrist, the rest was lost," and this old Transylvanian epitaph may now be inscribed in the archives of the Jets, for Namath's throwing hand, wrapped in cotton batting and splints, will very likely not be seen in action again this fall. Everything and everybody else *will,* though, ever since football finally got what it wants—a four-day work week, now that the pros have annexed Monday nights. Friday-night football is a social event in the Virginia suburbs of Washington, as this correspondent discovered on a recent occasion when the very young men who represent the Stuart and Annandale high schools met under floodlights. Stuart's quarterback, who, like Massey of Yale, had distinguished himself by breaking his arm earlier this year, was throwing the ball madly on the way to three touchdowns in the first half; his last throw, for the conversion after the third touchdown, made it 22 points for Stuart. Then the Annandale tide came in, and after its third touchdown it, too, tried a conversion pass, but the ball was knocked down: Stuart 22, Annandale 21. Annandale moved downfield again, until Stuart picked off a fumble; Annandale moved downfield again, as time faded, and, four seconds before the evening ended, got off what would have been the winning field goal if a Stuart defender had not run full force into the ball as it began its ascent. Good theatre, and the drama coaches of both schools merit a citation.

Farther north, on Franklin Field, in Philadelphia, on Saturday, another sign of the times—the artificial blanket of styropolyneurasthenia, or some such, that has replaced the never very healthy turf. Hidden springs lie under this covering, and following the bouncing ball was often too much for both spectators and players, Princetonians and Pennsylvanians alike: witness the Princeton punt that tumbled into the Penn end zone, scrambled about wildly among a set of Penn men, and then scurried out to the two-foot line, where a Princetonian downed it; witness a Penn pitchout that evaded its aspiring catcher and scurried, greased-pig fashion, through practically all the twenty-two players onfield, finally coming to rest twenty yards in arrears; witness—for a change of pace—the Princeton pitchout that fell through the hands of *its* aspiring catcher and, touching upon one of those hidden springs, bounced straight back into his arms. Princeton won, 22–16, Lord knows why, unless it was because the Penn runners distinctly did not have any hidden springs in their heels. It was a game to be remembered, but not, if there is any mercy at all, repeated.

There was no mercy at West Point, which Penn State was visiting last weekend, for Penn State, not at its bulky best this season, was experimenting with three quarterbacks, each of whom, even as the score against Army climbed beyond reason, was trying to outdo his comrades. Penn State 38, a shorthanded Army 14—six downfalls in a row—is what could persuade a coach to ponder another pasture, and the knowledge that Cahill, the man under discussion, is on the Harvard dean's list of prospects as a considered successor to Yovicsin, who is retiring from the job of overseeing the Harvard team at the end of November, impelled an outrider of mine to place the question before Cahill. No, it is not to be a farewell to arms; he is staying on, through thin and thin—a consummation that, as far as Army is concerned, is surely devoutly to be wished. Cahill would, nonetheless, be a welcome accession to the Ivy League, and the time may be at hand when Army and Navy, who were annual playmates of the Ivies for ever so long, will be wishing they could come in out of the cold (Syracuse 23, Navy 8 last Saturday, for Navy's sixth downfall in a row).

—J. W. L.

•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From "Hickory Dickory Death," by Agatha Christie, 1955*]

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U.S. JOURNAL: NAMPA, IDAHO

NEGATIVE AND CONTROVERSIAL

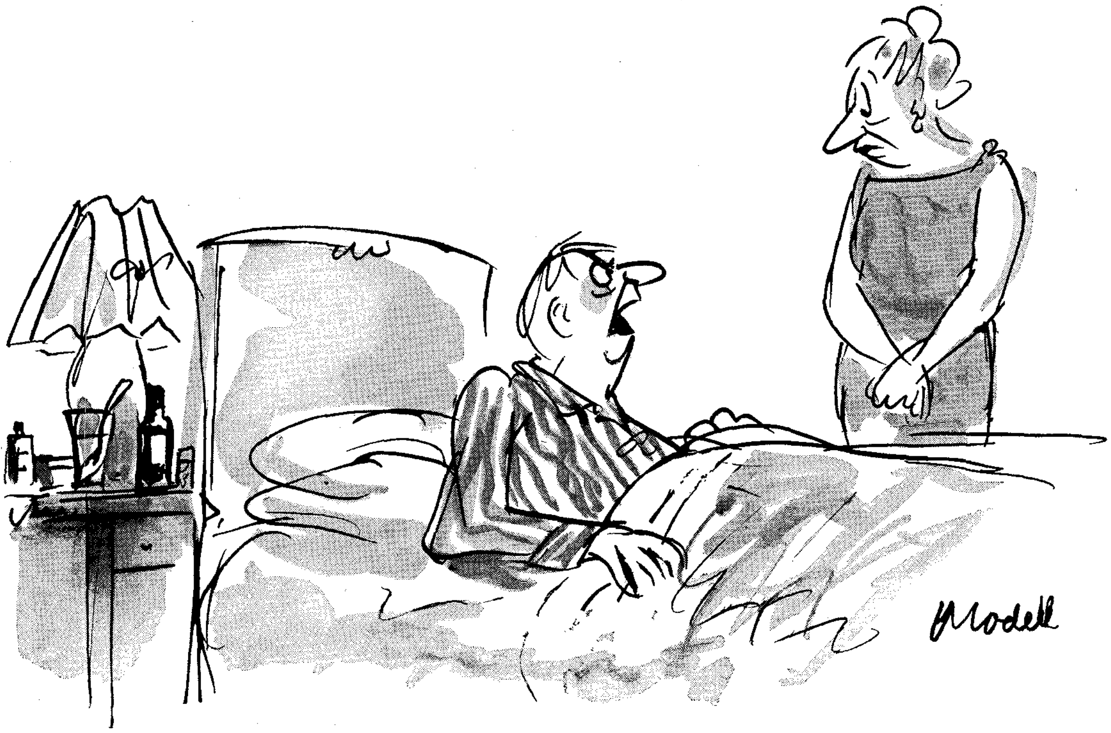
A YEAR or so ago, I read that the daily paper of Nampa, Idaho—the *Idaho Free Press*—had been accused by a group of local businessmen of "emphasizing the negative and controversial." One of the unchallengeable premises of any American town is that the town is, as the brochure always says, A Friendly Place with Excellent Schools, Beautiful Parks, Progressive Government, and Fine Recreation Areas Nearby—an ideal place, in other words, for any company to build a factory. There is no room for the negative and controversial in that picture. In practice, a group of local businessmen is the decision-making body of a small town—the people who decide, often over their early-morning coffee at a downtown café, whether the town should have a new industrial park or a new tax levy—and businessmen always believe that the most constructive way to make decisions is quietly, without "stirring people up." In a small town in America, a man can still be damned by being called "controversial" without anybody's having to inquire which side of what controversy he is on.

This way of doing business might be thought to be offensive to a newspaper, but, as it happens, one of the businessmen having coffee at the café every morning is likely to be the newspaper publisher. Like the other businessmen, the publisher thinks of himself as a public-spirited citizen who tries to act "for the good of the town"—the most widely used indicator of "good" being retail sales. He can always cite instances of his paper's publishing the details of some act of corruption or the name of some prominent citizen arrested for drunken driving, but if the businessmen at the café think that it would be for the good of the town to wait for a while before saying anything about plans for a new industrial park or problems with the old one, the publisher is likely to coöperate. The editor is also likely to coöperate: he's a good citizen, too.

I first read about the Nampa paper's problems in the *Intermountain Observer*, an enterprising weekly that is published in Boise and circulated throughout the state. Not having a precise home town, the *Observer* is not afflicted with the home-townism that comes with having coffee at downtown cafés or, in larger cities, lunch at downtown businessmen's clubs. A year after the first article, the *Observer* ran a piece by Oren Campbell, who had been the negative and controversial editor of the *Idaho Free Press*, on the occasion of his inevitable departure. In Nampa, the people who were irritated by Campbell's article were not surprised that the *Observer* was where it appeared. John Brandt, a real-estate man, who is the most influential businessman in Nampa, says of the *Observer*, "It's a dirty sheet if ever there was one." Adam J. Kalb, who publishes the *Free Press* for a chain called the Scripps League of Newspapers, refers to the *Observer* as "an offbeat publication"—which in terms of the Scripps League of Newspapers it is.

CAMPBELL came to Nampa in 1966 from Wichita, where he had been a sports editor. Nampa, with about twenty thousand people, is the largest town in Canyon County, although the county seat is in Caldwell, six miles away—a town with which Nampa has always had a rivalry that includes not only high-school football games but also activities that would normally be considered the province of adults. A fertile agricultural area not far from Boise, Canyon County now has a number of food-processing plants, which keep the economy fairly healthy and on certain evenings make the clear Western air of Nampa smell like eighty-five million potato peels. Even by Idaho standards, Canyon County has always been particularly conservative. The letters column in the *Free Press* regularly runs letters with headlines like "Communism Is Cancer of Mind" or "Conspiracy Does Exist."

Campbell liked Nampa. He joined the Jaycees and the Optimists. He praised the school board for its fiscal responsibility. He worked relatively smoothly with Pete Hackworth, the editor of the Caldwell *News-Tribune*, which is published in conjunction with the *Free Press* in a financially profitable but editorially awkward arrangement that calls for some pages' appearing in both papers. Campbell's editorials were routinely approved without change by Adam Kalb, who had encouraged him to write with some bite—the previous editor's having, in Kalb's opinion, carried non-controversy almost too far. (That editor was made publisher of another Scripps League newspaper—one of the few publishers in the chain to have been selected from the editorial department rather than the advertising department.) The first serious disagreement



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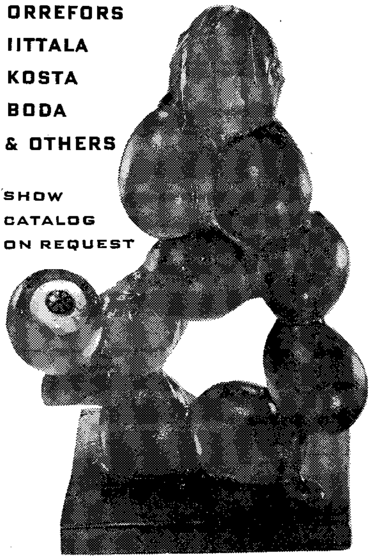

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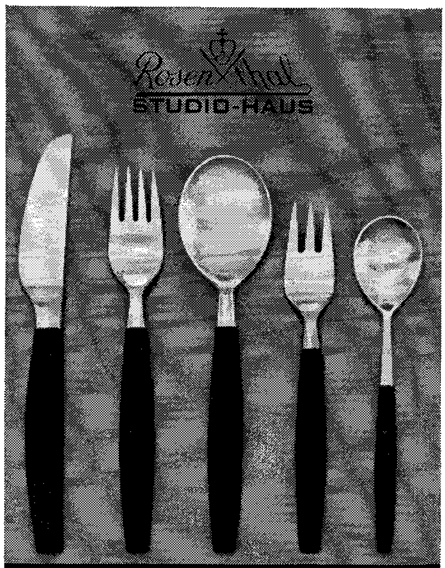

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between Campbell and Kalb didn't come until the senatorial campaign of 1968, when Senator Frank Church was being opposed by a Republican congressman named George Hansen. Kalb decided that the *Free Press* would endorse Hansen, and the endorsement was made. Campbell, who usually votes Republican himself, wanted to publish a personal letter taking exception to the endorsement, and Kalb refused to allow it. Campbell didn't challenge Kalb's right to decide on the endorsement or to refuse to print a letter from his editor that would have undercut it. In American journalism, no one seriously objects to the fact that the man who has final responsibility for advising the community on political matters is usually someone who prepared for that role by selling advertising space to department stores.

When the Woolworth store in Nampa closed, the *Free Press* quoted the manager as saying that downtown Nampa was no longer much of a place to do business, a conclusion that would seem fairly apparent even to a casual shopper, since about all the downtown merchants did to counter the new shopping centers was to declare that two dreary square blocks downtown were no longer two dreary square blocks downtown but "The Loop—Idaho's Largest Shopping Center," and put up a sign to prove it. The balanced way to have handled the Woolworth closing, one member of the business community later said, was demonstrated by the newspaper of another Idaho town that lost its Woolworth's—a sentence or so about the closing of the store and then a paragraph about all the businesses that had recently moved into the town. Some downtown businessmen were beginning to think that *Free Press* photographers made a specialty of empty storefronts.

Campbell eventually made education his specialty, and came to believe that fiscal responsibility had some limitations as an educational philosophy. A group of Nampa citizens—many of them people who had moved in from other places, and a remarkable number of them wives of doctors—were campaigning for changes in the schools, a campaign that was necessarily negative, being based on the premise that Nampa schools were badly in need of change. Campbell gave the campaign a lot of space in the news columns, and editorially the *Free Press* became an advocate of what the reformers called "innovations" and what some other citizens called "frills." There came a time when it seemed to Brandt—who, as the town's leading businessman, had served on the school board for eighteen years—that just about every headline in an issue of the *Free Press* announced something critical of Nampa.

The irritation of the business community came out in the open during a series on sanitation and housing problems in the spring of 1969. The articles included pictures of uncollected garbage and pictures of run-down housing—housing that, in the words of one businessman, "you could find in any town." The fourth piece in the series was headlined "Ghetto-Like Housing Exists Right Here in Valley." It included an interview with a former Canyon County health director, who, speaking in Caldwell, said, "I don't think the realtors here make a business of promoting cheap housing as much as they do in Nampa." The Nampa Board of Realtors wrote a formal letter to deny that charge, and some other citizens, expressing what was probably the prevailing viewpoint in Nampa, wrote letters that included statements like "Filthy conditions are developed by filthy people" and "No human being will live in a house not fit to live in." The real-estate people gathered signatures for a letter to Kalb about the paper's emphasis on the negative and the controversial. "This policy is harmful to our businesses and, in fact, has an adverse effect on advertising placed in the paper," the letter said. "We respectfully request that the editorial policy be changed to conform more nearly with the desires of the community, taking a more positive approach to promote Nampa and the benefits of living here." Brandt, an erect, straightforward man in his sixties, who often uses the word "wholesome" to describe conditions he considers beneficial to the town, sees the letter to Kalb as a matter of simple economics, a "veiled threat" to withdraw advertising. "If it's bad for our business, why should we advertise?" he now says. "If there's something wrong, we don't condone glossing it over, but suppose you were a person thinking about moving here and read the paper and read everything bad. It's our business to be optimistic about the community. The more people who come in here and buy farms or move businesses in here, the more we make." The people who had worked for educational reform sent a rebuttal letter that said, in part, "We believe it is crucial to the future life and progress of our community to have a newspaper unafraid to comment and to show us up, warts and all." Kalb was officially invited to the weekly meeting of the Chamber of Commerce board—the Friday breakfast meeting at the Hong Kong Café—to talk about the paper.

Those who attended the Chamber of Commerce meeting told Kalb that they weren't asking the paper to be totally uncritical but merely objective and balanced—so that, one man suggested, if it became necessary, for some extraordinary reason, to print a picture of a shack, the picture should be accompanied by a picture of some of Nampa's fine houses. What the businessmen said they objected to was, as Brandt put it, "always looking for the one per cent negative instead of the ninety-nine per cent positive." Kalb found himself in an odd position. He didn't want anybody telling him how to run his business, and he said so. He stated that the newspaper would continue to print the truth. On the other hand, he agreed that it had been bad taste to run the housing series on the front page—complete with pictures of dirty shacks. As a businessman who knew that problems should be handled quietly behind the scenes, he was less offended at the attack on the paper than at the method—the fact that the realtors had circulated a petition instead of merely coming into his office to talk matters over. "First it got local publicity and then state publicity and then national publicity," Kalb now says. "If they had handled it properly, it never would have gone that far." All the publicity resulted from the piece in the *Intermountain Observer*. In Nampa, neither the veiled threat to the publisher nor the letter of support from the reformers nor the confrontation at the Hong Kong Café made the paper.

SOME businessmen thought the *Free Press* calmed down for a while after the meeting with Kalb, but no one thought it was likely to meet John Brandt's standards of wholesomeness as long as Campbell was the editor. When an issue of the Nampa high-school paper included, among other matters of controversy, a signed editorial advising students to refuse induction into the armed forces, Brandt withdrew his advertising, and Campbell defended the right of the high-school editor to state an opinion with which the *Free Press* did not happen to

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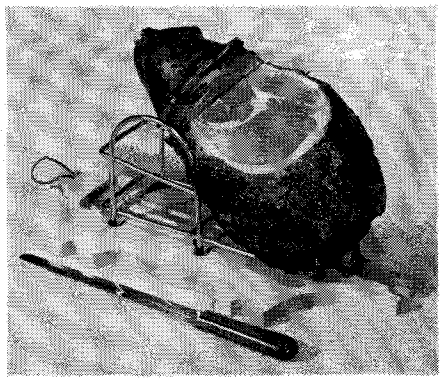
agree. The *Free Press* ran a two-part interview with a former Peace Corps volunteer from a nearby town who had gone to Cuba to cut sugar cane and had returned with impressions that most people in Nampa considered too controversial but not negative enough. With a referendum for a new school-tax levy approaching, Campbell wrote a series of pieces on the schools that had headlines like "Secondary Classes Bulging" and "Grade School Need Costly." Campbell's advice had been ignored by the voters on a couple of previous school elections, and by the time of the voting on the tax levy some people in Nampa thought of it as Oren Campbell's personal crusade. It was overwhelmingly defeated. Campbell's reaction was to write a bad-tempered column headlined "They Turned Against the Kids," which identified those he accused of putting personal prejudice above the welfare of the community's children. Brandt, who happened to be speaking that night at the retirement ceremony of some teachers and principals loyal to the old ways, said that the defeat had been a good thing for the town, and added that it had been caused by, among others, "certain busybodies in the community and doctors' wives" and "Oren Campbell and the *Free Press*."

By the time of Brandt's speech, communication between Kalb and Campbell had degenerated into an exchange of sarcastic memos. Kalb still keeps a file of the outraged memos he sent Campbell—about the editorial department's not using dresses from local stores in the fall-fashion issue, about Campbell's showing him editorials only when it was too late to change them. One of Campbell's memos implied that Kalb was embarrassed by any story that his friends at the country club found offensive. The column about the referendum was looked upon by Kalb as the final act of insubordination—a way of getting around Kalb's check of the editorial page by sneaking something into the news columns. By the middle of the summer, Campbell had left to become managing editor of a paper in Bremerton, Washington.

NOW that Campbell has been gone for a while, there are several theories in Nampa about why so many of the citizens found him irritating. Some believe that Campbell was seriously handicapped by being an outsider who had come in and started telling people to change the way they had always done things; Brandt sometimes refers to him as "that editor from Chi-



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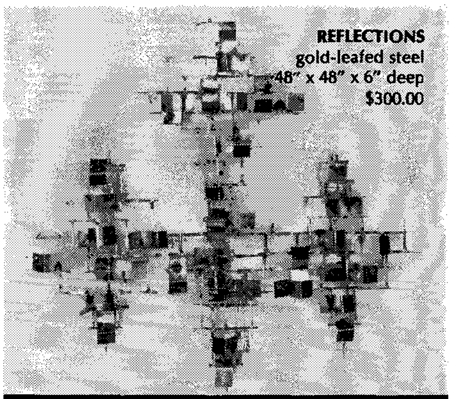

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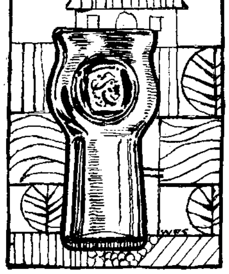

248 MAIN ST. FARMINGTON, CONN. 06032

cago," Campbell having spent a year and a half away from Kansas working for a Chicago paper. A lot of people believe that, particularly on the education issue, Campbell caused considerable irritation by a tendency to harp on a subject. Pete Hackworth, who has been the editor of the Caldwell *News-Tribune* for a number of years and is now the editorial director of both papers, says that the *News-Tribune* has been critical of Caldwell at times but has been careful not to dwell on a subject after the point has been made. Larry Gardner, the new editor of the *Free Press*, says that Campbell lost his objectivity and became personally involved in the referendum campaign. In his farewell piece in the *Observer*, Campbell said that he was silenced by "the crowd from the country club," and both Hackworth and Gardner resent what they believe to be the implication that those in charge now are willing to knuckle under. They say that the paper is as willing to print negative articles as it ever was, and Gardner points with some pride at the irritation of the local farmers over the *Free Press* coverage of efforts to organize farm workers during the summer.

Those in the community who were most actively working for change believe that the days of front-page crusades have passed for the *Free Press*. The businessmen believe they have won. A lot of them seem to look back on Campbell's editorship as a kind of aberration that has now ended. A businessman who tries to explain the aberration tends to speak in terms of economics, so he might say something like "I guess sensationalism sells more papers," and then shake his head in disappointment at somebody who would put his own commercial interests ahead of what is good for the town. "You see, we were spoiled by having a great editor here for many years," one of the businessmen told me. "He was one of the greatest editors in the West. He knew when to write a story and when to keep his damn mouth shut."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

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[*From "Discover the Friendly Pacific," an advertising supplement to the Sunday edition of the Times, September 20*]

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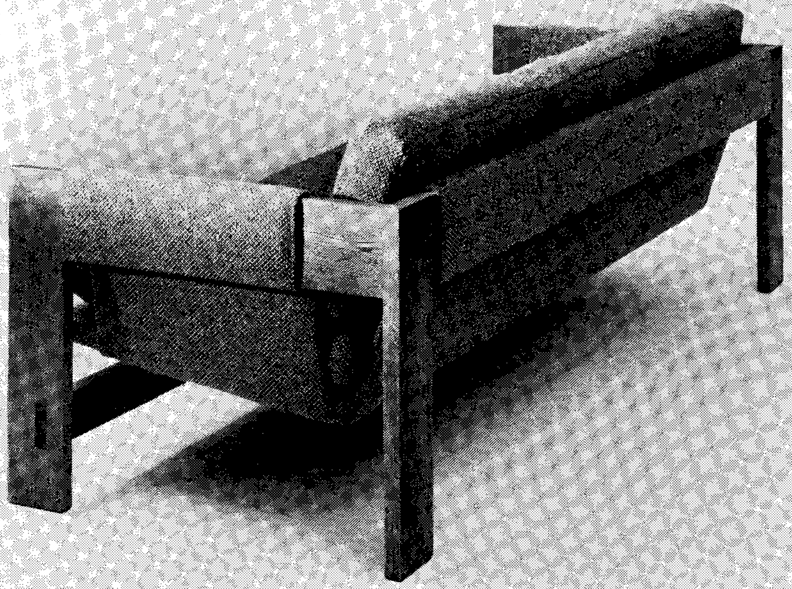
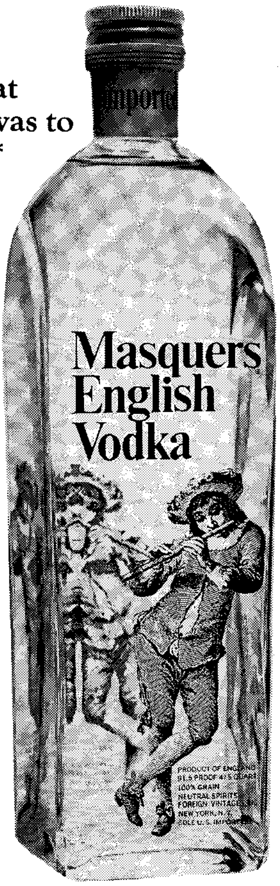


English Vodka is to vodka what Sadlers Wells was to Russian ballet.*



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*The Sadlers Wells Ballet Company founded by Ninette de Valois in 1931 transformed many a classic Russian ballet into a characteristically English phenomenon before (in 1957) becoming the present-day Royal Ballet.

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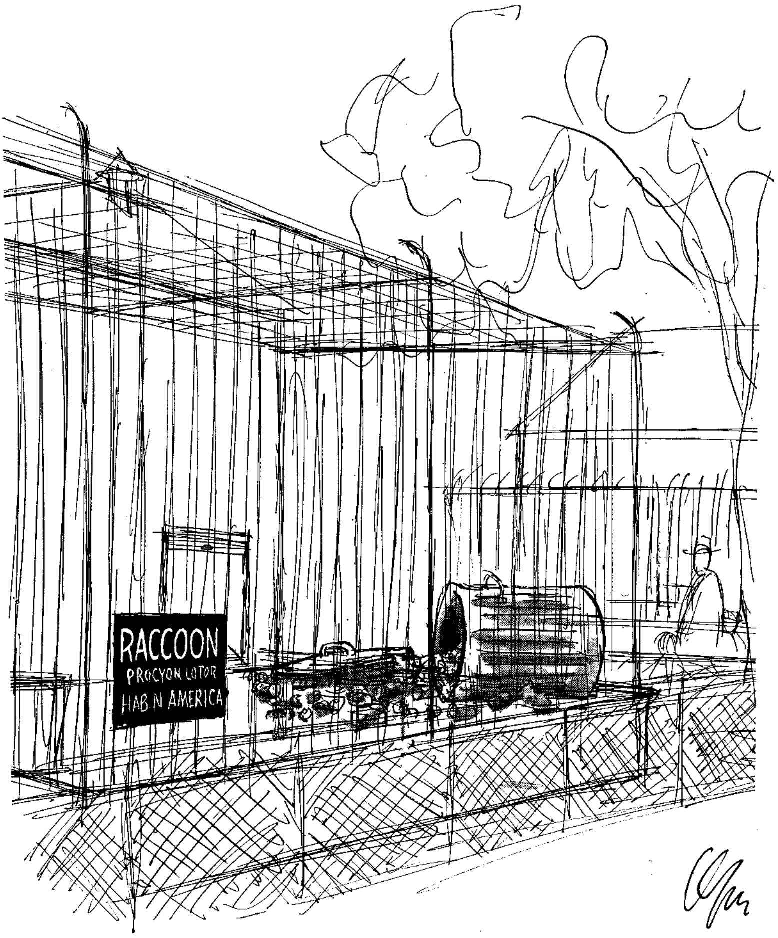
THE SPORTING SCENE

THE BALTIMORE VERMEERS

IT was not a year to treasure, nor yet one to forget too quickly. It was a baseball season of satisfactions rather than miracles, of reasonable rather than sudden successes, and a season of much loud foolishness. Attendance and litigation were up, the pennant races and the World Series fell a bit below the wonders of recent autumns, but still there was another long summer of immense noise and involving tension to remember, and hard disappointments, too, and some splendor in the Astro-Turf. Most of all, perhaps, it was a year of baseball surprises, in which the bad news, as usual, was often more interesting than the good. The New York Yankees, for example, improved themselves admirably, finishing a solid second to the all-conquering Orioles in their division and compiling a 93–69 won-and-lost record that was bettered, in both leagues, only by the Orioles, the Reds, and the Twins. Their reward for this fine effort was to attract one and a half million fewer fans at home than the Mets drew at Shea Stadium in the course of winning ten fewer games and finishing an abject third in the National League East; the Mets' gate of 2,697,479, in fact, was the second-largest total in the history of baseball. Sharing a similarly curious fortune was a field general named Larry Shepard, who was fired a year ago as manager of the Pittsburgh Pirates after his team had won eighty-eight games; his successor, Danny Murtaugh, brought the Pirates home this year with eighty-*nine* victories, and was instantly named Manager of the Year. For Denny McLain, the now erstwhile Detroit ace pitcher who won a total of fifty-five games in the '68 and '69 seasons, there was scarcely any good fortune at all. Suspended three times (twice by Commissioner Bowie Kuhn and once by the Tigers) for a variety of sins that ranged from a losing venture into illegal bookmaking to throwing ice water at two sportswriters, he appeared in fourteen games and won only three. At the end of the season, he was declared "not mentally ill" by the Commissioner and was then traded to the Washington Senators, against the wishes of that team's manager, Ted Williams; McLain's sole immediate consolation may be the thought that he is now the only right-hander in the American League who is officially sane. Commissioner Kuhn also found it necessary to reprimand another pitcher-flake, Jim Bouton, whose offense was the co-authorship of an absorbing and comical baseball book called "Ball Four." The volume, which recounts Bouton's somewhat descendent career as a pitcher with the Yankees, Pilots, and Astros, also includes frank passages about pre-game amphetamine-popping by his teammates, about their relaxed evening habits on the road, about race prejudice and minor cheating on the field, and about the habitual patronizing and financial bullying that most players come to expect from the front office. Commissioner Kuhn did not attack the veracity of anything in the book, but he indicated his extreme displeasure with this form of memoir—thus unerringly, if unconsciously, confirming much that Bouton had said about baseball's closed mind and nervous clubbishness. Despite, or perhaps because of, this warning and the shrill accompanying cries of a good many Establishmentarian sports columnists (one of them described Bouton and his collaborator, Leonard Shecter, as "social lepers"), "Ball Four" remained at the upper levels of the best-seller lists all summer, and is likely to become the most successful sports book in publishing history. Thus variously rewarded, Bouton gave up his losing struggle to master the knuckleball, and is now a sportscaster with a local television station. The lepers are also at work on a new volume.



Commissioner Kuhn, it can be seen, had a difficult second year in office, and should probably be listed as another victim of the legendary sophomore jinx. Some achievements and standoffs must be granted him. A players' strike was averted through the negotiation of a wide-ranging new three-year contract with the Players Association; the agreement raises minimum salaries and playoff and World Series bonuses, protects players cut during spring training, and establishes new grievance procedures that considerably limit the powers of the commissioner's office. Still in abeyance, however, is the biggest issue of all—the reserve clause, which was challenged head-on this year by Curt Flood's refusal to report to the Phillies after being traded away by the Cardinals, and his subsequent suit against organized baseball. The case was heard in Federal District Court by Judge Irving Ben Cooper, who listened to fifteen sessions of testimony from owners, executives, and players, and eventually found in favor of the defendants; it was agreed by both

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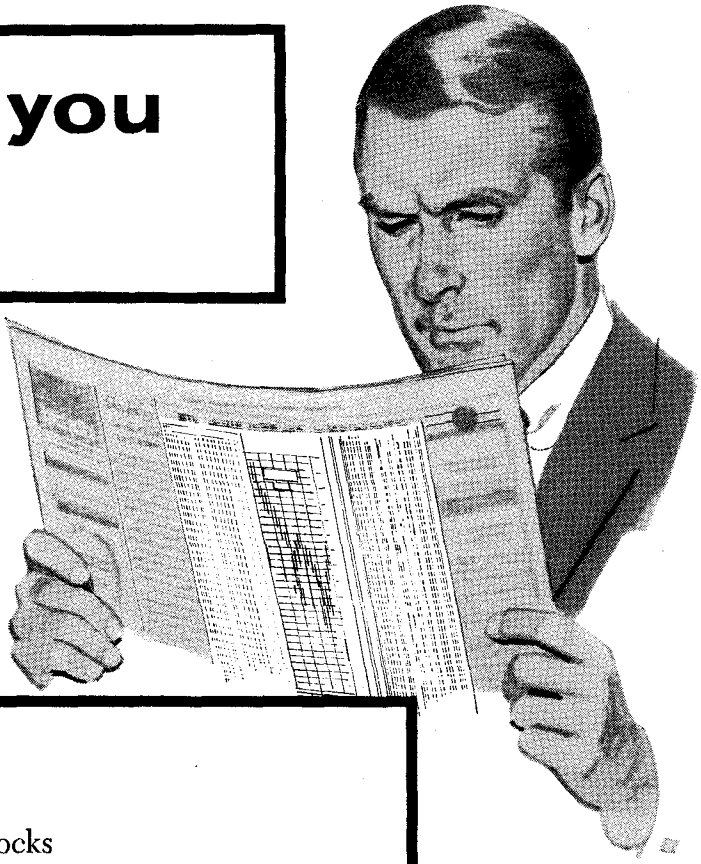

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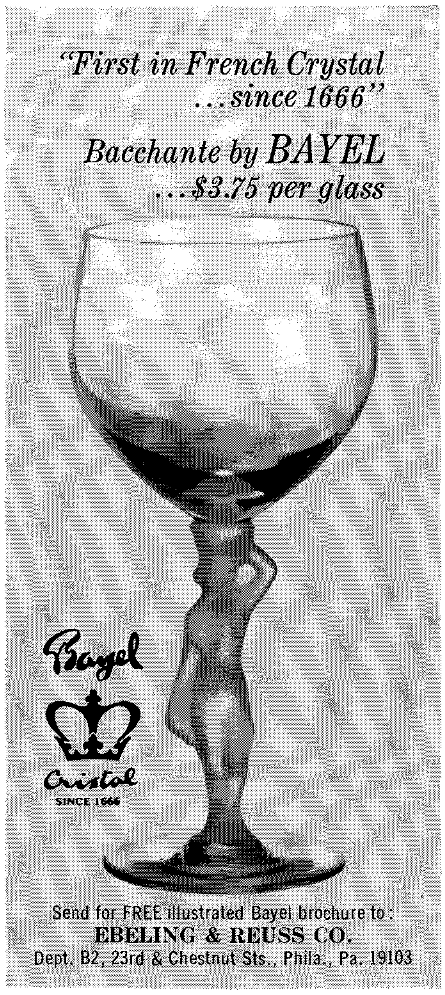

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sides, however, that the real test of baseball's right to its ancient and unique exemption from the anti-trust laws will come during the pending appeal to the Supreme Court. Flood, who is thirty-two, missed a full year at his trade because of his belief that he and his fellow-professionals should not be sold and shipped from city to city like crates of oranges, but his sacrifice is still not understood by many of the same megatheriums who were so scandalized by "Ball Four." When asked about Flood, they shake their heads incredulously and mutter, "How do you *like* that for ingratitude? He was earning ninety thousand a year!"

Outdoors, the news was brighter. Rico Carty, the Braves' ebullient left fielder, won the National League batting title with a mark of .366—the highest average since Ted Williams' .388 thirteen years ago. In all, thirty-one hitters finished the year at .300 or better, which suggests that the recent advantage that pitchers have enjoyed over batters has been almost rebalanced. The Yankees came up with an excellent young catcher named Thurman Munson, who hit .302 in his first year, and a new twenty-game-winning pitcher in Fritz Peterson. Willie Mays, who will be forty next spring (Willie Mays *forty*?), had a splendid season, batting .291 and hitting twenty-eight homers for the Giants, thus running his lifetime total to 628. Hank Aaron, who will be thirty-seven this winter, batted .298 and hit thirty-eight homers for the Braves, running *his* lifetime total to 592. And Hank Morgenweck, who is thirty-eight, worked behind second base during the National League playoff game in Pittsburgh on October 3rd, thus running his lifetime total of major-league games umpired to one; this record, of course, is shared by George Grygiel, Fred Blandford, and John Grimsley.

BEFORE we move on to those playoffs and the pleasures of the quick, loud World Series just concluded by the Reds and the Orioles, attention must be paid to the painful collapse of the World Champion Mets. It *was* a collapse, although it didn't look that way, because the defenders remained in contention with the Pirates and the Cubs until the very last weekend of the season. From June to October, these three clubs gasped and spluttered and thrashed together at or just below the surface of first place in the National League East; whenever one of them managed two or three strokes in succession and seemed on the point of drawing clear, a clutching hand would reach out and pull it down again. Mostly, it was the Pirates who stayed on top, but the ineptitude of all three teams permitted the Cubs to survive one submersion of twelve straight losses without undue damage, and sustained late pennant hopes that were, in every case, richly undeserved. The Pirates' final 89–73 record was the lowest winning average in the history of the big leagues.

Why the Mets failed to survive even this flabby test, falling seventeen games below their record of last year, is easy to explain but hard to understand. The 1970 Mets encountered many of the accidents and disappointments that befall almost every team in the course of the long season, and their failure to survive them must remind us that last year's Amazin's were largely free of injuries and sore arms. They were also a team of extremely limited power and reserves, which kept winning because every man on the squad seemed to come through with a key hit or clutch pitching performance at the precise instant it was needed. This year, one kept seeing the opposite. Cleon Jones, who led the team with a .340 average last year, fell into an epochal early slump that kept him close to the .200 mark until past midseason; no one appeared, from the bench or the farms, to take up this slack. The bullpen, so obdurate last year, was unreliable until mid-September, when it was too late. Jerry Koosman hurt his arm and broke his jaw, and still wound up with a 12–7 record—an admirable performance but less good than last year's 17–9, when he also missed a month of the action. Gary Gentry and Nolan Ryan were consistently inconsistent. Explanations, excuses... What remains invisible is the weight of success that these young, all-conquering Mets brought with them into this season. So little was expected of these players last year that they could plunge headlong into every key game and series, knowing that they would not be blamed if they fell on their faces. This year, the opposite was true. I doubt whether the Mets were surprised or troubled to find every other club taking dead aim at them in every game, but what must have been much more difficult was the discovery that a second success requires different private resources and reserves from the first. (This is a hard lesson that New York people understand well; it was what made the Mets' exuberant, astonishing victory last autumn seem somehow heartbreaking, too.) This summer, the Mets suffered so many difficult, late defeats in close games that no one on the team, surely, could have escaped the chilling interior doubt—the doubt that kills—whispering that their courage and brilliance last summer had been an illusion all the time, had been nothing but luck.

Of all the defeats this summer, none was quite so shocking as the loss the team suffered to the Braves in Atlanta on the night of August 15th. With Tom Seaver in excellent form on the mound, the Mets led, 2–1, when the Braves, thanks largely to a lucky infield hit by Carty, loaded the bases with one out in the bottom of the ninth. With the count one and two on Bob Tillman, Seaver wound and threw a called strike three, but the pitch was a fast ball instead of the curve that Jerry Grote had signalled for, and it sailed right by the catcher and back to the screen. The runner scored from third, and when Grote pegged wildly past Seaver, covering at the plate, the runner from second also came in, and the game was suddenly and horribly gone. That one hurt and seemed to go on hurting. It dropped the Mets four games behind the Pirates, and made Seaver's record 17–7; he was to win only one more game the rest of the year, finishing up at 18–12. Of all the Mets' mysteries, this is the most mysterious. Seaver was not injured or suffering from an unduly tired arm. Throughout September, he made no excuses, except to say that the problem was technical—his left leg was getting too far ahead of his body in his delivery, subtly altering his timing. Yet he looked worse and worse as the season ran out, being hit by humpty-dumpty batters who had never touched him before, and even fielding his position poorly. Tom Seaver is a complicated young man—an intelligent and attractive natural leader who has enjoyed extraordinary success at his profession—and any tentative explanation of his sudden downfall must also be complicated, beginning with the instant reminder that it was a "downfall" only in comparison with his own past record; his 18–12 mark was below last year's 25–7, but he still led the league this year with an earned-run average of 2.81 and two hundred and eighty-three strikeouts. And here, perhaps, is a clue. Last year, Seaver came within two outs of pitching a perfect game, that rarest of all baseball feats, and during the early part of this season it

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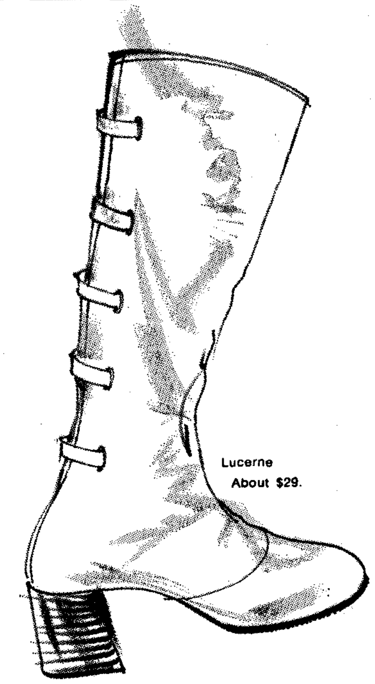
sometimes looked as if his personal goal, in a career that had quickly brought him almost every other achievement, was to win that game back—to attain, if only once, perfection on the mound. Several times this spring, he came unscathed to the middle innings, only to see a scratchy infield hit trickle through or a bloop fly drop in against him and ruin things. He was visibly angry at such times, kicking the mound and glaring at the base runner; later, he was curt and haughty with reporters. At about the same time, Seaver began striking out more hitters than ever before. He tied a record by fanning nineteen batters in a game against the Padres, during which he set another all-time mark by striking out ten batters in a row. This is impressive but just possibly fatal. As real fans know, a pitcher who strikes out a great many men in a game is often working at less than his best level; a blend of whiffs, grounders, and flies is more effective, and much easier on the arm. What suggests itself, then, is that, subtly and perhaps unconsciously, Seaver began relying too often on his hummer, his strikeout pitch, to get him out of difficulties in a hard season. This is what happened in Atlanta that night, and it may have gone on happening, even to the point where he imperceptibly altered the natural and beautiful rhythm that had made him almost indomitable. In trying for perfection, he may have suffered the first true defeat of his life.

And yet, and yet . . . Even down to late September, a reprieve, a tarnished but acceptable second miracle, seemed quite possible for the Mets. The last fourteen days of the schedule offered seven games with Pittsburgh and four with Chicago. The Mets lost the first two games to the Pirates at Shea on September 18th and 19th, each by an excruciating one-run margin, and slid into third place, two games behind the Cubs and three and a half back of the leaders. Then, on the twentieth, the largest home crowd of the year—54,806—turned out for the Sunday doubleheader. Long before game time, there were turned-away fans standing three-deep on the roofs of some parked buses behind the visiting-team bullpen in left field; they stood there, craning and hoping, all through the warm late-summer afternoon. They were rewarded with a superb performance by Jerry Koosman in the opener. Tendinitis has robbed Koosman of his old, sweeping fast ball, but he is perhaps more of a pitcher now than ever before. Working thoughtfully, always around



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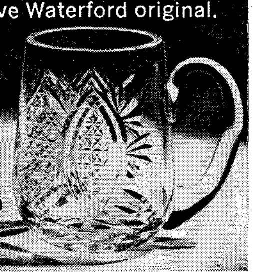

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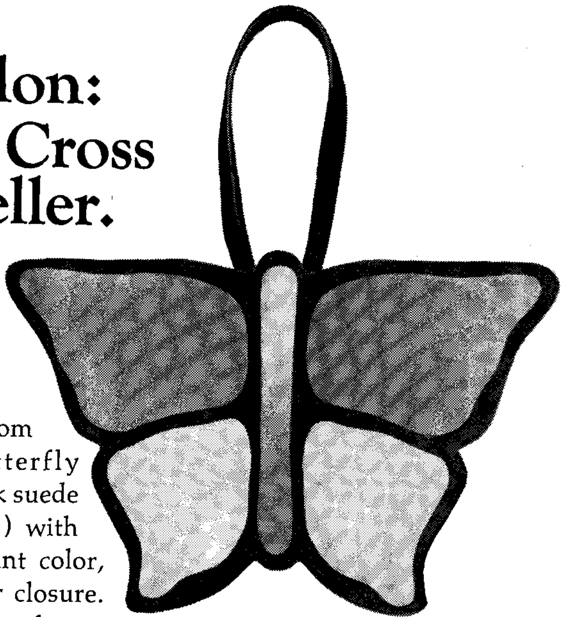
the corners, he served up an assortment of down-breaking curves and changes that set down the first fifteen Pirate batters in order. José Pagan hit a home run to lead off the sixth, but by that time the home side had compiled a modest three runs, and Jerry gave the Pirates only one other hit, winning 4–1. Now! A sweep would put us back in the thick of things. Seaver was opposed by a young pitcher named Fred Cambria, who was in only his second year of organized ball, yet it was Seaver who was instantly in difficulties, giving up singles and loud outs in profusion. Some good luck and a costly Pirate error kept it tied at 2–2 until the sixth, when Tom departed amid a shower of hits and boos—a sound I never expected to hear directed at him—and the score went to 5–2 against the Mets. Stubbornly, almost sullenly, they rallied—a Boswell homer in the sixth, three hits in the seventh—to tie it once more at 5–5, to an enormous storm of shouting, but the effort clearly exhausted them. The visitors' Willie Stargell hit a homer off McGraw to open the tenth, and a moment or two later Tommy Agee and Rod Gaspar collided in right field, not far from the site of Agee's second famous catch in the World Series last year, and Gene Alley's liner rolled all the way to the wall. The Pirates won, 9–5, and the two-year age of wonders came to its end. Official extinction descended a week later, when the Mets dropped three more games in Pittsburgh, all of them by one-run margins. In the seven key games against the Pirates, they had batted into sixteen double plays and stranded no fewer than sixty-six base runners, which is the mark of an old, old ball team.

THE most riveting figures visible on the first day of the National League playoffs between the Pirates and the Cincinnati Reds at Pittsburgh's new Three Rivers Stadium were neither the home team's conglomeration of old and young hitters—Roberto Clemente and Manny Sanguillen, Willie Stargell and Rich Hebner, Bill Mazeroski and Bob Robertson—nor even such celebrated Red cannoneers as Johnny Bench, Tony Perez, Lee May, and Pete Rose; they were the umpires, the aforementioned Messrs. Morgenweck, Grygiel, Blandford, and Grimsley, who had been hastily summoned up from the minors (and into the Trivia Hall of Fame) to replace the regular six-man National League crew, which had that day (*O tempora! O* Bill Klem!) gone on strike for



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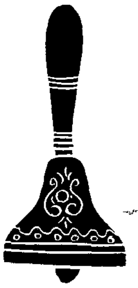
higher playoff and World Series wages. The American League umps working the Orioles-Twins playoffs in Minnesota were also out. Negotiations between the Umpires Association and the commissioner's office had dragged on in a desultory fashion for some weeks, with no more than a couple of thousand dollars separating the two, and it seemed clear that no one had truly expected the issue to be drawn. Thus, it was not until just before game time that the strikers slipped their painted-cardboard sandwich signs ("Major League Umpires on Strike for Wages") over their uniforms and formed a ragged, self-conscious picket line outside the stadium. One of them, Harry Wendelstedt, kept explaining to entering fans that he felt embarrassed about the whole thing. "I'm a professional man," he said. "I belong out on that ball field, not here looking like a clown." Whatever irresolution might have been indicated by this remark was probably dispersed when Warren Giles, the former president of the National League, shook hands with Wendelstedt on entering the park and then turned to a nearby special cop and said, "Move 'em away from here—about a mile and a half away." The umps stood fast, and during the afternoon their number increased as more of their colleagues arrived from around the country and joined the line.



Inside, and almost incidentally, the ballgame went on—fortunately, without any especially difficult calls to challenge the bush-league bluecoats. The match-up brought together teams both known for their good hitters and their aching pitchers. Both had compiled a team average of .270; the Reds had led the league in homers, the Pirates in hits; throughout the season, both had been forced to rely heavily on bullpen veterans and newly called-up young fireballers to help out a corps of starting pitchers who sometimes seemed to be made of blown glass. Expecting a bombardment, we were given, of course, a pitching duel—a languid Indian-summer afternoon of pop fouls and infield outs, only occasionally vivified when the starters, Gary Nolan for the Reds and Dock Ellis for the Pirates, worked out of mild jams. I had plenty of time to study the new ballpark, which is situated just across the Allegheny River from Pittsburgh's downtown Golden Triangle, and to wonder how ballplayers nowadays can remember which town they are playing in as they look up at the same tiered, brightly painted circles of seats that, rising above fields of fake grass, identically and anonymously surround them in so many big-league cities. More and more, these stadia remind one of motels or airports in their perfect and dreary usefulness; they are no longer parks but machines for sports. In time, though, I found the difference here—an immense glassed-in dining room and bar called the Allegheny Club, which occupies much of the third and fourth tiers beyond first base at Three Rivers Stadium, permitting affluent locals (who may also lease private boxes, at a price of $38,000 for five years) to take their baseball à la carte. Pittsburgh has six chandeliers in right field. It also, on this particular day, had some twenty thousand bright-orange empty seats in upper center field—an embarrassing reminder that these Championship Series, as the post-season playoffs are officially known, have not yet won the fealty of the fans. I was aroused from these reveries by the first loud, sharp noise of the day as Ty Cline, a Cincinnati pinch-hitter, led off the tenth inning with a triple past Clemente in right field; a moment or two later, he trotted in with the first run of the game, and then Lee May drove in two more with a double to left, and the Reds won it, 3–0.

I got to the stadium early the next day, but not as early as the striking umpires, who had set up their picket line at five in the morning and now had the place buttoned up like Fort Knox. Pittsburgh, of course, is a union town, and the various locals representing the stadium's ushers, ticket-takers, groundskeepers, electricians, and such enforced a total embargo in honor of the umps' grievance. It was a chill, blowy day, and we all milled around together cheerfully under the fortress walls—strikers, unioneers, fans, reporters, Baseball Annies, cops, photographers, and excited small boys. Negotiations, we were told, were in progress within. Umpires Doug Harvey and Paul Pryor gave out autographs and TV interviews like a couple of Musials, and once a cigar-smoking shop steward pushed forward through the crowd to rumble loud reminders of solidarity at the driver of an approaching cab, who, it turned out, was merely lost. Then, just an hour before game time, the word came: "It's over!" National League President Chub Feeney and Jack Reynolds, the lawyer for the Umpires Association, announced together that negotiations would be resumed in good faith; later that week, the two sides settled on umpires' fees of $4,000 per man for the playoffs and $7,500 ($8,000 after 1972) for the World Series—a fair sum, it might seem, for a handful of games, but one that each umpire will draw, in rotation with his fellows, only every five years or so. The whole impasse, in retrospect, seemed faintly bush, but it had been a very near thing. That morning, one Pirates executive had approached another inside the empty park and said, "Look, if this strike isn't cleared up, do you think you could ask Clemente and some of the other players if they'd mind helping take up the tarpaulin?"

"Who," said his associate, paling, "*me*?"

The victorious umpires received a fat round of boos from the fans as they came onto the field, but then lapsed into invisibility when the baseball began. Better baseball, too. Bobby Tolan, the quick young Cincinnati center fielder, gave us an edifying lesson in one o'cat, scoring the Reds' first run on a single, a stolen base, an error, and a wild pitch; their second run on a prodigious homer to right center; and their third and final run on another single and a dash around the bases on Tony Perez' double. The home team, having put up fourteen straight goose eggs on the board, scraped together a run in the sixth, but Sparky Anderson, the Reds' manager, called in a nineteen-year-old left-hander named Don Gullett, who retired Willie Stargell with two men on and blew down the Pirates the rest of the way. Gullett, who was pitching for his high school in Kentucky a year and a half ago, throws *hard;* afterward, his catcher, Johnny Bench, said, "He can throw the ball through a car wash and not get it wet."

The playoffs now moved along to Cincinnati's Riverfront Stadium, which is another 1970-model four-decker, but with different accessories: no chandeliers, AstroTurf instead of Tartan Turf underfoot, and no dirt on the base paths, which have utterly vanished except for a miniature sandbox around each base. (Ballplayers, it must be said, are almost unanimous in their praise of these new surfaces, which improve their fielding averages by eliminating the bad bounce. A thrown or batted ball jumps off the ungrass with such alacrity that anything hit up the left- or right-field power alley almost invariably streaks through for extra bases, but outfielders who remember to keep

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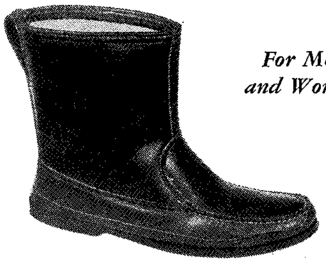

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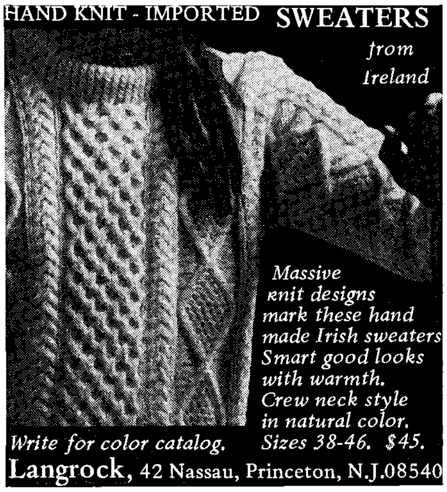

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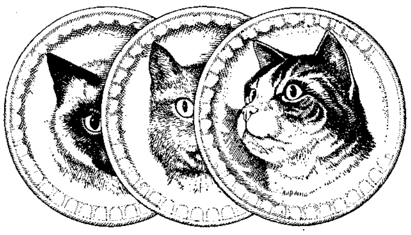

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their pegs down low—for the bounce—suddenly discover that they all have developed shotgun arms. All this, of course, has changed the game in ways that have yet to be measured—if anyone should ever care to conduct such useless, *ex post facto* researches.) Now facing deletion in the three-out-of-five series, the Pirates painstakingly worked the Reds' starter, Tony Cloninger, for a run in the first inning. In the bottom half, however, Tony Perez and Johnny Bench hit two balls over the left-field fence in such quick proximity and succession that the second resembled an instant-replay shot of the first. The Pirates retied it at 2–2 in the fifth, but Anderson brought in another post-pubescent from the bullpen, a twenty-year-old right-hander named Milt Wilcox, who quickly restored order. The crowd, larger and much noisier than the Pittsburgh turnouts, now sensed whatever it is that can so often be sensed about the outcome of a tight, important game; they kept up a happy, expectant screeching, even though Bob Moose, the Pittsburgh starter, was now pitching almost indomitably, setting down nineteen of twenty Redleg batters in a row. Sure enough—with two out in the eighth, Moose walked Ty Cline, and then had to face Pete Rose, who is perhaps the world's most dangerous hitter in such a situation. Rose singled. Thinking hard, Murtaugh now brought in a lefty, Joe Gibbon, to throw to left-handed Bob Tolan, but Tolan took two quick strikes and then poked a wrong-field single to left on the next pitch, bringing in Cline with what turned out to be the deciding run. The Orioles, the scoreboard announced, were champions again, having wiped out the Twins in three straight for the second year in a row. And here, minutes later, Don Gullett was in again to retire the last Pirate batter, and the Reds were champions, too. Time for the champagne: champagne over everybody and everything, champagne all over the nice red rug on the clubhouse floor, and also—hoo, hoo! ho, ho!—all over the Reds' other rug, which is Lee May's hairpiece.

ALL of us, I think, had been waiting through the summer for this Series and for the collision of these two enormous teams. Both had utterly flattened the opposition in their divisions, holding first place unchallenged after April. The Reds' three sluggers, Perez, Bench, and May, had combined for a hundred and nineteen home runs—a total that six entire *teams* failed to reach this year—and three hundred and

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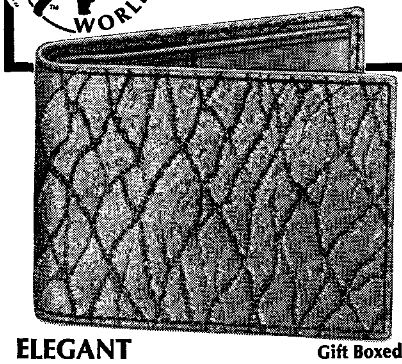

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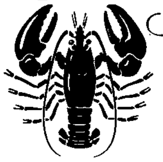

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seventy-one runs batted in. Bench, the Reds' leader and, at twenty-two, already one of the finest catchers in baseball history, had led both leagues with forty-five homers and a hundred and forty-eight R.B.I.s. Against this, the Orioles could offer Boog Powell (thirty-five homers), the two famous Robinsons, three twenty-game-winning pitchers—Cuellar (24–8), McNally (24–9), and Palmer (20–10)—and a hovering, almost visible smolder of resentment over the team's unexpected beating by the Mets last fall.

The opener, back at Riverfront Stadium, brought the expected early clang of armor—a Lee May homer and three quick Cincinnati runs, which were instantly won back on homers by Powell and Elrod Hendricks, the Baltimore catcher. It was still 3–3 in the bottom of the sixth when Lee May, leading off, rifled a hard grounder to left; Brooks Robinson, the Orioles' thirty-three-year-old perennial third baseman, leaped to his right, speared the ball cross-handed just above the base, and, whirling and throwing in the same instant, let go a fallaway peg from foul ground that got to first on the bounce and still nipped the runner. This wonder (not an unexpected wonder for those of us who remembered Robinson's play in last year's Series) saved a double, and made possible the famous and disorderly scene that now began after Bernie Carbo walked and was singled to third. Ty Cline, pinch-hitting, chopped at a Jim Palmer pitch and bounced it high in the air, directly in front of the plate. Hendricks stepped forward, waiting for the ball to descend, and Carbo suddenly and foolishly set sail for the plate. Home-plate umpire Ken Burkhart, apparently forgetting all about the base runner, stepped forward to see if the ball would come down fair or foul, and Jim Palmer, approaching from the mound, had an incomparable view of the ensuing carnage.

"I knew Carbo was coming," he said later. "I could hear him—*clomp, clomp, clomp*—on the AstroTurf, so I yelled to Hendricks, 'Tag him! Tag him!' " Carbo slid, Hendricks whirled and lunged for him, and Burkhart, now horribly resembling a dog on a highway, was struck simultaneously from two directions. He landed on the seat of his pants, facing the outfield, but bravely raised his fist in the air for the "out" sign. That settled the matter, of course, though dissenting views were delivered by Carbo, Sparky Anderson, and 51,531 other expert witnesses. The Reds lost the game in the next in-

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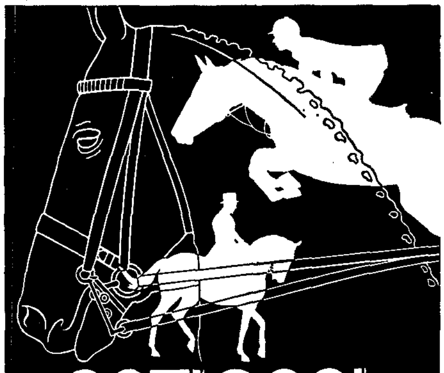

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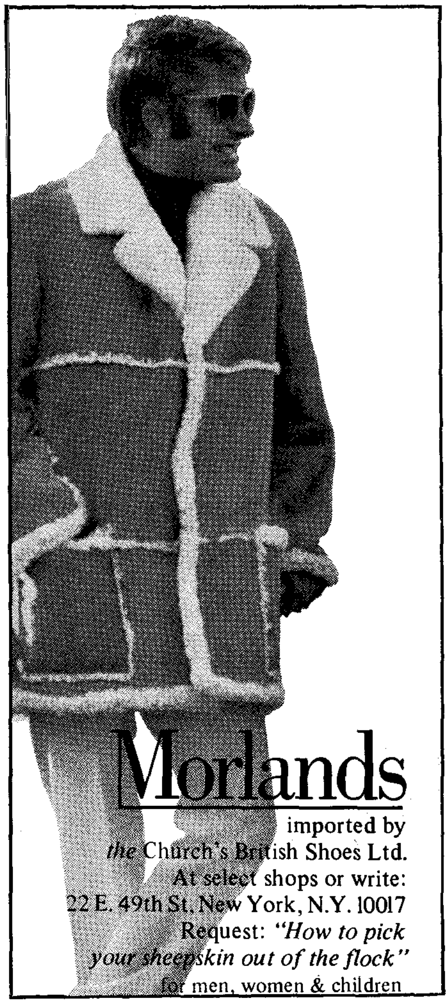

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ning, 4–3, when Brooks Robinson lofted a high sailer into the alley behind the left-field fence. Detailed-sequence photographs in the papers the next day reminded one of the fatal business at Sarajevo. They clearly showed that all three participants had failed in their missions: Carbo never touched the plate, Hendricks tagged the runner with his glove but not the ball, and Burkhart, trying to look down the small of his back, did not see the play.

The Reds briskly disposed of Cuellar in the second game, racking him for three runs in the first inning and a Tolan homer in the third; more damage impended, but Brooks Robinson jumped for a hard shot by Lee May and turned it into a double play, and Boog Powell, for the second day in a row, began the Orioles' catch-up with a fourth-inning homer. They did more than just catch up this time; in the fifth, five singles drove out the Reds' starter, Jim McGlothlin, and then Elrod Hendricks, who bats left-handed, barely clipped a pitch with the very tip of his flailing bat, banking it the wrong way, over third, and driving in the fifth and sixth Baltimore runs—a piece of pure bad baseball luck that cost the Reds the game. Bench hit a subsequent homer that brought it up to 6–5, but the home-towners could do nothing against the Orioles' relief pitcher, Dick Hall, who set down the last seven batters in order. Dick Hall is a Baltimore institution, like crab cakes. He is six feet six and one-half inches tall and forty years old, and he pitches with an awkward, sidewise motion that suggests a man feeling under his bed for a lost collar stud. He throws a sneaky fast ball and never, or *almost* never, walks batters; he has given up exactly twenty unintentional bases on balls in the past four hundred and eighteen innings, dating back to 1965. Hall is almost bald; he has ulcers, a degree in economics from Swarthmore, a Mexican wife, four children, and an off-season job as a certified public accountant; and he once startled his bullpen mates by trying to estimate mathematically how many drops of rain were falling on the playing field during a shower. After the game, I saw Dick Hall laughing and talking with teammates and reporters in the clubhouse, with a crust of dried Gelusil on his lower lip; his pitching opponent for the last two innings had been Don Gullett, the nineteen-year-old, and I suddenly wondered which of the two would remember this day longer.

On to Baltimore, then, to real (if rather scruffy) grass, and, for the next two games, to the awed further inspection of that other local monument, Brooks Robinson. Long ago, his teammates adopted a cool, unsurprised tone, which is part put-on, in discussing Robinson's feats. "Oh, that's nothing," they say to a sportswriter or rival player about some dusty new miracle behind third. "Brooks does that sort of thing all the time." In the third game—a 9–3 laugher that was settled in the sixth, when Oriole pitcher Dave McNally hit a grand-slam homer—Brooks Robinson hit two doubles and batted in two runs, snuffed out a Cincinnati threat in the first with a nifty double play, robbed Tommy Helms in the second by dashing in for a grab and flip of his slow bouncer, and broke Johnny Bench's heart in the sixth with a full-length port-side dive to snare Bench's liner in the top of his glove webbing, some four inches above the ground. The Series had given us so many of these Brooksian masterpieces, in fact, that I found myself beginning to collect and compare them in memory, like Vermeers. After the game, Oriole manager Earl Weaver merely smiled and said, "Yes, I've enjoyed watching him," but the unhappy Reds' pilot, Sparky Anderson, kept shaking his head and muttering, "He's the whole Series so far." Pete Rose, glumly pointing a thumb upward, said, "Brooks Robinson belongs in a Higher League."

During the fourth game, the following afternoon, Brooks Robinson did nothing much in the field, but he put in a useful day at the plate, rapping a homer and three singles in four trips. It looked to be a quick and nearly monotheistic Series as Baltimore moved smoothly out to a 5–3 lead. Then, in the eighth, with the season running down and the Reds' power coming to the plate for perhaps the last time this year, Tony Perez worked Jim Palmer for a walk, and Johnny Bench singled solidly to left. Eddie Watt, a right-handed reliever, came in for the Orioles. He warmed, then got his sign, stretched and threw, and Lee May hammered the pitch into the deeper part of the deep-left-field bleachers; none of the Baltimore infielders even turned to watch the flight of the ball. The Reds' best reliever, Clay Carroll, set down the home side in the eighth and ninth, and the Reds won it, 6–5. It was the Orioles' first defeat in the past eighteen games, and even a few of the Baltimore rooters must have sensed that the Reds, who had reached the Orioles' pitchers for twenty-nine hits so far, had deserved at least this one evening of renewed hope and raised voices. Lee May, laughing, said, "I got *hold* of it! Had to keep it away from that Hoover Robinson, you know. He's been suckin' up everything I sent down his way." Johnny Bench, deadly serious, said, "We've really got a shot now. We win it tomorrow and it's back to our home park, and *then* let's see who takes it all."

Bench didn't quite convince me then, but he almost did in the first inning the next afternoon, when he singled and Pete Rose and Lee May and Hal McRae all doubled, to score three lightning-fast runs off Mike Cuellar. Earl Weaver convened a mound conference with his ace and, having seen something that was entirely invisible to everyone else in the park, left Cuellar in the game. This, of course, is what managers are paid for; Cuellar did not give up another hit until the seventh inning, by which time the game and the Series and the season were, in effect, over. The Other Robinson—Frank—had started things off with a two-run homer in the bottom of the first, and then there were two more Oriole runs in the second and still two more in the third, and it became clear that the Reds' pitching, which had never been in true health, was at last finished. With the Orioles leading by 7–3, Brooks Robinson came up to bat in the eighth, fanned, and returned to the dugout to the accompaniment of what may stand for some time as the longest and loudest standing ovation given to a ballplayer who has just struck out. And then, in the ninth, Brooks returned the compliment prettily—another airborne flight across third base, to grab Bench's lead-off liner. Afterward, after Baltimore had won the game by 9–3 and the Series by 4–1, Pete Rose sat in the quiet Reds' clubhouse and said, "That last shot? Oh, that was nothing for Brooks. That's nothing for him." Quite right, and so let us conclude by saying only that there were several of us who, along with Earl Weaver, enjoyed watching the Orioles' third baseman play baseball this autumn, when he and his teammates entirely destroyed what has sometimes (but never so late) been called the Big Red Machine.

—ROGER ANGELL

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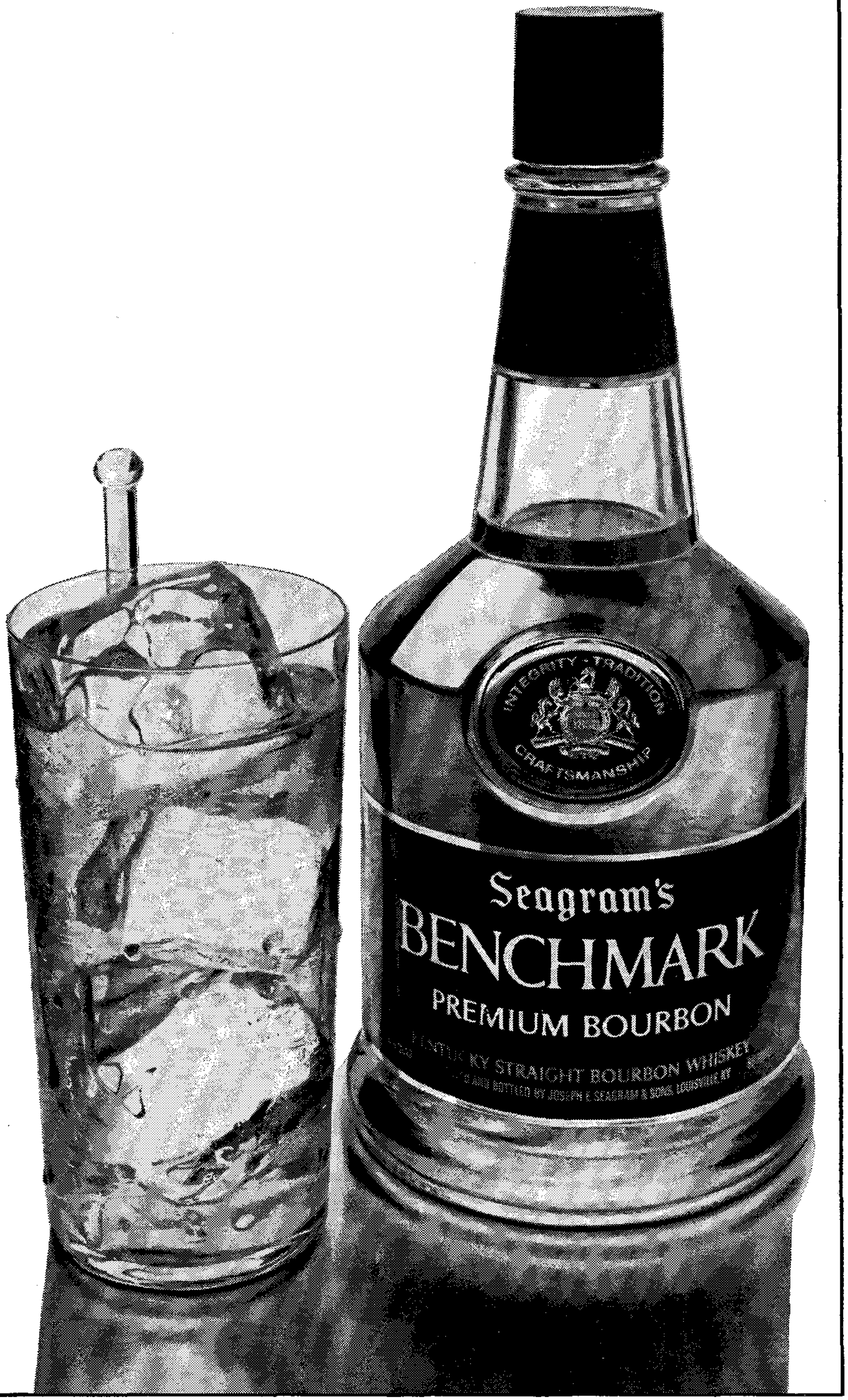
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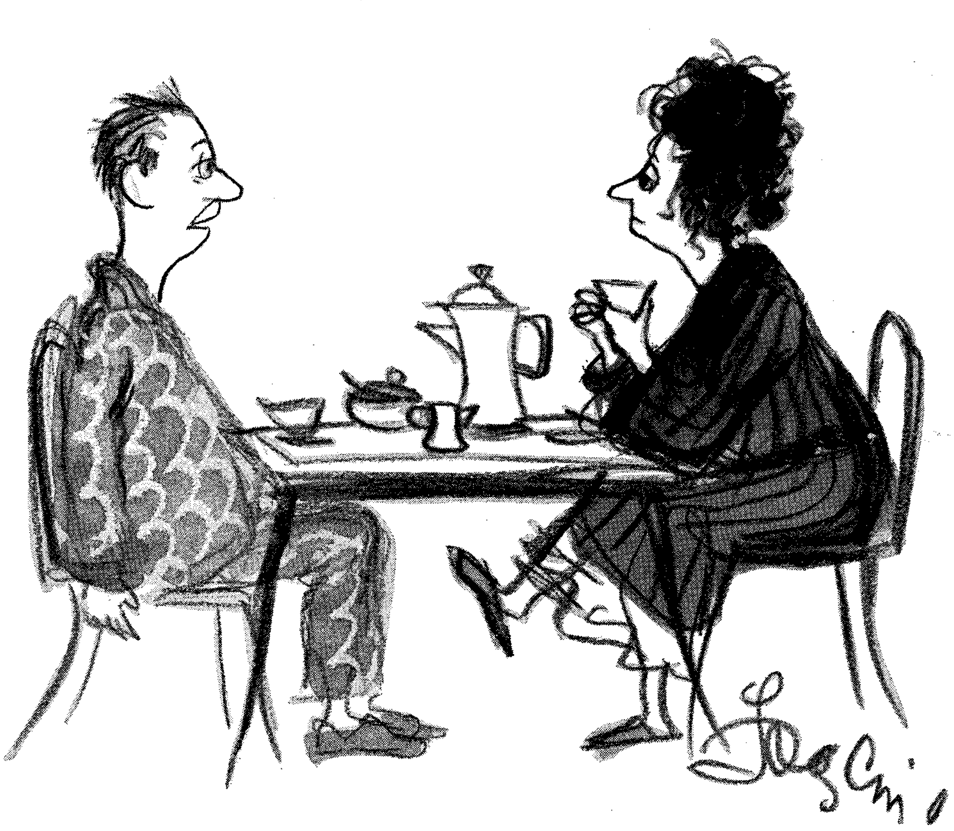
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

THERE are two boutiques in town that specialize in bold and happy made-to-measure and welcome passersby with unlocked doors. The Chelsea Cobbler is five years old in London and a newcomer to 122 East 55th Street; it makes beautiful boots. Kamali, Ltd., has been established at 229 East 53rd Street for eleven months and produces glorious and jungly clothes. Both places thrive on the gleam in the eye, and they complement each other perfectly. They restore you to the pleasure to be found in rich color, fine materials, strange textures, careful cut, and imaginative detail. The new mood of bespoke has been evident in England for some time. Its exponents are not dusty Jeevesian figures but slender youths with the tones of England's new breed. (Norma Kamali, of Kamali, Ltd., who grew up in Manhattan, has something of the same mixture of Eton, cockney, Huddersfield, and the Village.) To link wild ideas to craftsmanship is to be sure of a market that takes the first enough for granted to appreciate the second. Such an aristocracy of the far-out is now making its mark in New York—laying down its strolling grounds and patronizing boutiques whose young owners apply themselves enthusiastically to running up ideas for kindred souls.

I found Norma and Eddie Kamali in their reptile-papered basement, which is a bit bigger than a token booth. Their shop is in the least assuming one of a group of brownstones on the north side of 53rd Street between Second and Third Avenues. This row of boutiques—with its creeping greenery, banners, and gaudily painted stoops—is the model of the transformation of the Fifties east of Park Avenue. During the past year or so, they have become a restless land of fashion fantasy. Norma Kamali has a gentle smile, a mass of artichoke-cut curls, and lids decked out with summer skies. She believes in New York fashion. "I think that we are beginning to feel the kind of excitement about clothes that London knew five years ago. I used to work for an airline and visit London regularly. I know that city and its fashions well. When we opened, we filled most of the shop with clothes imported from London. But since everyone else on the block was importing, it seemed wiser to concentrate on my own designs. I see this neighborhood becoming like the King's Road in its heyday. The men's boutiques are beginning to push farther east, just as they spread along the King's Road. So many of the young English designers have stopped caring about beautiful clothes by now and gone after big money. We are quite happy as we are. We have as much money as we need, haven't we, Eddie? We have taken on a girl to help me with the sewing, but I still do most of it myself. I am usually in the workroom till midnight. Although this shop is certainly much better than the studio flat that used to be our base, we would quite like a bigger one. But Fifty-third Street has become so popular since we first arrived that it is hard to find space, and we would hate to leave the block. Everything is happening here. Fashions catch on more slowly in New York than in London, because people are so much more spread out. If there is any place at all where they can parade and watch for new ideas, it is Fifty-third Street." The shop, meanwhile, was filling and emptying like a teacup. Those visiting it for the first time bounced ecstatically about among the glowing clothes. Old acquaintances padded purposefully to and fro. "I may have made some more knickers by next week," she said to a customer. "You have to keep dropping by to see what we've got." The Kamalis paused to give advice to a blonde who was trying on appliqué dresses and suits. (These are made of heavy felt, and they lace over the bosom. They cost $75, and they are in combinations of passionate colors and are decorated with things like trees, clouds, flowers, butterflies, and eagles. If you have one made to measure, you can choose the colors and your favorite aspects of the natural world.) The blonde looked enchanting but uneasy. Her husband, who was wearing green velvet trousers and wire-rimmed glasses, and moved as though his life depended on balancing an unseen football on each shoulder, was determined that she should buy something: "These clothes are spectacular. You know how hard you are to please. I would really like to see you in a dress like that." The girl clambered resolutely in and out of outfits, determined that the next one would satisfy her or at least discourage her husband. She turned a misty gaze on the Kamalis and asked whether she



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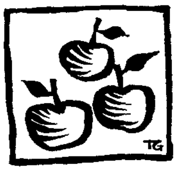
could wear such clothes every day. At last, we watched them leave with a few small purchases they might have made elsewhere. "I finally understood the problem," the designer sadly remarked. "She has a job on Wall Street. They will be wearing miniskirts down there for another two years. He was trying to make a person of her. You can't tell people what to wear, can you?" We turned back to the clothes. "I did the appliqués for fun," she said, "but the orders keep coming in, and they do take so much time. I am *much* more interested now in mixing up all sorts of different textures—fur, snake, leather, and suède. I do still like my feathered things, though." (Feathers over the bust and waist of a pink suède skirt with a waistcoat. A spray of down as on a kestrel's chest, for a wide belt of gray suède. Black velvet knickers and a jacket thick with multicolored plumage—a suit to be worn by the earthbound with reckless insouciance or not at all.) "I am proud of my patchwork snakeskin capes and of my tailored worsted suits; I made those because I have such narrow shoulders." (Their long jackets are cut to a nineteen-forties pattern. They have padded shoulders and their waists are cinched in by lengthwise tucks.) "But I am *really* into panne velvets now." Her husband, grinning proudly, held aloft a waist-length jacket and billowing velvet bloomers designed to be tucked into boots.



LIKE the clothes at Kamali, Ltd., the décor of the Chelsea Cobbler plays little games with the opulence of natural textures. The fashionable retina has had its fill of chromium and searchlights. Fresh flowers stand on a glass table, through which you see the thick brown rug. The walls of the shop, which is on the garden floor of a brownstone, are papered with zigzags in shades of reddish brown. This pattern, together with some rather pompous potted plants, records the management's stylish affection for gloomy Edwardiana as well as its familiarity with Superman lightning bolts. Dark wood dressers display the boots. "We tried to keep the antiques to around 1680," said Amanda Wilkins, one of the three young partners in the firm, who seems to find the technicalities of bootmaking as absorbing as she finds fashion to be fun. She produced photographs of their factory and peered cheerfully at pictures of men in white coats festooned with tape measures who were frowning over skins and lasts. "That's our head cobbler. He comes from Cyprus. There are very few master cobblers left anymore, you know. An apprenticeship takes seven years. Most people are just clickers, machinists, or people who work with the last." At times this expert becomes the animated amateur once more—that rapturous innovator and imitator without whom fashion is a sterile affair. As she thinks of some developing fad, she will gaze dreamily at her apple-green suède feet, run her fingers through her feathered hair, widen her eyes above her painted lashes, and murmur, "Simply fantastic." It is hard to believe that fashion boots were once the stuff of dreams. In 1965 you could find riding boots, Wellingtons, or the kind of heavy, zippered, sheepskin-lined machines in which an Englishwoman walked her dogs. But some farsighted elegants were looking for slim leather boots that fitted the calf and reached up toward the newborn miniskirt. The Chelsea Cobbler partners began to produce such boots and sell them to friends they met in pubs. "When we first opened our little shop here," I was told, "some super people like Mick Jagger and Marianne Faithfull came in the first weeks, but it was months before women began ordering a pair of boots—usually black and always flat-heeled in those days—and coming back for more, and before men in search of unflattering ankle-length boots could be persuaded to go all the way. We don't expect to sell many boots to men here. Americans still tend to associate them with pop singers and the Army. Business is divided equally between the sexes in our London shops." The discourse was interrupted now and then by a young assistant who brought a cup of tea, and who chewed her pencil over order forms or rooted for snake samples in a seventeenth-century drawer. Her employer glanced happily in her direction and observed that the firm kept a limited staff. This is partly because few fashionable salesgirls are willing to learn about bootmaking. "We feel that since a pair of hand-made boots is quite an investment the customer has a right to inquire about the way in which they are made. We have never spent much money on our shops, on entertaining, on expensive cars, or in going to clubs like Aretusa, Revolution, or—what was that place that burned down?—the Speakeasy. So many of the young firms that started out when we did have been bought up. We have always taken care to put our profits back into the factory.

We have some things in stock, or you can have things made to order from a stock boot, choosing color and height of heel. Or you can have bespoke boots. In the strictest sense, this means having the last made for you, but with us it means that we pick out the last that most nearly matches your foot. We would call it bespoke, too, if you have a special pattern cut for very fat, thin, long, or short legs. There is always one height that is exactly right, and the boots should fit very snugly to the calf." The possibilities are infinite. Boots in almost any color. (The Chelsea Cobbler has no women's shoes in New York, and "only a few outrageous platform things" in London.) Boots of canvas, printed or embroidered suède, moire, tapestry, velvet, or leather. Different fabrics together—tapestry or snake and suède, suède and kid—or patchwork reptile. A boot with a small platform in a contrasting color. (It has been proved that no one can walk in Wedgie boots.) Fine hooked boots, long or short. Boots to wrap and thong around the leg like Aeschylean buskins. Boots in unlined suède or moire to tie in bows across a décolleté shin. Seven-leaguers to cosset the knee or droop in a cuff. You might add silver stitchwork on the heel or over the ankle. Or you can bring your own material and have boots made to match your dress. "In England," my guide said, "they bring in tablecloths, Auntie's curtains—anything." (It takes seven square feet of material to make a pair of boots.) "You can get by with only three dresses," she continued, "but you have to have a pair of boots. They are comfortable, warm in winter, and cover a multitude of flaws. I wore canvas boots in New York in July and will wear suède in the winter. But if you believe in being fashionable you will put up with being hot or chilly." (Even more than gender, today's fashion ignores climate.) "We think that heels on boots are going higher, and believe strongly in tapestry and in our new last—a rather Edwardian shape, with an almond toe. But we wouldn't push people into anything. We are concerned with fashion above all, but we never dictate, and we try to make even the most whimsical creations reasonably practical. People fall in love with our boots, but they also prize their quality. Boots have become an essential part of fashionable clothes. People in the fashion world develop an instinct and often think of ideas simultaneously. Norma Kamali began working with tapestry at the same time as the Chelsea Cobbler,

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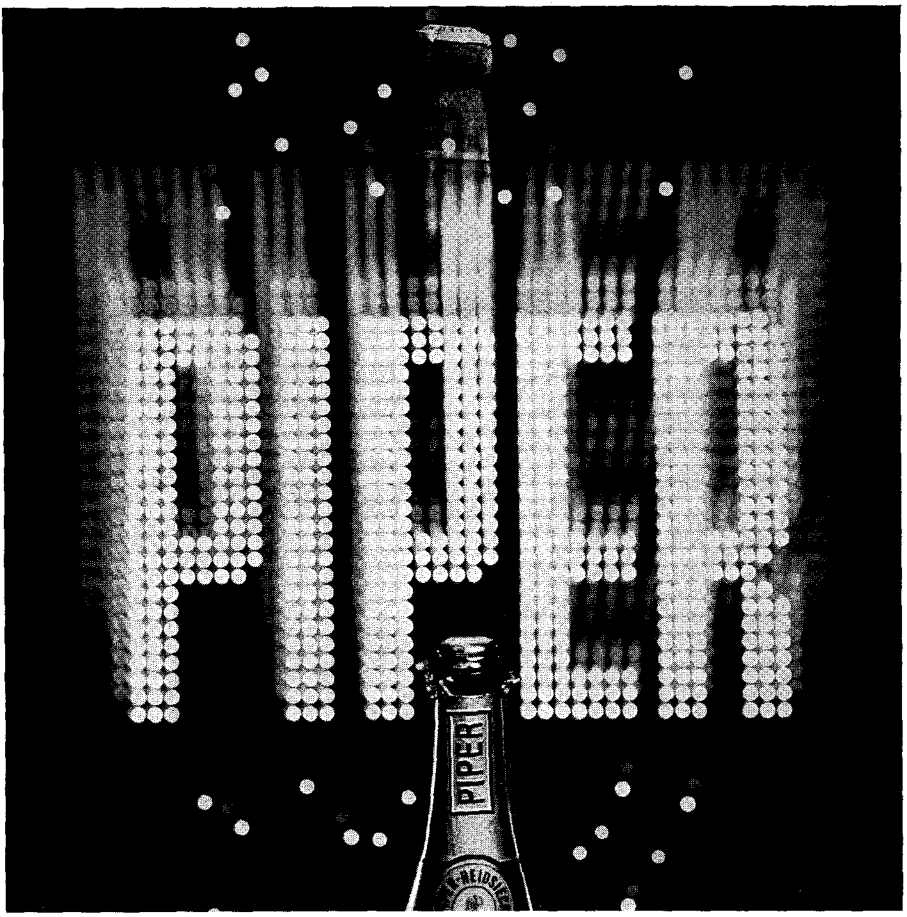

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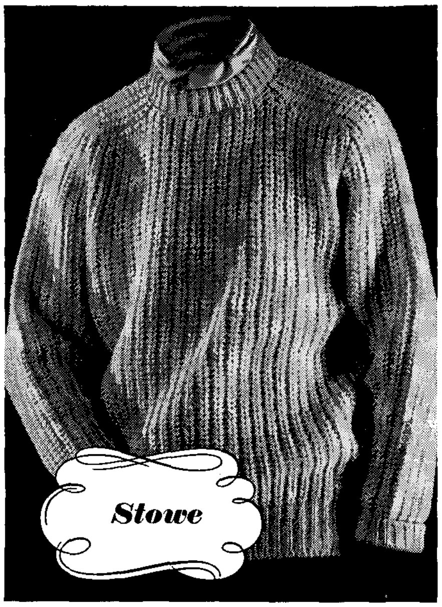

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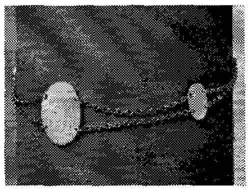

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about a year ago, and we were an ocean apart at that stage. She has made me a super tapestry coat and is going to give me some material so that I can have boots made to match. Norma is always rushing on to something new, but her principle remains the same—fairly simple lines in more and more elaborate materials. She does some absolutely fabulous appliqués. We are very fond of the Kamalis. They are starting out as we did—without much capital or space, but with faith in their ideas and a willingness to work like mad."

I WENT back to see Norma Kamali again a few days later and told her of my visit to the Chelsea Cobbler. She bobbed her curls in glee. "Didn't you love those wraparound boots and those with the cuff? I find myself saying 'The Chelsea Cobbler' ten times a day. People are so muddled by the long lengths, and beg me to recommend boots to go with my clothes. Mandy gives me scraps from the boots. I can make anything from a pile of snippets. The black palm trees on this red suède jacket are made from Chelsea Cobbler scraps." She donned the zippered jacket, done the day before and for that reason a particular favorite. She twirled on one boot and circled her waist with her small, hard-working hands. "It does look nice, doesn't it? Since I last saw you, I made a black suède coat for a fashion show. It's hard to describe, but it is trimmed with birds and monkey fur and things. Oh, and you must see my snakeskin halters. You can wear them with or without a shirt. They have no back at all." A breathless young creature of fashion pushed open the door, with a rather more diffident girl in tow. "This is my girl friend, Marilyn," she announced. "She has just arrived in New York, and I wanted her to see Kamali right away." —KENNEDY FRASER

•

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Let's get on to those owls!

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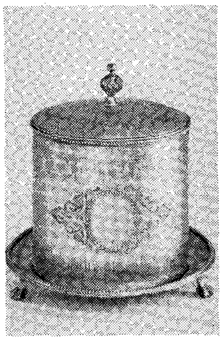

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IRISH SKETCHES

APRÈS COUSIN CHARLES

THROUGH a complicated set of genealogical circumstances, Charles de Gaulle and I seem to be distantly related. We both have a connection with a County Down clan that originated with King Rudricus the Great, who died in 219 B.C. The name of the clan was originally MacArtan, but over the centuries the king's descendants have been rather whimsical about its spelling. However, whether they call themselves MacArtan, McCartan, McCarton, McCartin, or McCarten, the great man's scions are not without distinction. One of them was the Bishop of Clogher, who was St. Patrick's bodyguard, was recipient of the sacred pastoral staff when the patron took off for Heaven, and eventually was a saint himself. (A cathedral and a seminary are dedicated to him in the McCartan territory.) Others were lords of Kinelearty, who gave the English a very hard time. I'm sorry to say that the clan's castle at Dundrum, in County Down, went to pot about the fifth century A.D., but the ruins of a chapel built by Phelimy McCartan in the early sixteen-hundreds are a national shrine in the North of Ireland, and not far away are some other ruins—those of a mighty fortress the clan occupied briefly before Phelimy went to work on his chapel, where, incidentally, the bones of John, head man of the outfit, were interred when he died at the age of ninety-six in 1736. Not to pursue these familial reminiscences any further—or, anyway, not much further—let me inform you that de Gaulle's grandmother Marie Angélique had a MacArtan-clan background, and so although any kinship I may have with the General is extremely vague, I have always thought of him as a distant cousin. Despite our consanguinity, de Gaulle and I have never met, or even corresponded with each other, and when he turned up in Kerry for a holiday after resigning as President of France, I thought it best not to call on him during his sojourn in Ireland—after all, the man deserved a sequestered rest—and he, understandably, didn't call on me. But some time after he departed, I decided to head for Sneem, the village in Kerry near which he and his wife and a handful of aides had put up at a small hotel called the Heron Cove.

As I usually do when I want information about doings in and around Sneem, I headed for a pub, which is also a grocery store, known as Hurley and O'Connor's and presided over by Winnie O'Connor and her brother Willie—her husband, alas, had died since I last saw her. A fine, game woman, Winnie shook off the melancholy that had, she told me, enveloped her since her husband's death, and informed me, with animation, that I should be proud to be, as she had heard I was, some kind of relative of the General's. (Anybody remotely associated with the County Down clansmen of de Gaulle is *ipso facto* allowed to bask in reflected glory, and I improved my glow with Winnie by pointing out that Cousin Charles's *great*-grandmother Josephine was reported to have been actually born in Down. The records are obscure, but I didn't go into that with Winnie.)

"He came here to Mass on two occasions," said Winnie, "and he knelt and stood, as did his nice little wife, just like the rest of us, and he didn't have any reserved pew in the front or the back; he was right in the middle with the ordinary congregation."

Winnie was interrupted by a dour old fellow working on a pint of stout to my left at the bar. "It may be," he said, "that they put him in the middle so that if a bullet came along it wouldn't be him that was hit."

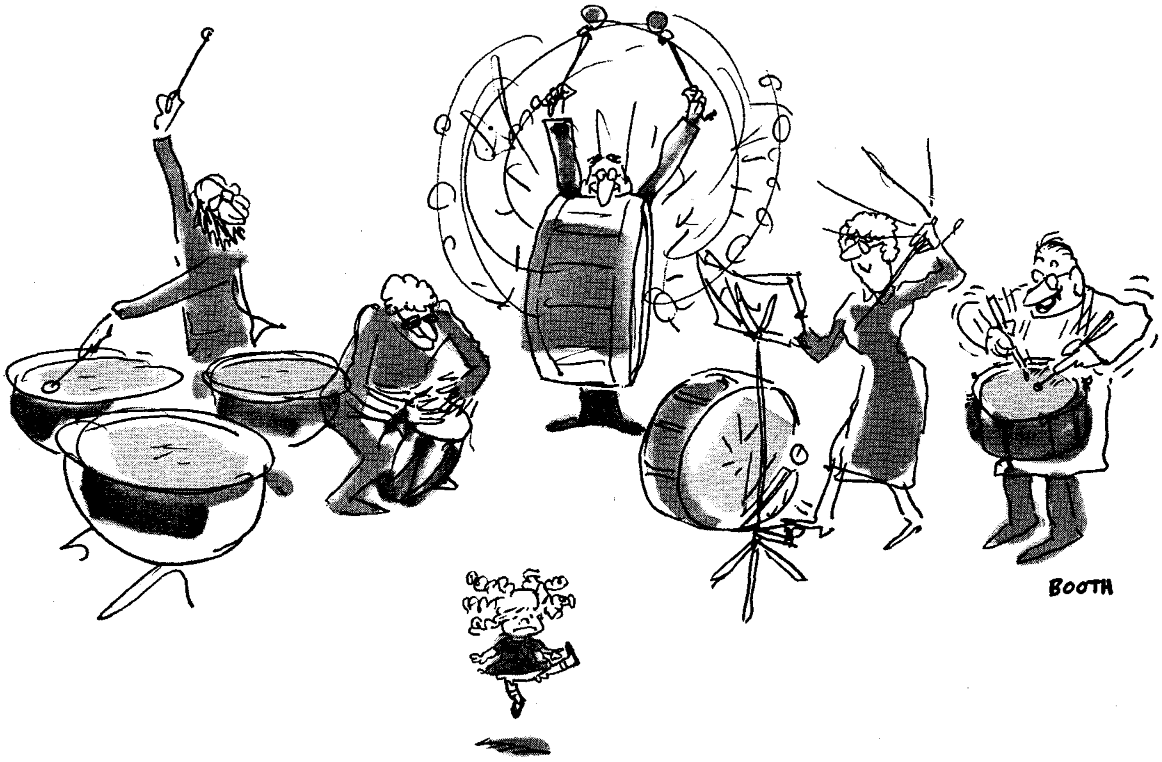
"What in God's name are you talking about?" said Winnie. "Who would shoot anybody in Sneem—particularly a visitor with Irish blood in his veins?"

"There are foreign adventurers all over the place," the pint drinker muttered. "As true as I sit here, they're aiming to create a catastrophe."

"You'd jump if you saw a cat lift its hind leg to scratch its ear," said Winnie.

"I saw him one morning," said a small, red-haired, bright-eyed man to my right. "It was very early and the moon was just fading away and there he was on a big white horse and there were riders all around him and banners were blowing in the wind and all of them were dressed in armor and himself was holding up a sword that could separate a man from his head with one great swipe."

"That's the kind of thing Aisley here was handing out to the reporters," said Winnie, "and I swear that some of them were ready to put it in their papers, for there wasn't much news they were finding to print about the General, although they were occupying the roofs and hanging from the trees with their notepads and their cameras whenever he visited the vil-



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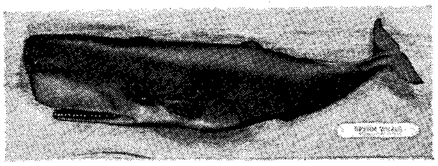

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lage. But they couldn't get near him for all their tricks, and when he took off in his limousine—he never rode a horse of any color around here—for a drive around Kerry, they'd follow him in their cars like a pack of hounds, only to be frustrated when the *gardái* would block the roads after he'd passed by. And the *gardái*, the secret service, and the like of that had Heron Cove surrounded like a fortress under siege."

"I'm against monarchy in all its manifestations," the pint drinker said. "They may call themselves presidents or prime ministers or chairmen or whatever the hell else they think up to call themselves, but what they want, the cods, is to sit around on golden thrones and tell a man whose back is killing him that hard work never hurt anybody. I'd like to see some of them cut some peat. They'd be dead of the cold before they got their own fires burning."

"Say what you will," said Winnie, "the General came as a friend to Ireland, and he was, as he should have been, treated as a friend—although, you know, they might have found better accommodations for him than those provided at Heron Cove."

"I suppose only a castle would do him," said the pint drinker.

"I hear," said Aisley, the red-haired gnome, "that he owns an estate in France so large that he has to take a train from the gatehouse to his château."

"He's a big man," said Winnie, "and it would be a poor excuse for a Christian to begrudge him the space he needs to turn around in. When he was taken to Heron Cove, they didn't have a bed that he could stretch out on without leaving his feet extended into the cold night air, but they found one to fit him someplace, and I hope he rested well there, although the place isn't what it was when it was being maintained as a private estate. The real name of Heron Cove, you might like to know, is, in Irish, Reenafurraha, which, in English, means the Point of Observation. It's not what you'd call ancient, but it goes back more than a century and a half, and it used to be owned by people well known in Kerry, like the Blands, Colonel Hartley, and Colonel Knowles. Right now, it's owned by a German, Otto Tilcher."

"I tell you," said the pint drinker, "they'll own the whole of Ireland if they are let, and what they don't have the Sassenachs will get."

"You don't know everything, now," said Winnie, "for the house, which has twenty rooms, and the grounds will

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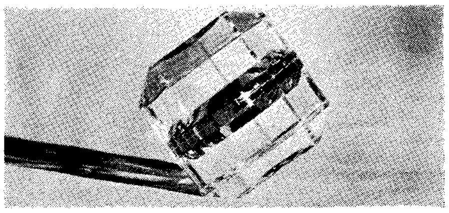

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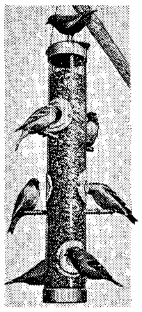

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soon be the property of Mr. Roche, of Limerick, a solid merchant and a sound Irishman, who intends to make it his private residence."

"I wish him luck," said Aisley, "for he'll need it at Heron Cove. Why, wasn't it only a couple of years ago that a huge hurricane swept through the place and snapped off tall trees as if they were toothpicks? And didn't that Englishman who rented Heron Cove from the German have his troubles, too—even though he must have picked up some sort of packet when the General was his guest?"

"Ah, they take the cash and then they run for it, and they don't give a tinker's damn for the poor they leave behind," said the pint drinker.

"It'll be a splendid establishment when Mr. Roche has restored it," said Winnie. "I'm afraid it didn't have the grandeur that the General is accustomed to when he stayed there, but it's nicely situated, after all, and he's a soldier who's had to make do many times in his career. Mr. Roche, I'm told, intends to change its name from Heron Cove back to Reenafurraha, and that's a step in the right direction. They referred to it that way in the old days because it was on a high hill where the pilots gathered and sighted the ships coming down Kenmare Bay with casks of cognac, wines, and other spirits from France and Spain which were to be exchanged for salt herrings, fresh fruit, and the like of that."

"Those were grand days," said Aisley, "but there are no galleons on the bay now. Oh, no. Just a lot of little stinkpots puttering around and fouling the atmosphere."

"The cars are worse," said the pint drinker. "They're not satisfied with polluting the air but they'll knock you down quick as look at you."

"There's no stopping the wheels of progress," said Winnie.

"I'd like to lay hands on the idiot who started them," said the pint drinker.

I thanked Winnie, Aisley, and the pint drinker for having let me sit in on their discussion and headed for Heron Cove, the soon-to-be Reenafurraha. There was no sign on the entrance gate saying "Charles de Gaulle Slept Here." There was a briefer one. It read, "Closed." —JOHN McCARTEN

•

I'm typing this item gingerly, with just the tips of my fingers.—*Hayes B. Jacobs in Writer's Digest.*

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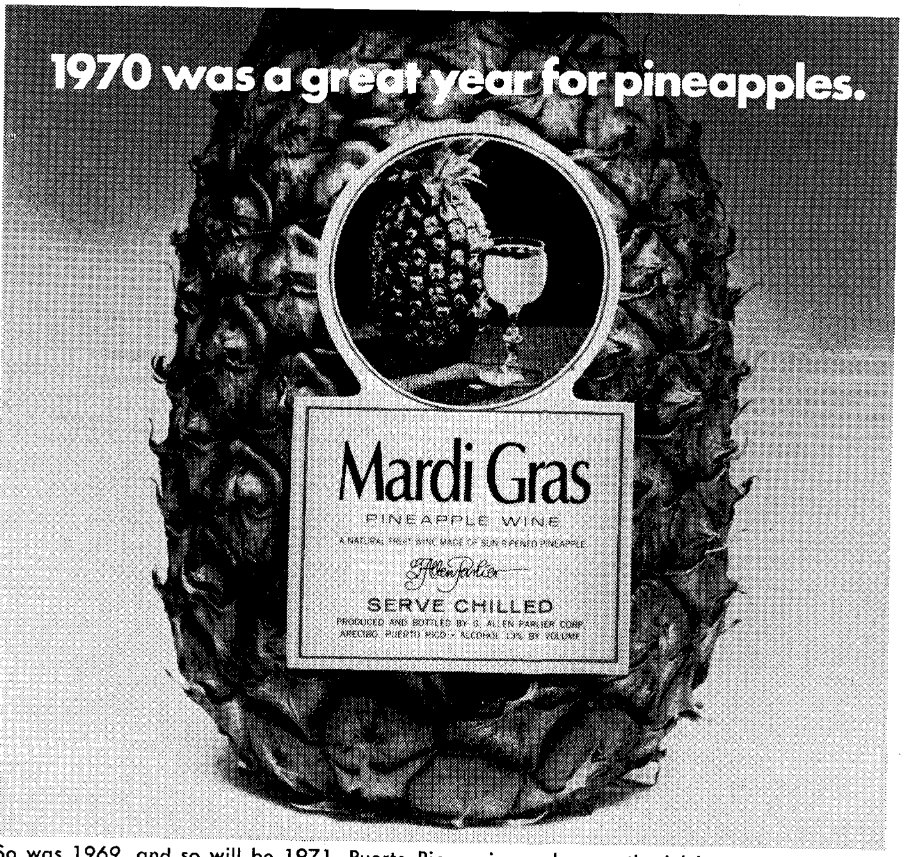

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Men in Trouble

"I Never Sang for My Father" is a drama of a middle-aged man's unresolved relationship with his father. The dramatist, Robert Anderson, keeps things on that truthful level where no solutions are really satisfactory, and the director, Gilbert Cates, doesn't cheat—he accepts the risks of being solidly obvious. Like "creditable" serious TV drama (the genre to which it basically belongs), the movie goes thumping along making points, each scene performing its necessary function, each character working his way to his key lines. The structure is barren of detail; the language is plain and repetitive. It's the kind of drama that is indistinguishable from an outline. And yet, for all one's awareness of how blunt and ingenuous it is, one is held by the plain, prosaic strength of the film—by the immediately recognizable applicability of its observations. By its refusal to offer false reassurances, by its decency in not pulling sloppy feelings out of us, "I Never Sang for My Father" develops valid emotion and so transcends its genre.

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One does not expect this sort of bargain-basement dramaturgy to be used to such powerful effect, but in this case the very familiarity of routine "serious" problem drama serves to provide a base for a popularly shared unsentimental emotional experience. Perhaps—ironically—Anderson's screenplay is able to reach and unite the movie audience *because* it is not a great drama but a basically banal and limited work. The one truly great American play on the same theme, "Long Day's Journey Into Night," is perhaps too complex to reach a large audience the way this movie does just by being perfectly commonplace—so commonplace that the surprisingly austere tough-mindedness has extraordinary impact. It's easy to be snobbish about this kind of unimaginative playwriting, but if art can be made of junk (as it has been), isn't it possible that something authentic may come out of middlebrow seriousness? The TV audience used to be regularly castigated for preferring mindless entertainment to dull worthwhile plays, but in the last few years the mindlessness has been so unentertaining that the lacklustre problem plays have gained a large, respectful audience. That audience is prepared, I think, to accept the conventions in this film and to perceive the authenticity that, this time, comes out of them.

The immaculately false prosperous setting and the ugliness of the production may work in its favor: the movie *looks* like a TV play. The cinematography is a mixture of old, bad studio lighting and too bright color; the sets are overdecorated, and one sculpture-filled room for an "available" woman is the sort of garish concoction one would expect an artistic fallen woman in a bad thirties movie to live in; the music is noisy and banal at the start and then soft and sentimental. In all technical ways, the movie is worse than mediocre, and it's not helped by little flash reprises that show us what the son (Gene Hackman) is thinking of when he has already made it clear. Yet Cates displays a good, discreet feeling for what counts: in general, he keeps the camera at the right distance from the actors for their lines to have the maximum effect.

Each line is too firmly stated, but the line readings are stunningly precise, and this becomes reassuring; one knows exactly what kind of drama it is. Gene Hackman has his best screen role thus far; he's a fine naturalistic actor, and though he isn't particularly handsome, he has an interestingly expressive face. He's believable and compelling in what could be a drag of a role. Estelle Parsons, his wife in "Bonnie and Clyde," plays his sister with appropriate restraint, but Anderson must have soaked up decades of bad plays and then dried out circa 1945 to have written the character the way he did. And, as the father, Melvyn Douglas *uses* the infernal self-righteousness that made him a pain in movies like "Billy Budd." He gives the role a marvellous mixture of elements, so one responds to him without hatred and without false sympathy. "I Never Sang for My Father" is in a different league from O'Neill, nor does it come near the dramatic dexterity of that wizard of the banal, George Kelly, but in its own dumb, plodding way it has a very moving integrity.

It may seem a small point, but the movie contains some semi-documentary footage in homes for the aged where despairing, deteriorating people are engaged in leather crafts and other keeping-the-hands-busy activities, and I wish to protest the obscenely narrow interpretation that is offered by a doctor (and sanctioned within the film)—that "this is the other side of our miracle drugs . . . we keep them alive." The aged in our society are the victims not of modern medicine, which eases their pains, but of the changes in how we live that have made them superfluous objects. In the past, they would have been useful—telling stories, mending their grandchildren's toys, sewing, and repairing household objects. Now they are given useless, made-up tasks, and the futility of their displaced, concentration-camp lives encourages senility and that horrible vacant staring at the television box.

There is scarcely a false touch in "Goin' Down the Road;" Don Shebib, who directed it, is so good at blending actors into locations that at times while watching it one forgets that it is an acted film. Since it is in color, and is sensitively shot (blown up from 16 mm.), and the total cost was $82,000, it can stand as a model for film students of the kind of craftsmanship that can be achieved on a shoestring. Shebib, a young Canadian who took his Master's in film at U.C.L.A., started this film on a small grant from the Canadian Film Development Corporation and apparently finished it on jawbone and by deferring processing costs. Its base is obviously in the documentary tradition, though Shebib's fusion of documentary and fiction suggests a kinship with such work as Francesco Rosi's "The Moment of Truth." He has a delicate feeling for the nuances not of traditional "class" but of the class feelings that come from different educations, and he uses this gift to put in social perspective the lives of two totally unhip boys from Nova Scotia (Doug McGrath and Paul Bradley) who come to Toronto for the legendary opportunities of the big city. The picture deals with what they find; it deals always in particulars—the two boys have remarkably well-differentiated characters and responses—and yet the particulars add up to a general social picture. The film is, however, a somewhat hollow triumph of craft over an insufficient idea: the story is too familiar, though the two prodigious, unactorish central performances and Shebib's feeling for detail keep the familiar fresh. But, with a technique like his, Shebib should be working with a more original substance. I don't mean to suggest that he should go the usual route. (In this period of movies, and with openings like "Little Fauss and Big Halsy" and "C. C. and Company," it would be madness to say, "Go thou and do likewise.") A fine documentarian who knows how to use actors is doubly touched with grace; Shebib has the technique for a new kind of sociological observation on film, and I hope he finds his way.

"Goin' Down the Road," which is perhaps the most uncorrupt movie in town, and a movie that will probably suffer at the box office because of its gentleness, has been rated R (or restricted) by the Motion Picture Association of America. The hypocrisy stinks. The rating system is, of course, designed to keep the heat off the industry (and in this, and this only, I hope it succeeds), but since the heat comes from women's clubs and other organizations obsessed by the dangers of carnality and unconcerned about violence, pictures so brutal one can no longer look at the screen get unrestricted ratings, while a thoroughly decent picture with a trace of unsalacious nudity is restricted. One does not have to be a cynic—only informed—to know that if "Goin' Down the Road" had come from an American company and cost millions, it would have been unrestricted.

"THIS MAN MUST DIE," adapted from Nicholas Blake's "The Beast Must Die," is one of Claude Chabrol's lesser films. Even the bourgeois formalism of his previous film, "La Femme Infidèle"—an aestheticized version of the "civilized" entertainment that people used to go to foreign films for—seems to have broken down in this one. After the powerful opening, one looks forward to the storytelling of a celebrated technician, famous for the elegance of his perfectly controlled camera movement, but Chabrol's technique sags, and the movie is so hush-hush quiet, so unoriginal, and so unhurried that it dies on the screen. The film is not even highly distinguished visually; the exterior shots are handsome, but just about any halfway competent cinematographer can get beautiful exteriors. It's knowing how to do the interiors that is the test, and the interiors here are nothing special.

The father (Michel Duchaussoy) who sets out to avenge the hit-and-run death of his son is a pasteboard profile that never suggests a capacity for hatred (or even for fatherhood), and the characteristically unpopulated, stripped-to-essentials screen of Chabrol makes the plot absurd; when the hero says of

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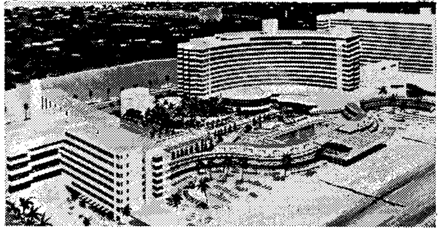

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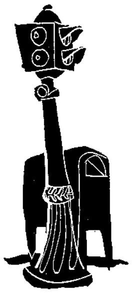
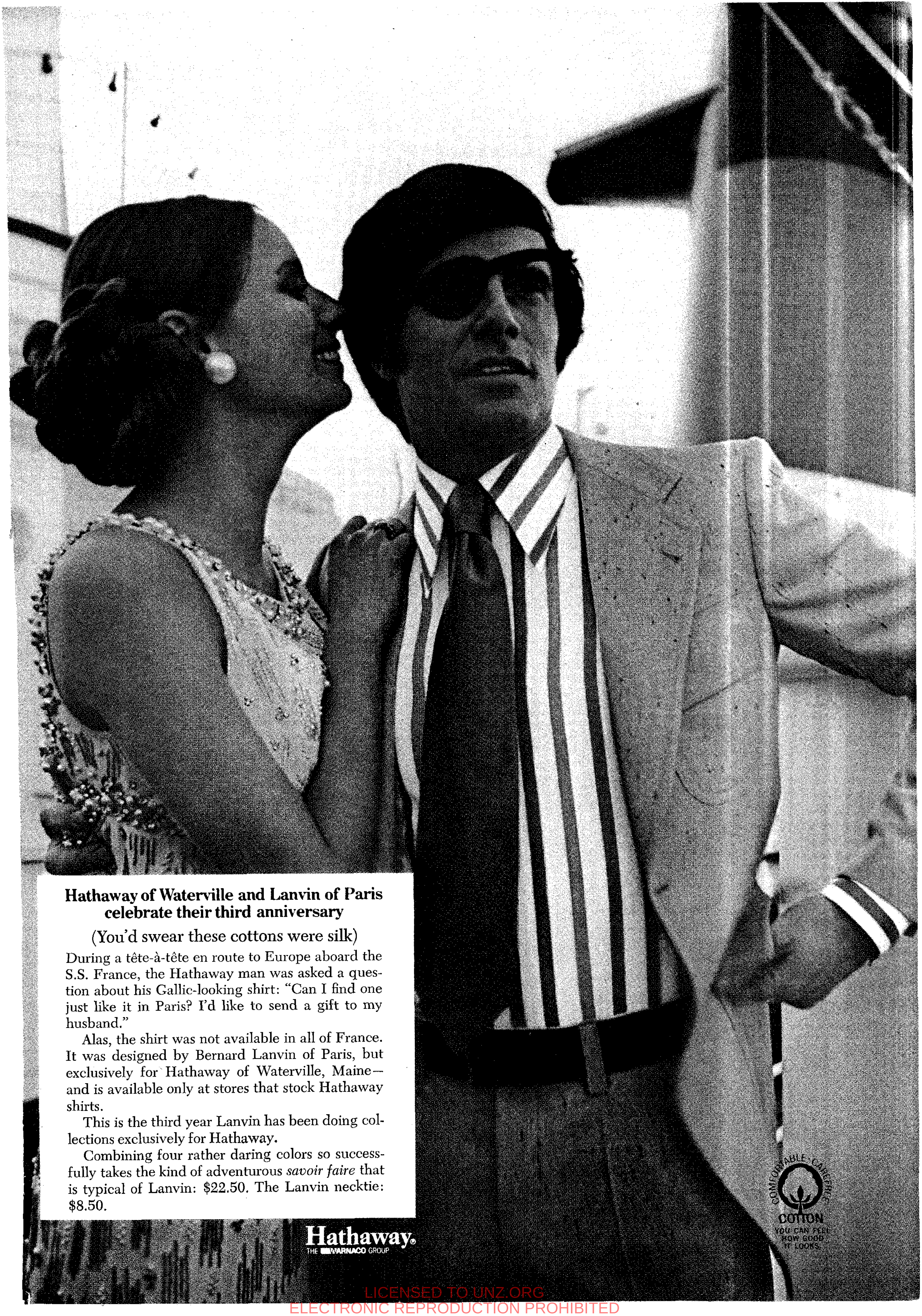
his quest for his son's murderer that it's like looking for a needle in a haystack, one wants to giggle, because practically the only other man in the movie is the hit-and-run driver. In the repressed, stiff characters that Chabrol now favors, aggression can come out only at one remove, in fabricated detective-fiction crimes of violence. This means that if the performers don't manage to convey some emotions beneath the repression, there's not much going on—just the usual shallow suspense story. When the story is as attenuated as "This Man Must Die," it's not even good pulp. Surely it's not intentional that the picture gets a breath of life when the uncouth villain (Jean Yanne) comes on, yet the beast is the only person in the film who has any vitality. The flourishes—Brahms, and allusions to classical legends—are the ornaments so common in classy detective fiction. But this classy nothing of a movie isn't really even so classy: Chabrol might have done a more subtle job introducing the names of restaurants. In a movie in which every detail is supposed to speak delicious, ambiguous volumes, this suggests payola.

ONE has nightmare visions of the American movie companies' trying to play it safe by turning to Ross ("Airport") Hunter to find out how he does it, because they just don't know how to structure the value system for the good guys and the bad guys in youth movies. Two new major-studio motorcycle pictures are indications of the crassness of confused merchandisers. In "Little Fauss and Big Halsy," which has been synthesized from "Bonnie and Clyde," "Hud," "Easy Rider," "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," and "Downhill Racer," Robert Redford is symbolically wounded, and has a great big scar running down his spine to prove it. The scar is much in evidence, because Redford, playing a swaggering oaf, rarely wears a shirt. (This will not, however, do as much for his career as it did for Paul Newman's.) Redford can't seem to keep his pants up, either, and he's constantly fiddling with his zipper and juggling his genitals (on one occasion, in what is possibly a movie first, in a close shot). Trying to be cute and raunchy, Redford also flashes his teeth like Kirk Douglas, keeps a toothbrush stuck in his mouth, wears funny hats, and wiggles his behind. Was it only a few months ago that he seemed a promising actor? He's already an over-ripe star, smirking on lines like "Cycles is a mean toy, lady." As his sidekick, Michael J. Pollard does an extended version of his runty, nasal pixy bit. The girl, Lauren Hutton, enters naked, running toward the camera for no particular reason except to make a flash entrance, and she reaches her finest moment when she's carrying a copy of Burroughs' "The Naked Lunch" tucked into her belt, at the rear. This movie, directed by Sidney J. Furie (who has seen better days on motorcycles), is a wheeler crossed with a bucolic romp crossed with a morality play. The boys are professional motorcycle racers, but you never get to see a good race, and you wouldn't know who it was you were supposed to root for if you did, because the runt takes over the vicious attitudes of the wounded stud and this seems to be what enables the runt to become a winner. The picture is interlarded with Johnny Cash singing messages like "It takes nerve to take a curve," but the script, despite much cornpone philosophizing, treats the heroes as aberrant jerks. And when they're doing their buddy-buddy stuff on their cycles, frightening sheep by aiming at them, are we supposed to react with anything but contempt? The ads say Little Fauss and Big Halsy are not your father's heroes. Does Paramount really expect them to be *anybody's* heroes?



"C. C. and Company," directed by Seymour Robbie, is a simpler sort of porno-wheeler, with Joe Namath saving Ann-Margret from rape by his outlaw motorcycle gang. Namath has a light, high voice, and when it breaks he sounds a bit like Aldo Ray, and he's generally mild and camera-shy; his physique isn't especially photogenic. But he's rather sweet. (He might become a sub-teen favorite.) The thing we can't figure out in this movie is what this clean-cut fellow is doing among the Hell's Angels-American International pack, or why it's all right for Namath to be civil and decent while the cyclists' whores who steal from straight people are funny and cool and their victims are made ridiculous, and so on. The *machismo* of the cyclists is exploited, but as soon as Namath falls in love and leaves the gang the other cyclists become villains. In "C. C. and Company," everything finally depends on whether you're nice or not. The gang's girls approach the men sexually, and their sexual bouts lead to quick dissolves, but when Namath lands hard-to-get Ann-Margret they roll and



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roll while the camera makes lyrical hay. So it turns out to be a boy-meets-girl wheeler about sacred and profane love. The confusion of point of view, plus the crudeness in humor and gestures that it shares with the Redford film, doesn't satisfy the audience even on a fantasy level.

These two movies feature grown men behaving like adolescents, and try to sell this behavior and condemn it at the same time. Moviemakers used to know what made a hero romantic: the actor had to incarnate a personal code of honor and a personal sense of freedom; he had to have the strength to be "his own man" and yet the sensitivity that is attractive to women. (John Wayne, for example, who lacked that sensitivity even when he was young and handsome, rarely had romantic appeal for women.) On the level of idle distraction in action-entertainment movies, this hasn't really changed, except in *style*, as the successes of Paul Newman and Steve McQueen have indicated. Redford seemed destined to be a new, modern version of the romantic mythic hero. But don't the moviemakers ever go to the movies? You must really have had to pull the jacks out of your connections to cast Robert Redford as a cruddy blowhard loser and Ann-Margret as a refined high-fashion writer who needs protection from rapists.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

NEW YORK—"The next 90 days could mean the greatest millinery sales potential year if retailers get busy. Don't hide your hates, put them out front with the new fashion looks."—*Charles Rothenberg, a millinery man, quoted in Women's Wear.*

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[*From "The End of the Rug," by Richard Llewellyn*]

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THE RACE TRACK

One for Calumet

CALUMET FARM's horses don't dominate racing the way they did in the days of Citation and Whirlaway, but they're still winning. The stable's Best Turn ran a smasher in the Vosburgh Handicap at Aqueduct last Saturday afternoon. He trailed the ten other starters in the run down the backstretch and was lengths behind as they rounded the far turn, where Adams, who had been engaged at almost the last minute to ride him, eased the colt to the overland route. Closing the gap with every stride, Best Turn beat True North by a head on the post, and Ocean Bar was third in the photo finish. Nodouble, who didn't have as clear sailing as he might have, was fifth. The Big A was blessed with a day of October's best bright weather, which brought out a crowd of nearly forty-eight thousand to bet more than five million dollars in the tote. I thought Nodouble looked good in the paddock—though perhaps a shade high in flesh, for he hadn't been under colors since late June. Ocean Bar, who had a big following because he was ridden by Cordero, the leading jockey of the meeting, appeared particularly fit, as did Best Turn. Reggie Cornell, Calumet's newest trainer, has always had a way of turning out horses to catch the eye as well as to run. He trained Silky Sullivan, who in the spring of 1958 was the most talked-about three-year-old, not only because of his spectacular finishes but because Cornell sent him out with big red bandages on all four legs, red blinkers, and red ribbons in his mane and tail. The blinkers that Best Turn wore looked as though they might have been Silky Sullivan's. What helped him more, I'd say, was the zippy early pace; the first quarter was run in 0:22⅘ and the half in 0:44⅗.

The Tartan Stable's Lonesome River finished eighth in the Vosburgh. A year ago, its Ta Wee won the race, and her half brother Dr. Fager won it the two preceding years; in fact, Dr. Fager brought his days on the track to a close in the race in 1968 with a sensational run of 1:20⅕ for the seven furlongs. Before the weights for this year's Vosburgh were announced, Johnny Nerud, who trained Ta Wee and the other Tartan racers and now directs the stable's operations from a higher executive position, declared Ta Wee out of the race, because she has been retired for breeding. I couldn't guess what her impost would have been, but I believe she would have won no matter what weight she carried.

Along about this time of year, racing on Long Island drifts into the doldrums. Last week, as Aqueduct's final meeting started (it ends on December 7th), things reached what let's hope was the nadir. The fact that consistency—what we call form—went out the window wasn't surprising, for most of the horses were pretty poor. So the aficionados bet on jockeys, and those who followed Cordero did all right; on one afternoon he had four winners, on another three, and on another a double.

IT would seem that the European equivalent of a hex has settled on Charles Engelhard's best horses abroad. Nijinsky finished second in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe and the Champion Stakes, and last weekend Minsky, his brother, finished second in the Observer Gold Cup. This race, at Doncaster, is a blue-ribbon affair for two-year-olds and is sponsored by William Hill, one of the big bookmakers in England. (Can you imagine that happening here, where owners of horses aren't supposed even to *know* bookmakers?) According to news reports, Minsky lost a shoe during the race and suffered a cut on a leg. Also, his saddle slipped and ended up around his neck. The winner was a colt named Linden Tree, whom, by the way, I saw leading thirty-seven runners home at Newmarket one recent afternoon while I was in England.

THE Washington, D.C., International at Laurel on Veterans Day promises to be a good show. So far, John Schapiro, who puts it on, has the entries of Lorenzaccio, who beat Nijinsky in the Champion Stakes; Miss Dan, who was third in the Arc; Beaugency, who was sixth; Fanfreluche, who is Canada's best filly; and racers from Germany and Uruguay. Fort Marcy and Fiddle Isle will carry this country's colors. —AUDAX MINOR

•

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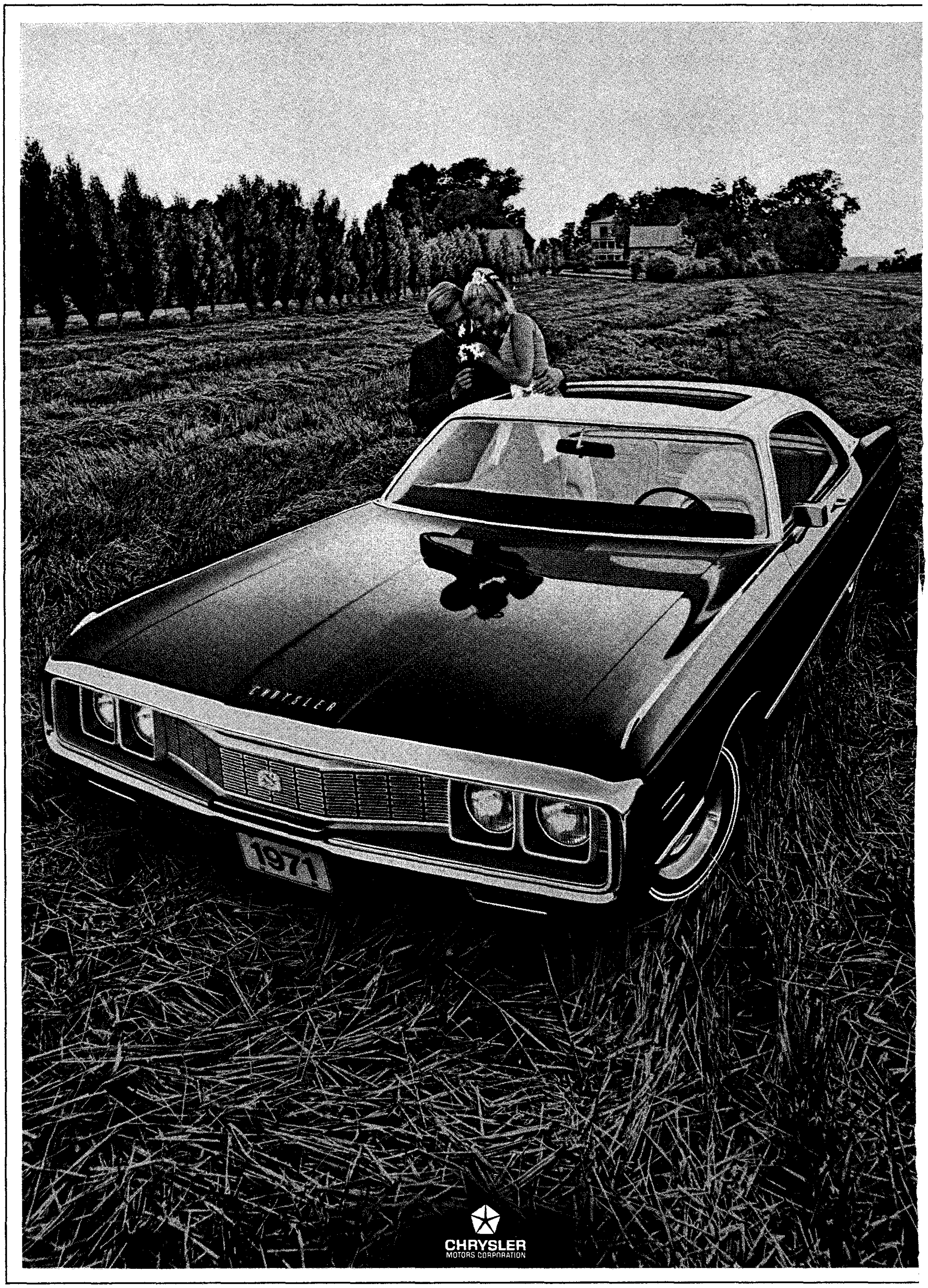
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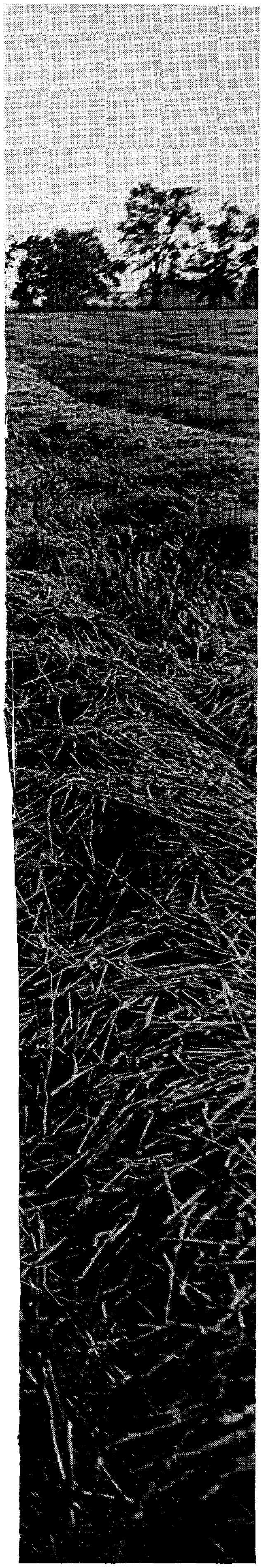

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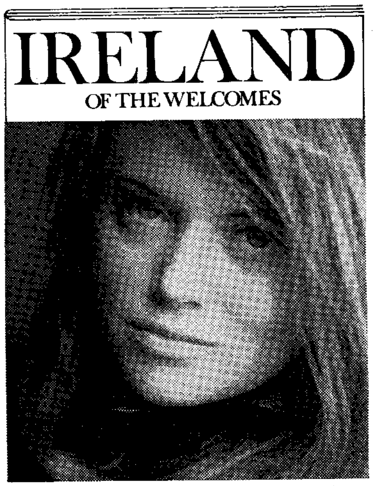

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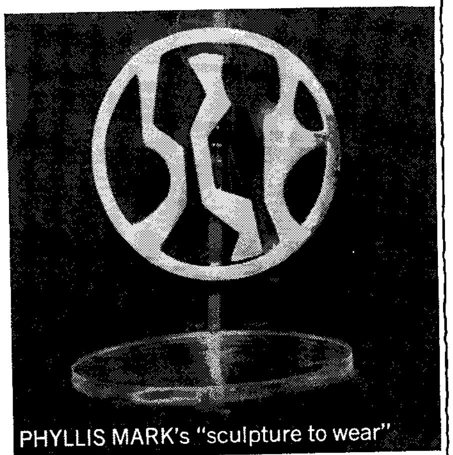
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Was There a Doctor in the House?

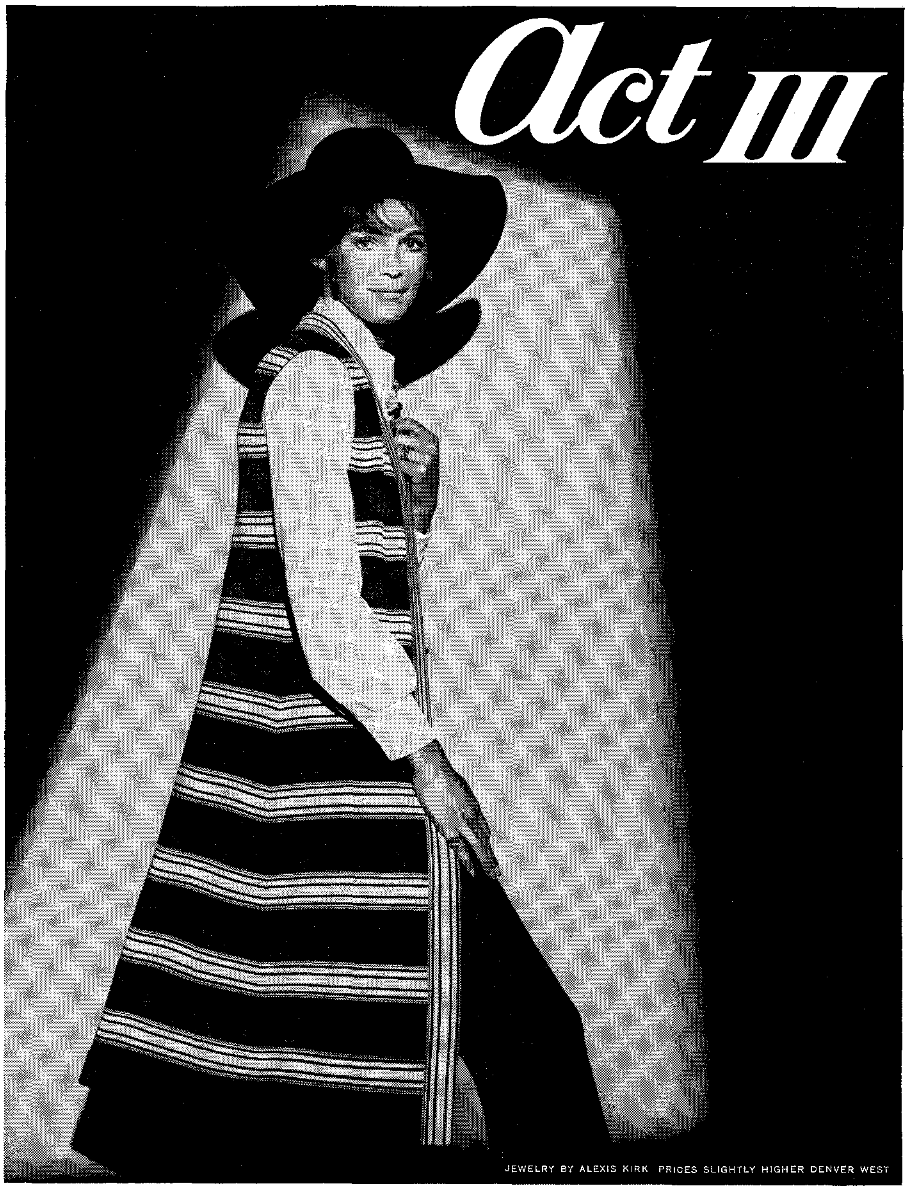
THE broadcast by the N.E.T. Opera Theatre a week ago Sunday night of a tape of Mozart's "The Abduction from the Seraglio" was an ingenious affair and I suppose it brought this rather slight opera to the attention of a large audience that otherwise would never have heard it. The production utilized a lot of cute scenery, including a very real-looking boat; some simultaneous scenes; a vision of Costanza, the opera's heroine, within a picture frame on what was evidently a platform suspended in space; and some other scenic effects that are particularly suited to the television medium. As a confirmed operagoer, however, I found the whole thing a bit disappointing, and I have a theory to account for my disappointment. "The Abduction," though it contains a great deal of beautiful music, is a virtuoso opera—an opera, that is, to which one goes to hear vocal fireworks, particularly on the part of the leading soprano. If one is an opera buff, one goes to it repeatedly in order to hear a variety of sopranos and compare their singing. On television, one has only the single soprano of a particular performance, and one has no way of telling how much her voice has been doctored one way or another before it is broadcast. I have expressed admiration for most of the N.E.T. Opera broadcasts in the past, but most of them have been of new or seldom-heard operas, and they were welcome because one was not likely to encounter them in the opera house. This time, I think, the N.E.T. Opera Theatre was out of its proper territory. The performances of the young and handsome singers appeared to be almost uniformly good—Elaine Cormany as Costanza, Grayson Hirst as Belmonte, Spiro Malas as Osmin, John Lankston as Pedrillo, Carolyn Smith-Meyer as Blonda, and Michael Kermoyan as the Pasha. Peter Herman Adler conducted expertly, and the sound was conveyed by a special multiple-track recording technique supervised by Richard Mohr. But I can hear "The Abduction," with all the excitement of a live performance, practically any season at the New York State Theatre.

MY favorite music critic is that old rascal Stendhal, most of whose criticism appears in his "Life of Rossini," a notorious plagiarism but a book that contains enough Stendhal exuberance to make me think that he at least wrote the specific words I admire. In this book, apropos of *opera buffa*, he writes, "In all the world there is no form of art more instinct with fire, life, and genius; it is so *alive* that the temptation is well nigh irresistible to join in the dialogue oneself. Man has as yet come nowhere nearer to perfection in art than here. The spectator who beholds a good *opera buffa*, unless he have the misfortune to be born *phlegmatic*, has no choice but to die either of laughter or else of sheer delight" (translation by Richard N. Coe). Few of the *opere buffe* of the type Stendhal was writing about have survived. Rossini's "The Barber of Seville" is one. Another is Donizetti's "Don Pasquale," written a year after Stendhal's death, and which was revived last Tuesday night at the Metropolitan Opera House. The production had the familiar, clever revolving set by Wolfgang Roth and was ably conducted by a thorough professional named Carlo Franci. It also had a cast that ought to have produced some of that fire and life; namely, Fernando Corena, the Met's leading clown, as Don Pasquale; Alfredo Kraus, a tenor with a lovely though stylistically innocent voice, as Ernesto; Roberta Peters, a veteran of this sort of thing, as Norina; Tom Krause as Dr. Malatesta; and Gabor Carelli as the Notary. Miss Peters, however, had replaced Reri Grist on short notice, and an insufficiency of rehearsal was evident. Most of the comedy went down the drain because of poor timing. The lines were conscientiously sung, and everybody tried hard to be funny—Mr. Corena with some success—but I did not die either of laughter or of sheer delight. The Metropolitan is not to be blamed. The poor performance was the result of the illness of Miss Grist.

LAST Wednesday night, the distinguished cellist Gregor Piatigorsky turned up for the first time in a number of years to play the principal solo part in Richard Strauss's "Don Quixote" with the New York Philharmonic in Philharmonic Hall, under the baton of Leonard Bernstein. I have missed Mr. Piatigorsky, not only for his cello playing but for his imposing height and his long, craggy face, which ornamented New York concert halls frequently some time in the past. He has now exiled himself to Los Angeles, and, according to the program notes, is engaged in writing a novel. During the first of his solo passages, Mr. Piatigorsky *did* sound somewhat like a novelist who had not practiced the cello much for quite a while. His tone was small and his phrasing somewhat indecisive. But later on he rose to the occasion and produced the silken tone and the Romantic eloquence that this work demands. He has, of course, made something of a specialty of "Don Quixote," which he has recorded at least once, and his interpretation of the cello solos—which represent the voice of literature's most famous schizophrenic—is the definitive one, full of tender humor, nostalgic feeling, and superb rhetoric. I did not think that Mr. Bernstein and the orchestra did full justice to the score. The elegance with which Mr. Piatigorsky played was not echoed by his accompanists. Though the program listed David Nadien and William Lincer as the performers of the less important violin and viola solos, Mr. Nadien did not appear, and his part was played by Frank Gullino, the former assistant concertmaster. Mr. Nadien has resigned his post—after a disagreement, rumor has it, over the matter of Mr. Bernstein's ideas about bowing. He will be missed.

The concert began with Tchaikovsky's First Symphony, a very early work by the Russian composer which has become one of Mr. Bernstein's favorites. It is a work of rather slender emotional impact—melodious, well orchestrated, and rather sweet. But its first movement contains elements that were to become a trademark of Russian music through the time of Rachmaninoff, and even though its composition dates from the composer's twenties it has all the earmarks of the later Tchaikovsky idiom. Tchaikovsky was, in fact, one of the most original of composers (using that word not in the sense of "innovative" but in the sense of "distinct in style"), and this early symphony, despite its slightness of content, is a fresh statement by a man who was about to leave a large mark on musical history. The performance by Mr. Bernstein and the orchestra was sensitive, well coördinated, and just right in tempo.

LAST Thursday evening, I went to the New York State Theatre to hear "Pelléas et Mélisande," which was having its first performance of the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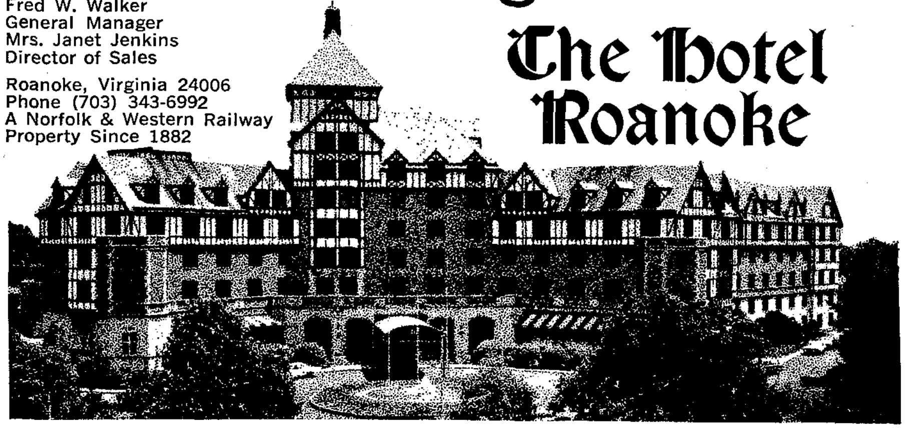

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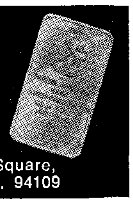

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season by the New York City Opera. The production, which was first seen last season, is a lovely, dreamlike one, with magnificent sets and costumes by Lloyd Evans—a production fully evocative of the fairy-tale atmosphere of the Maeterlinck-Debussy opera—and Frank Corsaro, the director, has for the most part caught this atmosphere well. Moreover, "Pelléas" is very much an orchestral opera, and Julius Rudel performed wonders with the extremely subtle scoring. The cast was familiar. I still find Patricia Brooks' Mélisande a bit too robust and womanly for a character who is supposed to be in her early teens. But Miss Brooks has managed to improve her French enunciation somewhat, and her lines were more of a pleasure to listen to than they were last season. She still has some way to go, but she is beginning to perfect this element of her technique, and this marks an important stride for her. Miss Brooks is an interesting singer. Though her voice is sometimes reedy (this is no disadvantage for Mélisande), she has remarkably agile coloratura fluency, and she is a fine actress. With the improvements in French diction she is making, I suspect, her Manon, which I did not especially like a couple of seasons ago, will be vastly enhanced. In fact, I am beginning to think that one of the main differences between her Manon and that of Beverly Sills is in enunciation—a realm in which Miss Sills cannot be faulted. The Pelléas was André Jobin, whose French is doubtless perfect but whose enunciation of it is not as clear as it should be. Louis Quilico is among the finest Golauds I have ever heard, with every word of his role distinct and understandable. I am getting used to Yniold as a little boy instead of a woman in little boys' clothes, and I must say that Robert Puleo, who sings the role, has perfect French enunciation, too. Muriel Greenspon was an excellent Geneviève and Malcolm Smith an admirable Arkel. If I seem particularly preoccupied with the French language, it is simply because "Pelléas" is so essentially French and its language is so important a part of it. It is really an opera to be declaimed rather than sung.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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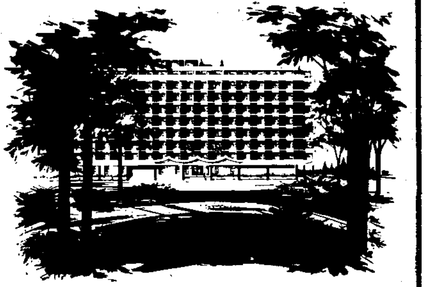

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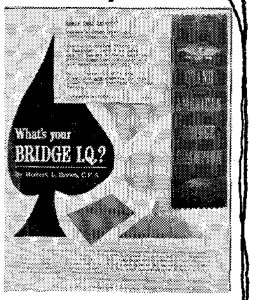

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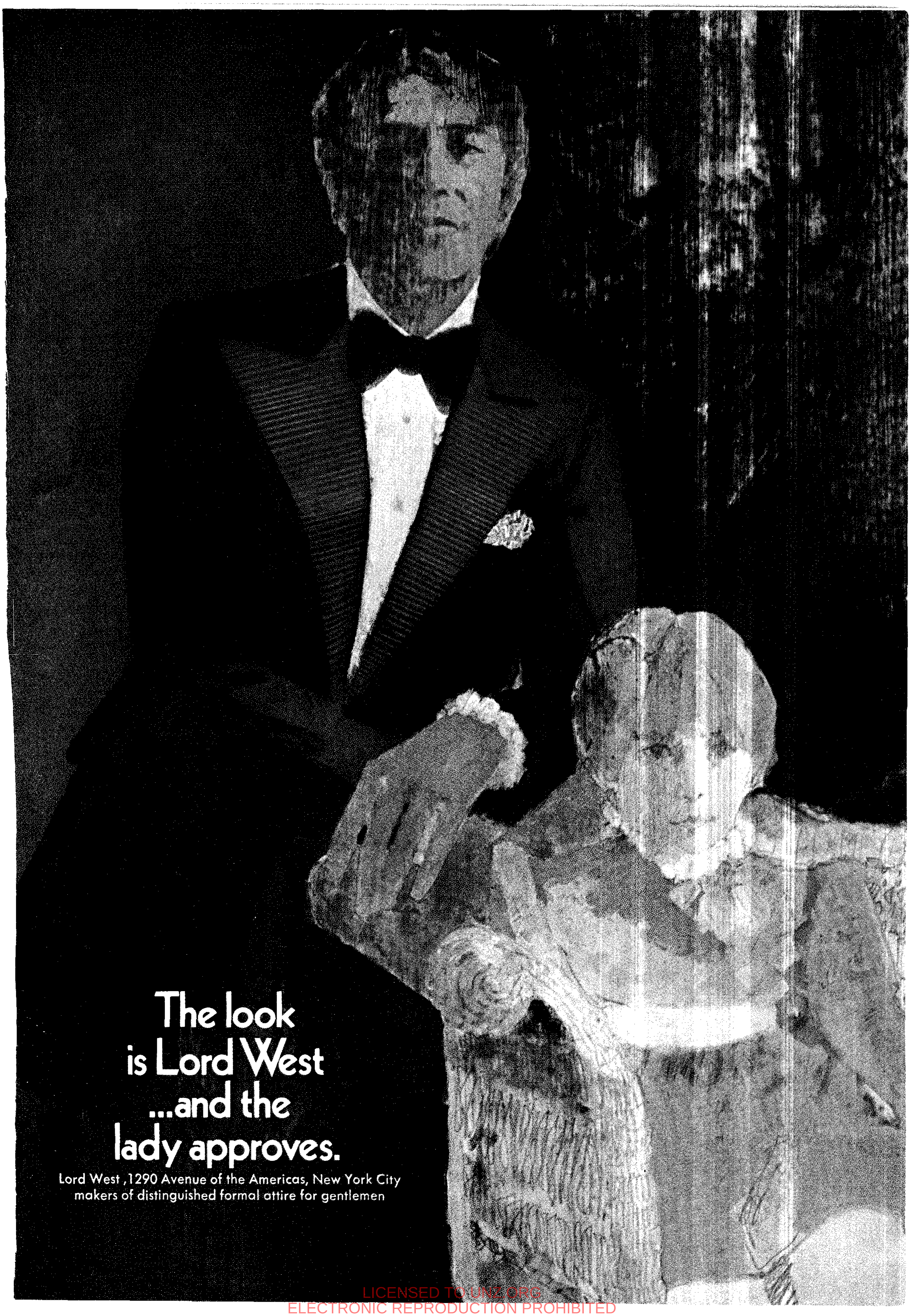
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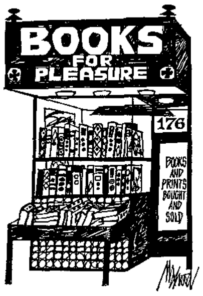
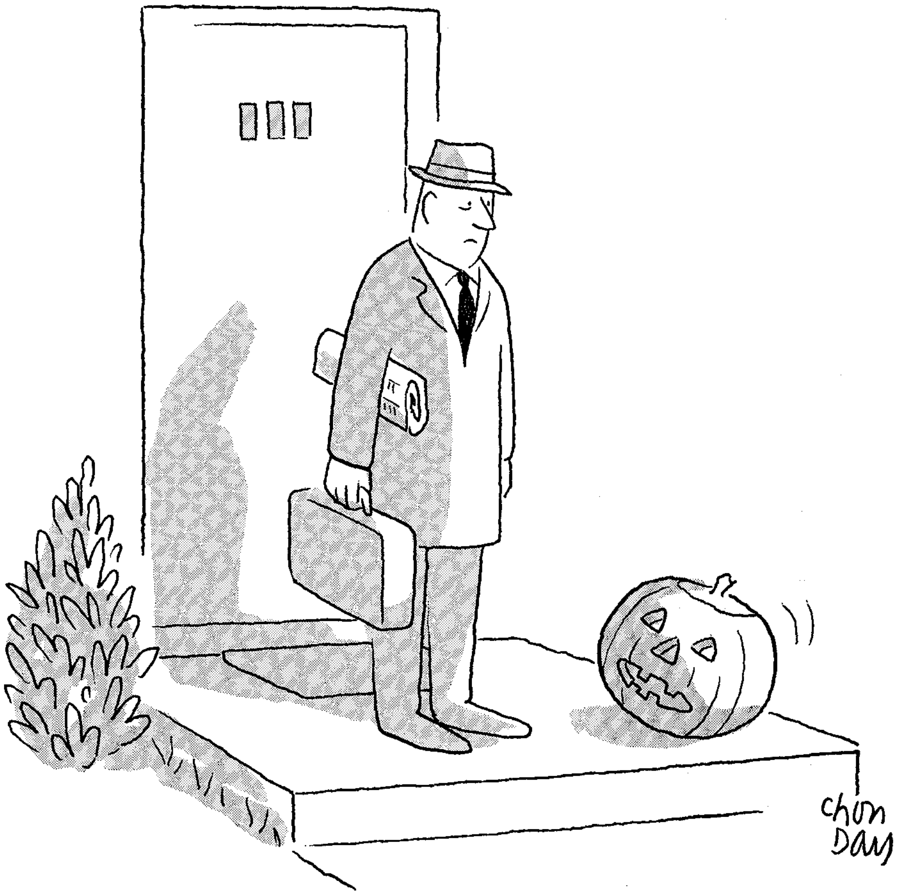
BOOKS

A Farewell to the Old South


BOOKS
FOR
PLEASURE
176
BOOKS AND PRINTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

THE South has been and still is many things, as Pat Watters, in "The South and the Nation" (Pantheon), wants us to know, but no longer is it a really serviceable scapegoat, for it has by now given up enough of its particular habits and customs to become more like the rest of America. In Watters' words, at the end of his exceptionally clear-headed book, "the South was not just of America; America was of it, their destinies inseparable." Any way of life can be justified as everything that is exemplary and sensible; if the South has been scorned by self-righteous outsiders, it has also had its apologists. Pat Watters might easily have become one. He is not black. He is from Georgia and unashamedly loves the state and its neighbors. He has not left his birthplace for California or New York or New England; he works for the Southern Regional Council, a group of proud white and black men who will not let Northerners be their moral guardians. Nostalgic sentiment is an old (and inadequate) refuge that could be particularly attractive to anyone who writes about the South, and Pat Watters is a kind and decent and sensitive man who quite possibly might not wish to dwell on the meanness and brutality and injustice those who live there know all about. Being good with words, he might have rubbed things in a little at a time when the North's ghettos are in such trouble and its "progressive" universities are so filled with bitterness and suspicion and confusion. And he might have pointed out how unspoiled, by comparison, the South is, how much of its land and water and air are still clean, how lovely and inviting its hills and farms and forests are, how moderate and enjoyable its weather is; he might have emphasized that as things go in the United States today, many parts of the region are quiet indeed: no mobs, no demonstrations, no violence, no youths full of back talk and insolence. But smug regional pride, twisted apologetics, rationalizations of the arbitrary and the irrational, cleverly contrived justifications of the outrageous, resorts to metaphor and allegory and, in the clutch, outright mystification employed in the hope of distracting if not conning the reader (and maybe the writer, too)—all these are missing from "The South and the Nation." What comes forth is a sense of relief—that the worst in the region is something an entire nation now has to fight against, and that the best in the region is what we had better fight for. To Pat Watters, the worst in the South is not only the racial hatred and exploitation but the success with which the region's "leaders" have been able to take advantage of the fears and insecurities of emotional, vocal, unsatisfied, plain-talking white yeomen, who would be a political majority there even were every black man to vote. Decades ago, C. Vann Woodward, in "Tom Watson: Agrarian Rebel," showed how insidiously and systematically the legitimate aspirations of those people (today they are called "the lower middle class" or part of "the backlash") have been ignored or betrayed—not by demagogues, not by the Ku Klux Klan, not by ignorant and vulgar politicians, but by sober, respectable, quiet, high-sounding men, individuals who have disliked lynchings, become embarrassed by the franker kinds of racial slurs, and urge upon the South such pieties as patience, restraint, dignity, even tolerance of a kind.

Those who want to understand why Lester Maddox is governor of Georgia and why George Wallace is so popular in Alabama (among other places) will find Pat Watters, like C. Vann Woodward, helpful indeed. There comes a time, Mr. Watters says, when certain voters will respond hungrily to "populism," as long as it is delivered in a palatable form, and, for a number of social and historical reasons, only the "right-wing" form is politically possible in the South at the moment. The problem is the white fear of the black man as a rising competitor, and worry about "outside agitators," but the problem is also that "the taxicab driver, the textile worker, the barber, the beautician"—a foursome Mr. Wallace often summons—all feel looked down upon, and therefore not much different from those "colored people" the Alabama politicians sometimes call "good, God-fearing, and law-abiding." Pat Watters convincingly shows that Martin Luther King and George Wallace addressed themselves to the very same



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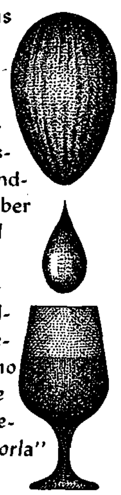

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thing—the shared self-doubt of their listeners. "You're good," Dr. King said to his tired and dubious and worried and brave and stubborn audience. "I came over here to tell you [that] you are somebody. You may not know the difference between 'you does' and 'you don't,' but you are as good as any white person in this country." And across town was George Wallace, addressing his proud and uncertain and apprehensive audience: "They look down their noses at us and call us red-necks. But I'll tell you, when they write against us, and say those things, that's just one person writing that. And you're one person, too, just as good as he is."

If the South has denied so very many people of both races the self-respect Dr. King and Mr. Wallace spoke of, the South has some pleasing sides to it—sides Mr. Watters presents in great detail. More significantly, he shows what it is that enables the eleven states of the old Confederacy to exert such a forceful and unyielding influence on the rest of us—regardless, it seems, of which party is in control of the White House or the Congress. The region has an intactness all its own; no other group of states has ever banded together, tried to separate itself from the rest of us and to become another country. The South's "way of life" goes back far in time. For as long as we have been the United States, the South has been there, its men among our first Presidents, its plantations and its commerce a means by which the country grew. In recent decades, millions of blacks have brought the region North, and whites from the South have gone West. With them have gone disease, despair, hate, ignorance—but also energy and hope and determination and memories and values and interests and tastes. They preferred certain foods. They had listened all their lives to jazz and spirituals and country music, long before the rest of us took up Bessie Smith and Johnny Cash. They came from parents who called themselves believers, who wanted to be saved, who feared damnation, who feared (maybe as the Devil) man-made complexities, of either the intellectual or the institutional kind. Moreover, black and white alike, they had known the defeat that persisted for decades after Appomattox, the defeat that goes with poverty, the defeat of slavery and peonage, the defeat that a collapsing agricultural economy brought to many thousands of "small farmers."

Mr. Watters is "only" a journalist. He has done no "study," no "re-

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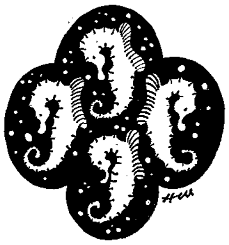
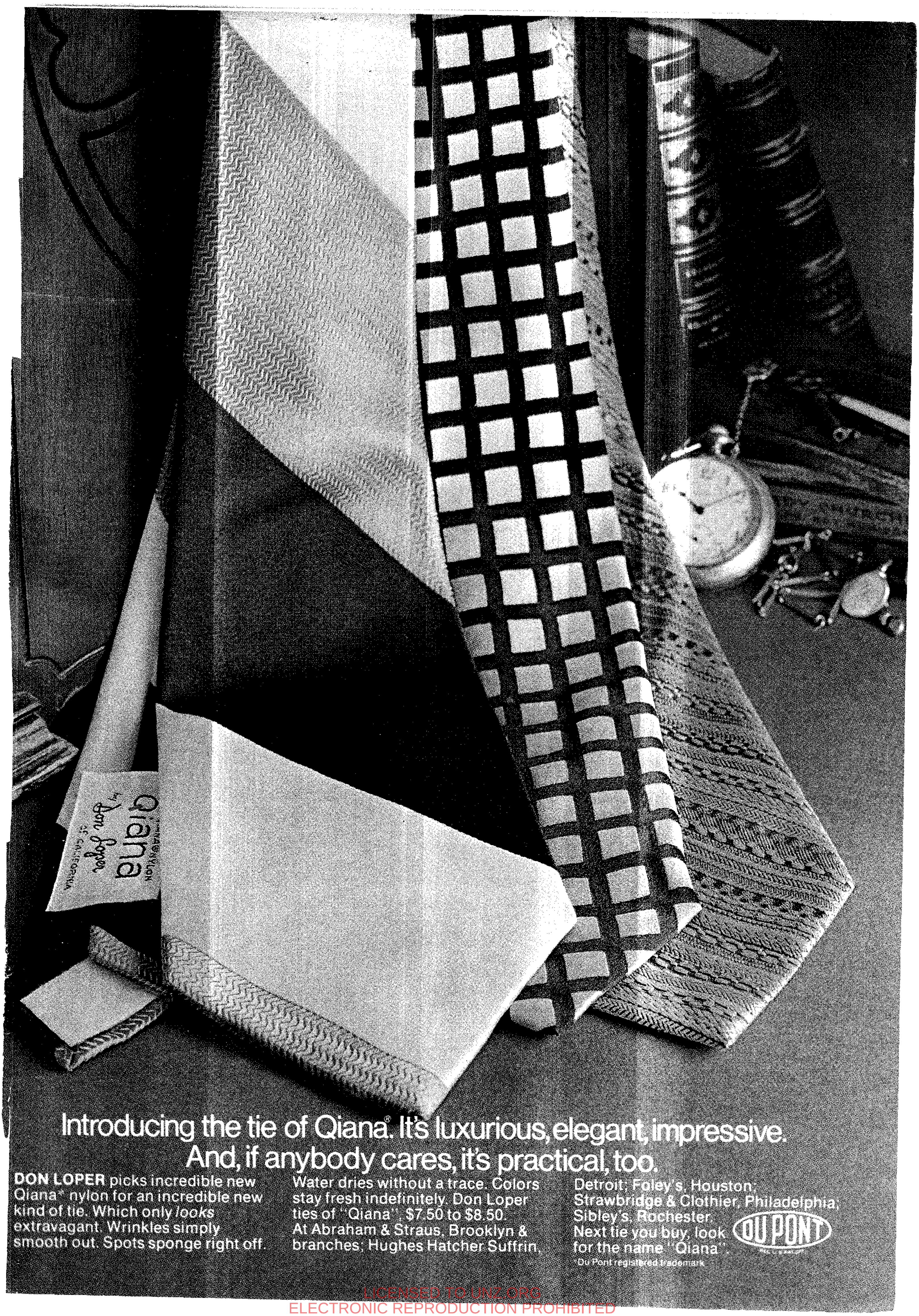
search.” But he knows his people. He writes understandable sentences and, at times, touching, spirited, eloquent prose. He has no bundle of concepts to impress us. He speaks to readers who want something more than definitions and italicized conclusions. I suppose it can be said that he speaks in an older tradition of social science, and a Southern one. In the twenties and thirties, men like Rupert Vance and Howard Odum wrote or inspired an assortment of books that compose a “social study series” published by the University of North Carolina. Some of the titles suggest, in their directness and simplicity, what disciplines like sociology and psychology have lost in recent years: “The Negro Workaday Songs,” “Southern Pioneers in Social Interpretation,” “Law and Morals,” “Farm Life Abroad,” “Roads to Social Peace”—books meant to alert the reader, keep his attention, and (in the Southern tradition) describe. Narrative power is what those books have, what C. Vann Woodward’s “The Burden of Southern History” and V. O. Key’s “Southern Politics in State and Nation” and Wilbur Cash’s “Mind of the South” have, too.



The South’s torment, its aching racial problem, its vulnerability, its contradictory mixture of violence and calm, its natural beauty in the midst of which brutish men continue to commit ugly crimes against innocent and defenseless neighbors—all this appears to defy being put into words, but it has compelled the effort of words from many a frustrated, aroused, driven novelist. Pat Watters may not be a novelist—he is in essence a historian—but he has a novelist’s eyes and ears. He can sense and convey drama and ambiguity. He can give the readers heroes they might not otherwise come to know—men of courage and decency, like Elbert Tuttle and John Minor Wisdom, both federal judges of the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals, both appointed by Dwight D. Eisenhower. Those two are Southerners and Republicans worthy of the Supreme Court, but there is reason to doubt whether they will ever be nominated. Some Southern newspaper editors have also shown themselves able to say no to segregationists, however numerous and influential. The South continues to publish fine newspapers: the *Arkansas Gazette*, the Miami *News*, the St. Petersburg *Times*, the Chattanooga *Times*. And one finds independence of a special sort in thoroughly surprising places; Mississippi, says Pat Watters, is “blessed with a curious abundance of courageous and intelligent small papers, including the Tupelo *Journal*, the McComb *Enterprise-Journal*, Hazel Brannon Smith’s Lexington *Advertiser*, and Greenville’s *Delta Democrat-Times*.” Anyone who has spent time in Mississippi knows how profitable and convenient it would be for the Hazel Brannon Smiths of that state to go along with things as they are, or keep a discreet editorial silence when that subject of subjects—race—comes up. Why, for instance, does Mrs. Smith take the stand she has taken? Throughout his book, Mr. Watters seems to be struggling for the answer to that haunting question. Equally haunting are the conditions under which the South’s black people live—conditions that prompt the outsider’s indignation at Mrs. Smith’s fellow-whites and the outsider’s generous sympathy for the millions of blacks who, for all the migration North, continue to live in states like Mississippi. Pat Watters feels just as indignant and sympathetic, but he asks whether Mrs. Smith’s courage is totally idiosyncratic and whether the black people of Mississippi (still almost half the state’s population) don’t require much more than our alarm and anger.

In the early sixties, when some Northerners and not a few Southerners took up the cause of rural blacks, irony and contradiction became apparent: persecuted, underprivileged, and impoverished people were declared also to be perceptive, clever, strong-willed, inventive, imaginative, stubbornly persevering, and—surprising and inappropriate as the words may seem to some—courtly and genteel. I recall in meeting after meeting how young civil-rights activists denounced the South’s social and political system and then, moments later, called the region’s blacks fine, intelligent, and sensitive people. Perhaps some of the praise was well-meaning exaggeration or nervous ingratiation or the romanticism that catches up even foes of the South’s “old order.” Nevertheless, something else was noticed by the young protesters—something Pat Watters wants us to think about and something those who have tried to change things in Mississippi have talked about. That something was summarized by a California civil-rights worker: “We came here to the Delta to change the whole setup, and all we had



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was pity for these 'poor folks,' and we kept telling them that *we'd* do something, leave it to us. Then we got to like them, and we started patting them on the head, like a good master does with his 'help.' Now we're in awe of them, because they seem so smart, and they make us laugh, and they don't miss a trick, and we say they're 'wonderful.' One of the kids in the family I'm staying with heard a few of us talking, and he said we've got it wrong. He said his family isn't wonderful, they're just themselves." One ponders this worker's effort to reconcile his sure knowledge that virtual peonage is the lot of many blacks in the South and his new awareness that out of misery and wretchedness people can fashion a manner of survival, with its own quality and dignity and coherence. One also realizes—as blacks in the Delta have already done—that whites in the South for generations have been betrayed and cheated and exploited by segregationist rhetoric. I knew the ten-year-old child that civil-rights worker was speaking of—a child who could say memorable things. When I asked him about the white people of Holmes County, one of whom is Mrs. Hazel Brannon Smith, he said, "There are a few good ones, and a few bad ones, but a lot of them, they're just bad off, I guess, like us."

Books can be written about a remark like that, and Pat Watters has written one—about places like Holmes County, about children who speak like this. In order to do it, he chooses to emphasize riddles and puzzles, to acknowledge life's contrariness. He does not take a particular ideological "line" and then ignore or explain away what his viewpoint, his "position," causes him to find inconvenient. There is in "The South and the Nation" a quality the author describes as "more specific than abstract, more impressionistic than statistical." He aims to give us cause for plenty of anger—not the distant, detached, reflexive anger that the South has always inspired in people up North or out West but an anger qualified by an awareness of "the nation's coming plight in the South's continuing one."

Pat Watters and his book will not have an easy time of it, in either the South or other parts of this country. He has a streak of the proud farmer boy that will not go down easily in cities where big buildings and factories are equated with "progress." He sees the industrialized South a victim of smoke-filled air, poisoned water, ruined land. He sees in "every misbegotten

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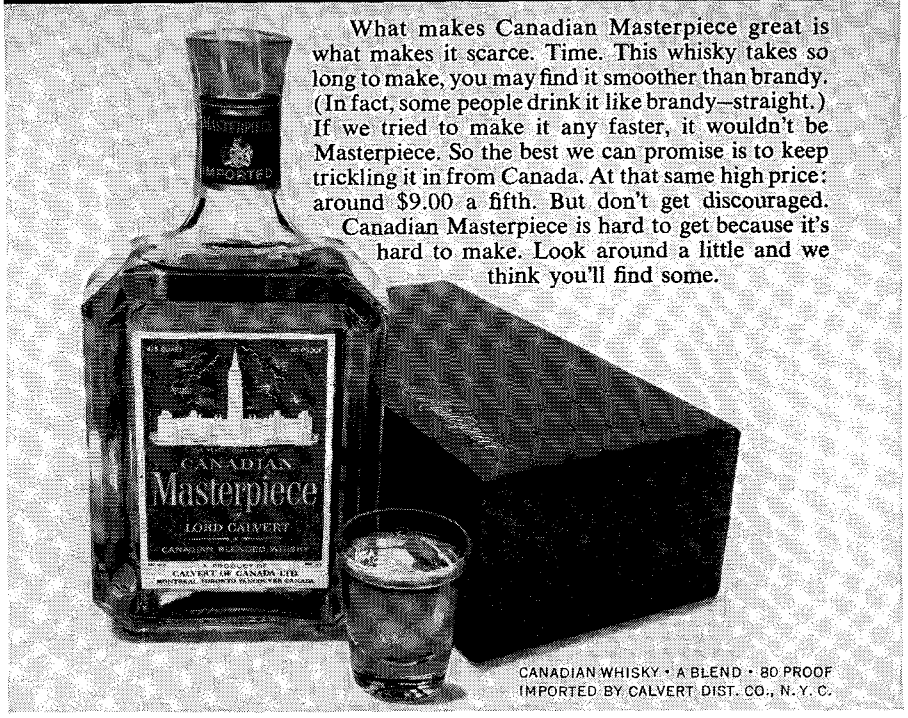

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and misguided effort of the South to catch up to something that was essentially sorry and shabby in the rest of America" a reflection of how powerfully influential a particular kind of society can be, and not always for the good. It has been easy to dismiss the Southern agrarians, men like John Crowe Ransom and Allen Tate and Robert Penn Warren; they are writers, poets, unpractical men. The South needs industry, we have been insistently told, so that its people can secure the half-decent standard of living they still in such large numbers lack. And yet with industry and all those "Northern-bought changes" (to use an expression one often hears from rural white people of Georgia or Alabama or Mississippi) has come not only pollution but the dreary, faceless, grinding life, however well-upholstered, that many of us now think is far more dangerous to America than the shrill, canny segregationists who get elected governor or United States Senator. The point is not to glorify a rural countryside littered with hungry, ailing children and jobless, near-illiterate parents; the point is to ask how, without undercutting them, the strengths of such people and their worthiest values can be maintained, and even buttressed, in the presence of what food and family allowances and educational programs—i.e., encouragement—this rich nation can offer to its communities.

The once almost religious word "community" is now jargon. Still, throughout history man has struggled for what the word suggests: a sense that amid the masses of men and against the onslaught of time people can come together and know one another and work alongside one another and feel (though it can be only to a certain extent) as one. Christ's disciples were a community, and since His time families have joined on farms, in colonies, in settlements, with the hope of resisting various evils, affirming various virtues. The civil-rights worker I have cited had stumbled upon one of those communities in Holmes County. He had seen people down on their luck yet able to depend upon one another, share what little they had, and in their own way—against great odds—keep their self-respect, their sense of worth as human beings: "rebuked and scorned," as they admitted in church to being, but not anonymous, not ciphers, not cogs in someone's machine.

"I give all my children two good names, so they'll be able to know who they are every day of their life," I was told by the mother of the child I have

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spoken of. Most probably, her efforts are in vain; she and her children seem definitely doomed. And yet, and yet . . . One has to zigzag with one "and yet" after another, just as Pat Watters has to keep saying "yet" and "but" and "nevertheless" and "although"—because his mind willingly faces *real* complexity. "I went once on a cold winter's day," he says, "with a bottle of Jack Daniels sour mash whiskey for sipping among three of us, to a backwoods clearing, the turn-off from the dirt road marked by a dead hawk hung on a tree, to a clandestine gathering of Southern country white men who still persist in the illegal sport of cockfighting." He expected "to be sickened, to gaze once more in a new context into the depths of the ugly and demented side of the white South's psyche." Instead, he saw the warmth and tenderness of those men, the restrained, carefully regulated way they permitted their sport to unfold, the pains they took to avoid the very violence they wanted to witness but not let get out of hand. Like their black neighbors, those men are human, full of kindness and generosity and good sense as well as prone to superstition and meanness and worse. And perhaps we might have been expected to know that all along—we who have known "Absalom, Absalom!" and "Invisible Man." But, in Flannery O'Connor's words, "anything that comes out of the South is going to be called grotesque by the Northern reader, unless it is grotesque, in which case it is going to be called realistic." Pat Watters has written a book that will make it a little harder for us to do that; at the same time, his book—a sort of farewell to the old, distorted South—requires us to look at what is both real and grotesque in the rest of America, what threatens not only "the South and the nation" but the whole world.

—ROBERT COLES

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

THE WARTIME JOURNALS OF CHARLES A. LINDBERGH, 1938-45 (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). These diaries cover the years in which a national hero made himself a controversial figure and lost the universal sympathy and admiration he had once commanded. They also explain why: the handsome, simple Lindy of 1927 remained just that—a country boy, provincial in the extreme, who refused to admit what he did not know, and who could

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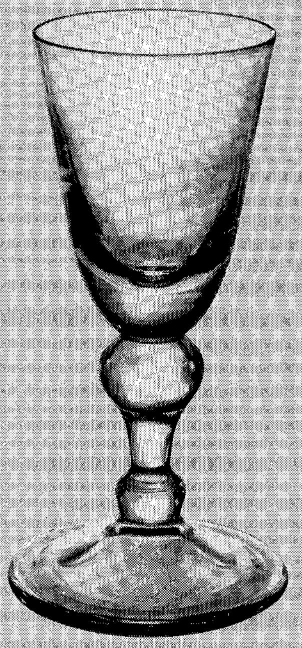

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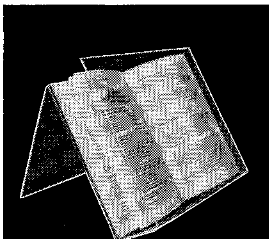

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not extend either his intellect or his emotions to appreciate, let alone tolerate, people with different interests and different traditions. His animus against Long Island society people who did nothing more heinous than ask him to dinner is excessive. He is determined, as only a hick can be, that no one will fool him, and, in the pages in which he is driven to try to duplicate the tricks of a parlor magician, Lindbergh seems childish. Given his narrowness, it is not surprising that he attacks Jewish lobbying against Hitler while associating, in America First, with a lobbyist for Franco, and without caring that all his best friends in the aviation industry spent far more time lobbying than flying. But the evenhandedness that comes with urbanity is beyond him: he broadcasts his contempt for and distrust of President Roosevelt, and is injured that the President reciprocates. Lindbergh's backwoods passion to be always right leads to some bizarre entries. On October 10, 1940, he reviews the course of the European war, for the most part congratulating himself on his foresight; he had insisted on the irresistible power of the German Air Force, but he takes no notice here, or anywhere, of the performance of the R.A.F. in the Battle of Britain. Lindbergh is a devoted son, husband, and father, and the passages about his family life are deeply pleasing. In short, a reader may be less disturbed by Lindbergh's limited ideas than by his limited personality; not the doctrine but the doctrinaire is wearing. Twelve dollars and ninety-five cents.

Louis XIV, by Philippe Erlanger, translated from the French by Stephen Cox (Praeger). The author, a well-known historian and a cultural-services impresario—he was a founder of the Cannes Film Festival—is a sort of model of a modern cultivated Frenchman. What does he make of the terrible Sun King? He sees the grand monarch as a tough customer—icy, shrewd, and self-serving, having learned as a child that he had to protect his crown, and perhaps his person, from ambitious, rebellious nobles. Louis's drive toward absolutism, in Erlanger's opinion, was simple self-defense. Erlanger is less confident about justifying Louis's wars, although he sometimes appears to have difficulty understanding why foreigners were not happy to become French whenever opportunity, in the shape of Louis's invading armies, knocked. Erlanger is a good writer with a fine sense of character and style; he persuades us to share his almost instinctive dislike of the cold man and his somewhat reluctant admiration for the strong king. Ten dollars.

Note: Farrar, Straus & Giroux has published "Honor to the Bride," Jane Kramer's factual account of the imbroglio that followed upon the disappearance of the young daughter of a Moroccan family. All of the book first appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . . Norton has published William Whitworth's "Naive Questions about War and Peace: Conversations with Eugene V. Rostow," most of which originally appeared in this magazine. . . . Atheneum has published two collections of poetry—"Darker," by Mark Strand, and "The Carrier of Ladders," by W. S. Merwin. Again, a good part of the contents of both books first appeared here.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Enquiry, by Dick Francis (Harper & Row). Kelly Hughes, the latest victim in Mr. Francis's lengthening line of troubled steeplechase jockeys, is here suspended from racing on a charge of throwing a race. The charge, as we all know, is not only untrue but meanly inspired, and Hughes, as he must, sets about proving his innocence. As always, the truth is both interesting and plausible (that is to say, it is actually believable), and the path that leads Hughes to it is liberally (and acceptably) strewn with highly diverting obstacles—assault, attempted murder, burglary, mania, and a delicious girl.

•

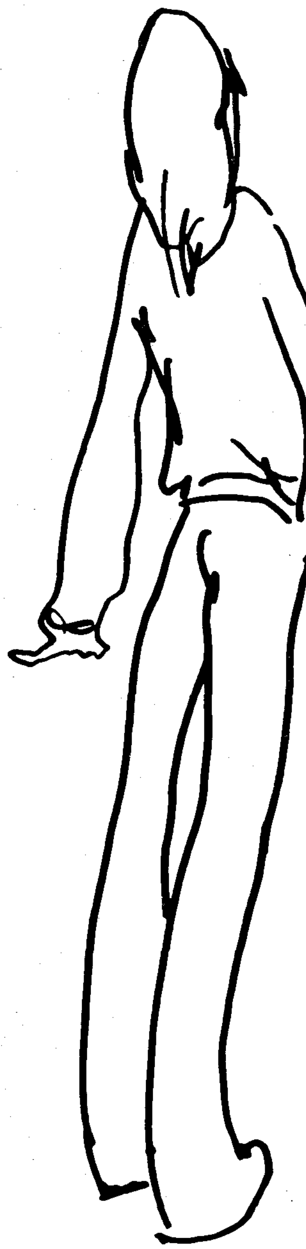
One small casualty of the General Motors strike is a press preview of the 1971 Oldsmobile line scheduled for tomorrow.

Newsmen and other special guests had been invited to have lunch, cocktails and a look at the new cars by Oldsmobile public relations staffers.

Yesterday, the same staffers took to the telephone to announce, with regret, that the preview had been indefinitely postponed.

"We're right on schedule, but I don't know how long we'll be able to keep it," he said. The jury is expected to hear witnesses and tape recordings of the sounds and newsmen's descriptions of violence.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

Meanwhile, we may have a look at Chrysler.



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It was William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, who encouraged the Highlanders to become soldiers in British regiments, regiments equipped with Highland dress and accouterments.

After the first of these Highland Regiments was formed in 1739, they saw action everywhere. They fought to win India for the British Crown, and fought at the time of the Mutiny to retain it. They fought in the Crimea, in Afghanistan, and in the Sudan. At Ypres, Dunkirk and Aden.

From the waving Feather bonnet on his head to his swinging kilts, the garb of the Dewar's Highlander is an authentic composite of all these noble regiments. He is one of Scotch whisky's best-known symbols.

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Dewar's never varies.

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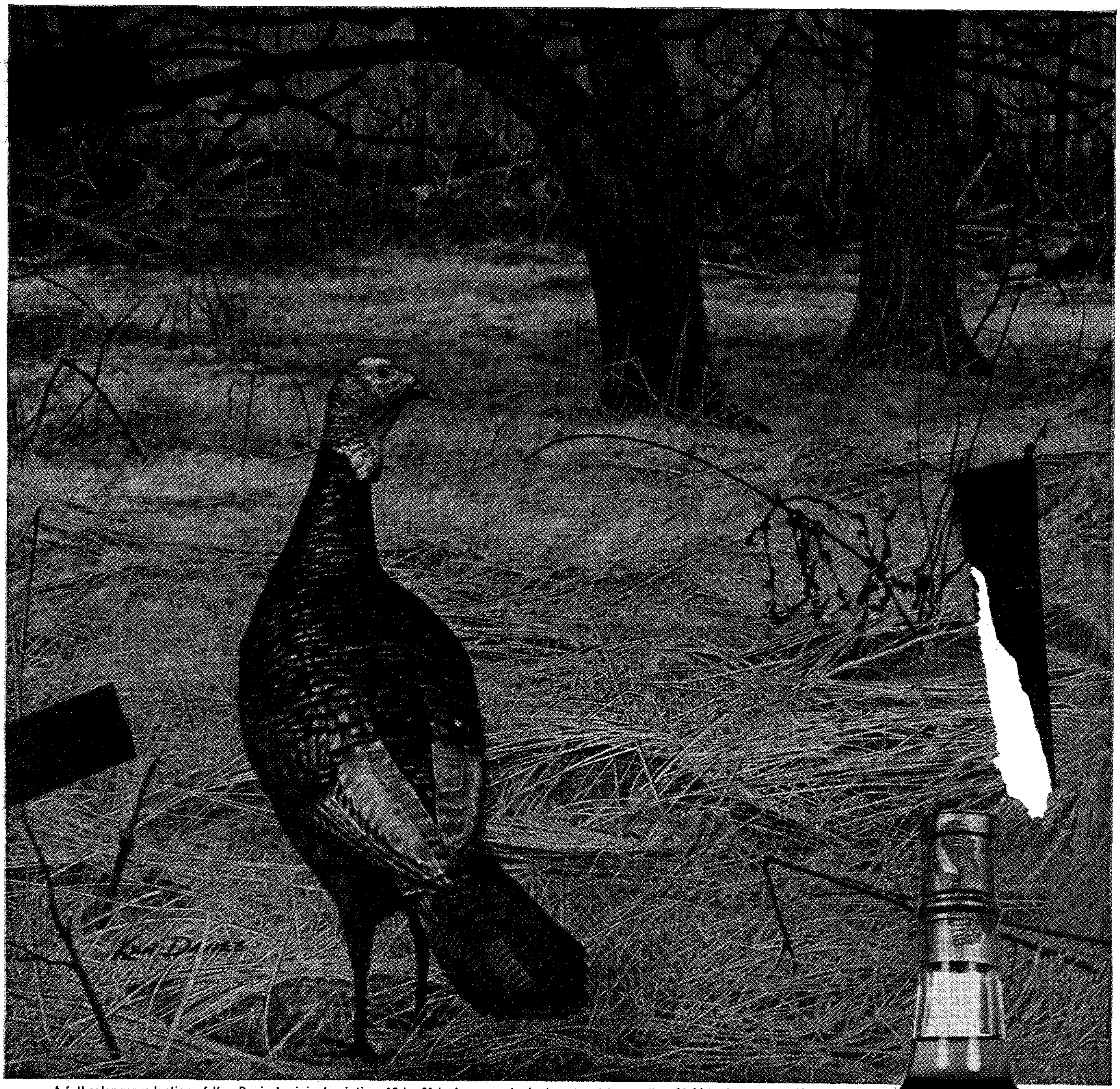
The facts in this advertisement have been authenticated by the management of John Dewar & Sons, Ltd., Perth, Scotland.



A full color reproduction of Ken Davies' original painting, 19 by 21 inches, may be had postpaid by sending $1.00 to Department Y, P.O. Box 432, Maspeth, New York 11378.

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There is always one best—[illegible] ucers, a recurrent delight to those privilege[illegible]

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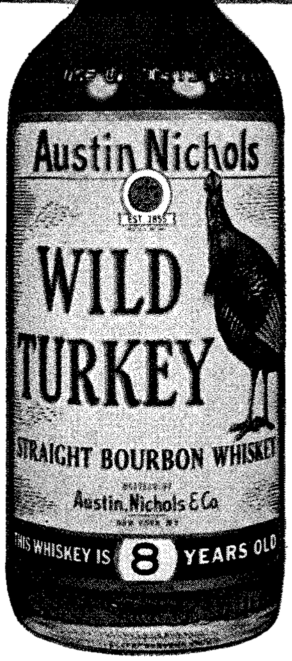
Every unit of their classic product must be the essence of perfection in all, and every, detail. It must stand comparison to the utmost if necessary, and yet by itself should be so completely satisfying that the suggestion of making any comparison is never broached.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